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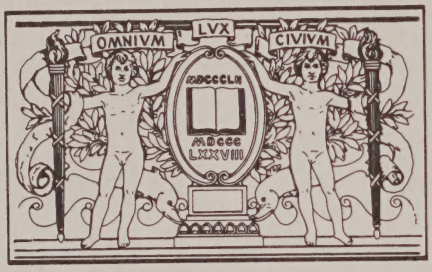

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN

REVIEW.

VOL. CVI.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCXVIII.

JANUARY, 1868.

Art. I. — Boston.

It was only thirty-three years ago on the 4th of last October, — exactly the lifetime of one generation of men, — that a regular *battue* took place close to what is now the centre of the great city of Chicago. On the morning of that day, in 1834, a large black bear had been shot in the woods just behind the little town, and its inhabitants, stimulated by so auspicious a commencement, sallied out for a day's sport; and before night they had killed forty wolves within what are now the limits of the city. Chicago now has a population somewhat larger than that of Boston, and performing far greater functions in the economy of the continent. What will be the relative position of the two cities thirty years hence can, perhaps, be imagined. Without indulging in prophecy, however, there is sufficient matter for observation and reflection in the history and relative growth of the two during the last thirty years, and it is matter from which, if sufficiently considered, both cities perhaps, and Boston at any rate, may derive some useful lessons. So far as Chicago is concerned, those thirty-three years include the story of a lifetime. Physically, it is a history of opportunities improved, energies developed, and difficulties overcome, — so overcome that the conquerors have grown to take a boastful pride and almost pleasure in the conflict. Though for Boston this period has not been equally eventful, yet for that city too it has produced its long list of

changes, and of changes such as perhaps are not usually imagined, nor always, when realized, sources of satisfaction.

A comparative retrospection could not begin from a more distinctive date than that of 1837. Just three decades ago that year came, like the year 1867, in a period of depression, anxiety, and paper money. Mr. Van Buren was President of the United States, and Edward Everett was Governor of Massachusetts. Boston, a thriving city of eighty thousand inhabitants, was, relatively to the whole country, a much more important place than at present.

In its physical aspect the city has certainly changed since then. Its proper limits were necessarily much the same then as now, but its appearance was more picturesque and old-fashioned. The commercial centre of the town was still its business centre. The manufacturer as well as the merchant clustered around State Street — once King Street — and the old wharves and warehouses of Colonial times. Those, too, were the days of old-fashioned, roomy houses, before the "seventeen-foot front" came in. Not yet had the increasing volume of the business community, bursting its limits, sent its tide of granite fronts, like a destroying flood of lava, over the quiet, shady streets, pretty gardens, and substantial, square, court-enclosed residences, the last of which have only just disappeared. The place has grown larger, but, unlike New York or Chicago, it is still the same place. For notwithstanding many local and individual changes, streets which were fashionable in 1837 are fashionable now; the same families not seldom live in the same houses; the wealthy names then are wealthy names still, and the men of note then are men of note now. The change has been simply the comparatively slow change of growth and expansion: it has been the change neither of creation nor of revolution.

The moral, social, and political questions agitating that community in 1837 were curiously the same with those still matters of earnest discussion. Railroads had begun to produce their effects, and the whole country was speculating, — speculating not in coppers or oil mines or gold mines, but in what answered the purpose quite as well, — in Western lands, in produce, in imports, in manufactures, and in exports. In 1837,

as well as in 1867, the papers and society rang with a universal outcry against the absurdly high prices of the day, and the enormous cost of living. The whole world was making short cuts to fortune, and heaping up great wealth in paper dollars. In that same year came the crash; the banks suspended, the merchants were ruined, and provincial Boston was large enough to report one business failure a day during a period of six months; gold was at ten per cent premium, and the newspapers teemed with plans for the resumption of specie payments. In the Legislature the questions then discussed were curiously the same with those discussed in the same halls in 1867. The temperance question had begun to loom up, the fifteen-gallon law was passed, and the bar-rooms were for the first time closed on Sundays. Then, too, a novel experiment was tried, — a hotel (the Marlborough) was established "on temperance principles." The repeal of the usury laws was discussed, as also the expediency of passing a law regulating the hours of labor, known as the "Ten-Hour Law." In literature, also, the Athens of America still sounds the old harp-strings. In the year 1837 R. W. Emerson delivered a *Φ. B. K.* oration, as he did in 1867; Caleb Cushing declined to address the societies of Dartmouth College, and Mr. George S. Hillard took his place. Dr. O. W. Holmes brought out a little volume of poems, and the second volume of an interminable History of America, by George Bancroft, was published.

Commercially, Boston was for that time a city of great foreign trade and enterprise. Ships unloaded at her wharves from China, from Calcutta, from the African coast and the Mediterranean, from Russia, South America, and the Pacific coast. Only two years before the house of Sturgis had originated the California trade by sending out the Alert, with the author of "Two Years before the Mast" in her forecastle. Then and for years after Boston was considered the natural American terminus of the Liverpool trade, and Train's "Diamond Line" of fast Liverpool packets, which ran successfully for fifteen years, and transported one hundred and forty thousand passengers, was not originated until 1844. Since those days the population within the city limits has more than doubled, and has overflowed those limits into every suburban

town. The industrial increase has been eightfold. In 1866 the money value of the manufactures of the city was returned at eighty-six millions of dollars, against less than eleven millions, the return of 1837, and exactly equalling the return of the whole State for that year. Its wealth has increased fourfold since that time. Its debt has increased more than sevenfold. Its rate of taxation has increased threefold, but its foreign commerce has not increased at all in the same ratio. Until within the last dozen years the foreign trade of the city flourished satisfactorily; but hidden causes must have been at work, for the crisis of 1857 seems to have given it a shock from which it has never recovered. Between 1836 and 1855, the yearly foreign entrances and clearances of the port of Boston rather more than doubled, and the gross numbers of each have not materially declined to the present time; but the character of the commerce has changed.* Though nominally foreign, nine tenths of those clearances and entrances are of vessels engaged in the coasting trade in everything but the name. They are not stately ships, rich in the association of distant lands, bringing teas and spices from the East and wines and silks from Europe, to return laden with corn and gold and oil; they are Down-East coasters, averaging somewhat more than a hundred tons' measurement each, and carrying on a thriving business in facilitating the exchange of coal and firewood, fish, rags, and timber, the staples of the Provinces, for the ready-made boots and furniture, the butter, molasses, and manufactured tobacco, the produce of New England.† Thus, though the same number of sails as in 1855 now enter and leave Boston Harbor, in the course of each year, from or for foreign ports, yet in 1862 – 63, as compared with the

* Clearances. 1836: 1,358; tons, 204,334. 1855: 2,944; tons, 687,825. 1862 – 63 (average), 3,110; tons, 623,411. Entrances. 1836: 1,381; tons, 224,684. 1855: 3,144; tons, 707,924. 1862 – 63 (average), 3,120; tons, 662,008.

† During 1862 – 63 Boston averaged each year 3,110 foreign clearances, aggregating 623,411 tons; of these 2,256, aggregating 320,921 tons, — that is, more than half of all the clearances from Boston, measured by tonnage, — cleared for the British Provinces; and during the same period, of a yearly average of 3,120 entrances, aggregating 662,008 tons, 2,162, or 281,074 tons, were from the same quarter. The trade of Boston beyond the seas during the same period averaged yearly 400 each of entrances and clearances, aggregating 240,000 tons, — a decrease, estimated in tonnage, of forty per cent from the return of 1856.

earlier year, their aggregate tonnage had decreased ten per cent, and the value of their imports, having fallen off fifty per cent, had almost sunk to the level of 1836; while their exports, though double the value of those of 1836, had also fallen away one half in ten years.

Not so New York. Her commerce has never ceased to grow. Entering and clearing in 1836 less than double the tonnage of Boston, and scarcely more than doubling it in 1855, — for Boston yet held her own bravely, — in 1862 – 63 her tonnage was fourfold that of Boston; and while her trade with the American foreign ports of the North Atlantic was little if at all larger than that of Boston, her traffic beyond the seas was nine times as great.* The trade of Boston with the British Provinces was during those years more than twice that of New York; with Great Britain the trade of New York was more than ten times that of Boston.† The same rule of change holds in the value of the commerce. In 1836 New York imported and exported, as compared with Boston, in about the ratio of five to one; in 1855 the ratio was as less than four to one, but in 1862 – 63 it stood at ten to one, and during the last three years (1864 – 1866), while the New York imports as compared with those of Boston have held the ratio of seven to one, her exports have stood as thirteen to one.‡ A relative importance reduced from one fourth to one

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* For ports beyond the seas, New York in 1862 – 63 cleared yearly 2,601 sail, aggregating 1,858,939 tons, and entered yearly from the same 2,548 sail, aggregating 1,939,212 tons, against 388 clearances from Boston, aggregating 207,585 tons, and 469 entrances, aggregating 280,673 tons.

† In 1862 – 63 Boston cleared for the British Isles on a yearly average 76 sail, aggregating 89,631 tons, and entered from them 100 sail, aggregating 151,071. New York cleared 1,327 sail, aggregating 1,202,957 tons, and entered 1,115 sail, aggregating 1,118,205 tons.

‡ The foreign commerce of Massachusetts, almost wholly through Boston, at the periods referred to, was as follows: — Imports, 1836, $25,681,462; 1855, $45,113,774; 1862 – 63 (average), $29,545,041; 1864 – 1866 (average at Boston only), $36,676,214. The exports were, 1836, $5,267,160; 1855, $28,190,925; 1862 – 63 (average), $19,653,267; 1864 – 1866, (average at Boston only), $19,417,856. Of New York, and almost wholly through the port of New York, the imports were,—1836, $118,253,416; 1855, $164,776,511; 1862 – 63 (average), $223,353,864; 1864 – 1866 (average at port of New York alone), $249,827,121. The exports were, 1836, $29,000,000; 1855, $113,731,238; 1862 – 63 (average), $238,375,185; 1864 – 1866 (average at New York only), $245,388,233.

tenth, and an absolute loss of some fifty per cent, is a result singularly suggestive as the lesson drawn from the experience of a single decennium.

To return, however, to the decade of 1830 – 1840. A new era then opened on the world, for steam was working out its application to locomotion on land and to ocean navigation. The race was open to all; it was almost a clear field without favor. At that time Boston enjoyed several advantages. In 1837 she possessed the best developed germ of a railroad system in all America. She sent out ten trains a day on her finished lines to Lowell, Providence, and Worcester. Already her plan of great railroad extension was matured. The present Western Railroad was projected, and, in projecting it, the men of those days seem to have risen to an equality with the occasion; for, in the language of 1837, this road was "to extend from Worcester to the Connecticut River, at Springfield, and thence to the boundary line of the State of New York, where it will connect with railroads now in progress, — one leading to Albany, another to Hudson, and a third to Troy. From Albany a railroad line to the westward is already completed as far as Utica, and its continuation is projected through the State of New York to Buffalo, thence through the northern part of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, across Illinois, to the Mississippi." Such a scheme speaks well for the day of small things.

As late as 1840 Boston was also the best balanced commercial city in America. When the Cunard line was established in that year, it naturally fixed its terminus in Boston. "The reasons for this choice were, — nearness to and convenience of access from the lower British Provinces and Lower Canada; a shorter distance from Europe; and superiority of harbor and wharf accommodations. The railway system of New England, also, although in its infancy, had already attracted attention in Europe. . . . . The establishment of a regular line of first-class steamships between Liverpool and Boston hastened the construction and extension of the railroads which had been commenced, and led to the projection of others. As a consequence Boston was for a few years possessed of a combination of railway and steamship facilities such as no other city on the

seaboard could boast of. During this period, New York, although larger in wealth and in population, was to a considerable degree dependent upon Boston for its communication with the Old World." This state of affairs lasted until 1848. Before that year the great Boston houses had begun to establish selling agencies in New York. The Skinners went there in 1846, the Lawrences in 1851, and other houses of necessity followed. Then came the California trade, which gave such an immense commercial impetus to New York, and from that epoch the fate of Boston seemed sealed. It was not that her growth was to stop. She was to grow and will grow yet more, — grow, in all probability, quite as fast as growth is healthy, — but the nature of that growth was to change. It was not to be of varied nature and of well-balanced elements; the merchant and the manufacturer were no longer to move forward with equal steps; henceforth the city was to be more and more lop-sided; she was to become, in comparison with great, commercial, cosmopolitan New York, what Manchester was to London, or Lowell to herself. Her own children seemed to have lost their enterprise and their system, or rather to have transferred those qualities with grand results to other fields. They seemed to unite their energies to diminish her resources, or to cripple her strength. They built great railroads throughout the West, and managed them with incomparable skill, but those roads did not lead to Boston. They hurried their great selling agencies in hotter and hotter competition to New York, until the firm names alone remained in Boston, and seven eighths of their business was done by the branch houses; the steamships followed the business, and the shipping followed the steamships, and the wharves would have followed both, had they not, fortunately for Boston, been firmly planted in the rapidly rising mud of the harbor.

Still one channel of reviving prosperity was open to the city. The railroad system, once the most promising in the country, remained to it; Boston might yet be convenient and accessible, a ready place of import and export; and then general trade could hardly fail, some day, to revisit it. This, the one chance of salvation, was the chance most neglected of all. While New York was building railroad upon railroad, enlar-

ging canals, ever opening fresh channels through which the wealth of the newly-developed West could be poured into her lap, Boston, with a lack of perception, a want of foresight, an absence of enterprise, and a superabundance of timidity, in sad contrast with the great promise of an earlier and brighter day, was satisfied with that single line of railroad track directly connecting her with the overflowing West, which she had with an enterprise of a wholly different character boldly constructed in 1837. The result need not be dwelt upon. Boston proved herself not worthy of success in the race, and she lost the prize. She did all she could to limit the field of her enterprise, — to encourage her customers to go elsewhere, — to prevent them from coming to her. Success in such efforts is not difficult to attain. That she has grown and prospered is evident; so have Lowell and Providence, and probably Newport and Salem. So also have New York and Chicago. Here are two kinds of growth. One commercial, well-balanced, and cosmopolitan, the other manufacturing, unequal, and provincial. Boston has increased and flourished, but its increase has been provincial. It is now the first, or perhaps second, city of the Lowell and Providence type in America, while thirty years ago, with less wealth and fewer inhabitants, what growth it had was the cosmopolitan growth of New York and London. So much for Boston thirty years since and now.

Meanwhile how has it fared with Chicago? Thirty years ago the Indians had just been carted away across the muddy prairie, and Chicago was a Western city of four thousand inhabitants. They were a sort of amphibious creatures, living in their prairie swamp on the shores of Lake Michigan, now wallowing in mud and now smothering in dust; without a railroad, without any particular trade, accumulating large imaginary fortunes by successful operations in corner lots, and suffering from attacks of chills and fever. It was a city of the Cairo or Eden style. But in the year 1837 corner lots were down; Chicago was dead, perhaps the deadest place in the whole broad land. The Chicagonese did not fail at the rate of one a day during those depressing six months, as did the business firms of Boston, because they all failed at once, and had it over. They did not sacrifice corner lots at a ruinous loss,

simply because no one could be induced to buy them at any price. The city was bankrupt; the State was bankrupt; work on the canals and railroads was suspended, and corner lots were valueless. Such in 1837 was the condition of the Queen of the West. At length the dawn of revival broke upon this dark night of depression. In 1838 the Chicago wheat trade began with a well-known transaction covering thirty-nine double bushels. In 1839 her cattle trade amounted to three thousand creatures; in 1840 the city had revived enough to finish the canal which connects the Chicago River with the Illinois, and which had been begun in 1836. In 1850 the city had a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, and at last was the fortunate centre of a railroad system comprising forty-two miles, all in successful operation. In 1853 came the crisis of her fate. In that year the Chicago and Galena Railroad, then open to Elgin, paid a dividend of eleven per cent, and "the truth took possession of the whole mind of Chicago, and became its fixed idea, that every acre with which it could put itself in easy communication must pay tribute to it forever. From that time there has been no pause and no hesitation; but all the surplus force and revenue of Chicago have been expended in making itself the centre of a great system of railroads and canals. . . . . The railroad system of which Chicago is a centre now includes eight thousand miles of track, and the railroad system of which Chicago is *the* centre embraces nearly five thousand miles of track."

Here then are two material records leading to two results. How different those results are any man can see who will glance over the columns of the daily press of the two cities, and observe the exultant tone of the one and the deprecatory tone of the other. The mystery of the difference is not difficult of solution. The one city has been in close sympathy with the material development of the age, the other has not. Both were surrounded by eager rivals; but while the one realized the value of the prize contended for, the other reposed, though not in content, on the laurels of earlier days. The material destiny of Chicago is now fixed. "Her vocation is to put every good acre in all that region within ten miles of a railroad, and to connect every railroad with a system of ship-

canals terminating in the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean. That is, has been, and will be for many a year to come Chicago's work." Thus the young city of the West has instinctively appreciated the position and necessity of the country and the age; she has flung herself, heart, soul, and body, into the movement of her time; she has realized the great fact that steam has revolutionized the world, and she has bound her whole existence up in the great power of modern times. But for this, St. Louis might well have proved to her what New York has proved to Boston.

Not so Boston. That city, in spite of her wealth and prestige, her intrinsic worth and deserved reputation, her superficial conceit and real cultivation, failed to solve the enigma, — did not rise to the height of the great argument. The new era found her wedded to the old, and her eyes, dimmed with experiences of the past, could not credit the brilliant visions of the future. She promised well, but her career failed to come up to her promise. Her commerce has not increased. She no longer sends out her ships to every quarter of the globe. The warerooms of her manufacturers do not swarm with buyers from every part of the land. She has not opened new channels of intercourse with the West. She is not better known. She does not bear that proportional influence with the country now that she did then. She has lost much of her influence and all of her prestige. That steam intercourse with Europe which was planted with her twenty-five years ago has by no means flourished and waxed strong. Time now more than ever before is money, and Boston is still and must ever remain twenty-four hours nearer to Liverpool than is New York. A passage already quoted has shown how and why New York was through years to a degree dependent on Boston for her communications with Europe. Yet not ten, nor six, nor four steam packets for the Old World leave her docks now for one which did so twenty years ago. It is very well to explain this by vague reference to the operations of natural laws, and the principles of demand and supply. Do not those laws and those principles apply as well to Liverpool as to Boston? Boston once had a hold — not so strong a hold, but still a hold — on the Liverpool trade, as Liverpool had on the American

trade. The principles of trade and the operation of general laws have not drawn Liverpool to London, as they have drawn Boston to New York. The reason is obvious. Liverpool has remained convenient and accessible, and Boston has not. The American trade with Great Britain is more than one third of the whole foreign trade of this country, and Boston seems likely soon to lose the remnant of it which she still retains. Not so Liverpool. Her steam navigation with America has not passed to London. In the month of March, 1867, she cleared thirty-one steamers for America; and often on a single day fifteen ocean steamers will clear from New York, while Boston, until the present year, has still continued to receive and send out, as in 1847, her two Cunarders a month.

Sadly as Boston has failed in rising to an equality with the occasion, much as her sagacity has been at fault, little as she has appreciated her own situation amid the material movements of the day, she has not seen herself distanced in the race without abundance of lamentation. The whole country has witnessed her frantic efforts to recover lost ground, — the superabundance of infallible remedies suggested as cures for her troubles, — the spasmodic efforts with which she has partially followed out these abortive schemes. Most citizens of Boston can run over in memory since 1848 a long list of futile enterprises, the projectors of which promised from them wealth to themselves and a renewed commercial eminence to their city. The Western men, and the seductions necessary to be held out to induce them to flock to Boston rather than to gay New York, have for years been the favorite theme of the city press, and furnished strong argument for endless subscription lists. In 1852 the Western purchaser must have a theatre to beguile away his evenings, or he would not come to Boston. Forthwith an enormous barn was built, which Boston fills a dozen times a year, and ruins endless managers in doing it. Then, the theatre having failed to beguile the Western man from his New York haunts, trade-sales were hit upon. The denizen of the prairie could not resist the temptation of great auctions. This lasted a year or two, and then was heard of no more. Then came up the Southern man in place of the Western man, and lines of steamers were established to run to Richmond, to Charleston,

to Savannah, to New Orleans, and every other Southern port, — with what success the stockholders probably remember. Then a Grand Junction Railway was built to accommodate an export trade which could not exist, and it rotted away in hopeless bankruptcy. Then public meetings were held, and the principles of freedom abjured by venal orators in the vain desire to propitiate the cotton-lord. Then came the confused jumble of railroad schemes and oceanic steamer schemes and mammoth hotel schemes and harbor schemes, and even schemes to relax morals and the prohibitory liquor law in favor of that Western purchaser so earnestly longed for and so rarely seen. The simple fact being that Boston for years has not shown, nor does she now seem likely to show, in her commercial relations, either wisdom or instinct, either quickness or perseverance; her policy has been all flounder and spasm.

What remedy can now be suggested for this ill? What hint can Boston draw from the experience of Chicago? She has poured out her capital like water in futile experiments; can she, then, learn nothing from failure? Is there no inherent cause of ill-success running through all these abortive schemes, — a cause which, once discovered, might perhaps be obviated? What Boston has lacked has been system. She has never carefully thought out for herself what she wanted, and then resolved to go systematically and doggedly to work to get it. She has forgotten that she lives in a material age, an age of *laissez faire* and political economy. Buyers do not now seek theatres, hotels, or bar-rooms, but those institutions seek buyers. A few hours in time, or a fraction of a cent on the pound or the yard, in price or in freight, would cause buyers to turn aside from Paris and seek Salem. Men buy where they can buy cheapest. They can buy cheapest where goods can be most conveniently laid down, and at centres where transportation is cheapest and best. Could Boston sell or send out the goods of other lands, or her own manufactures, with a fractional saving on prices or freights or time, she might close and keep closed every theatre and bar-room from Roxbury line to East Boston Ferry, and yet her streets would swarm with customers. Until she can do so, she may as well preserve her morality, for its sacrifice will in no way benefit her trade.

There are two elements, then, necessary to modern commercial success, — convenience and economy. Wealth and trade do indeed flow to natural centres, — seek always the most convenient points of distribution. Capital flows where it is needed, and, inversely, railroads, steamboats, and manufactories will appear when and where the want of them is felt. This general rule no one can afford to ignore. Nevertheless, channels of trade are not wholly natural channels; they admit of a sort of pre-emption right. They can to a degree be created and fostered, and with them possession is nine points of law. Of this fact our own country is rich in examples. Nature apparently selected New Orleans for a great commercial centre, — one second to none in America. The railroad system first diverted to New York much of that prosperity which Nature seemed to intend for her Southern rival, as long as the Mississippi should flow to the sea. Then came the war of the Rebellion, and the sealing up of the Mississippi and of the longitudinal railways, when the blocked-up trade of the West, shut out from its old channels, was forced to seek new ones. The war ceased, but the new channels had become deep and wide, and trade would not revert from those channels which had been opened by man to those which had been provided by nature. If in 1860 the Mississippi could be abolished in favor of New York, might not in 1840 the Hudson have been somewhat counteracted in favor of Boston? Neither did nature ever designate New York as the combined commercial and railroad centre of America. If natural advantages were ever lavished on any geographical point on earth, they were lavished on Norfolk. Virginia should have been the heart of the continent. Her chief city, lying at the mouth of a broader and more navigable river than the Hudson, with Albemarle Sound and Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac contributing to her, enjoying the finest harbor on the coast, equidistant from the North and South, should have been all and more than all that New York is. Man did not second nature, and to-day Norfolk is as much stranded, as high and dry away from the channels of trade, as are the more thriving towns of Newport or Salem. Boston may learn something even from Norfolk. But what attribute of nature designated Chicago as the great

resting-place between the Pacific and the Atlantic? Why should that desolate swamp at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi have been less fortunate in drawing the prize of good fortune, than that other desolate swamp on the shores of Lake Michigan? Nature seemed clearly to designate Cairo as the commercial and railway centre of the continent, and yet, through man's counteracting efforts, trade has worked out its channels above and below and around it, but never through it. It is not adaptation by nature alone, then, which designates centres of trade and influence, but local energy and enterprise, working upon the habits and traditions of men, have much to do with it. This fact Boston ignored, and Chicago realized, about the year 1840. Perhaps it is not too late for the older city to repair her mistake, but that which twenty-five years ago might easily have been secured can be won now, if at all, only by patience, wisdom, and enterprise. Yet it is unquestionably true, as Buckle observes, — and the capital of New England would do well to lay it to heart, — that it is only in Asia and semi-barbarous countries that the course and extent of trade are regulated by the original features of the country, but in Europe and among advanced nations its determining cause is the skill and energy of man.

Naturally Boston enjoys great advantages. She is at once a commercial centre, a railroad centre, and a manufacturing centre. Practically, she is no centre at all, but only a great satellite of New York. To New York she sent her ships long ago; through New York she has forced the West to communicate with her; finally, to New York she has sent her manufactures to be sold. Habit and tradition, therefore, no less than worn channels of trade, now divert all business to other centres. That spasmodic energy and costly experiment will not overcome such potent influences, experience amply demonstrates. But one resource, then, is left; that succeeding, Boston may regain her old rank as a cosmopolitan city; that failing, she had best quietly resign herself to her fate as an outlying province of Wall Street. By some comprehensive scheme, by some well-organized system, she must make herself, and must make experience prove her to be, a cheaper and more convenient centre of certain trades than any of her rivals. If such

a system can be devised, it is difficult to see why her future need be despaired of.

What Boston needs, then, what for thirty years she has futilely striven for, what she must have if she means to succeed, is a System, — a plan with an end, and a concentration of energies to that end. To establish such a system amid the ebbs and floods of a democratic form of government is not easy. An intelligent despot might do it at once, and what an intelligent despot might do an intelligent people can do. The difficulty lies at the foundation of American polity; it is the difficulty of concentrating as one force all possible forms of mind and phases of interest. While growth is rapid and prosperity everywhere evident, the necessity of such combination is not felt. The seeds of difficulty then are laid and grow, disregarded, until the struggle with them becomes one for existence. The history of Boston Harbor illustrates the whole subject. Nature gave that city a beautiful and convenient harbor, and she placidly left Nature to take care of it. At last her citizens began to have a vague idea that the condition of their harbor was not satisfactory, — that Nature had grown fickle and was neglecting her duty. By this time the mischief had gone far, and the harbor was rapidly growing unfit for vessels of heavy draught. The truth was, that Nature had made it a purely tidal harbor, owing its existence to the current of no great river, but to a system of interior reservoirs and small rivers combined. Into those great basins, which a century ago covered a water area of eight thousand acres, more than seventy million tons of water once poured twice in each twenty-four hours through a few narrow channels, and then again quickly flowed back to the ocean, reinforced in volume by many fresh-water tributaries. The rise and fall of this great volume of water had scoured out these channels, and, if undisturbed, promised forever to keep them clear. This tidal way created Boston, and the whole history of Boston has been one long record of short-sighted abuse of this first gift of Nature. In 1772 Boston proper included less than six hundred acres; at present it includes some two thousand, all of which excess has been robbed from the reservoirs of the harbor. Had that harbor been Boston's worst enemy, she

could not have persecuted it more. In all directions embankments, weirs, mill-dams, water-powers, dikes, and bridges have done their work bravely, and the seventy million tons of tidal flow have been worked down to forty millions. Within these fifty years of improvements, the main channel has narrowed five hundred feet, and the depth of water has decreased from four to twenty feet. The flats were filled in, the creeks were dammed up, the channels were bridged, the marsh was turned into meadow, the brooks into mill-ways, the ponds into reservoirs. The ultimate result of this process was not difficult to predict. The depth of water in Boston Harbor decreased portentously. Large European steamers could come in only at certain states of the tide; the harbor ceased to be either cheap or convenient. Then, the mischief being fairly done, State and city awoke and girded themselves to their work. Ten years of talking was done, and still matters grew worse. Then gradually some idea of science and system dawned on the citizens. Legislatures ceased talking and committees ceased investigating, and a commission of scientific men were appointed to see what they could make out of it. They went quietly to work and studied currents, measured channels, observed the tidal flood, — sought out at once the cause and the remedy of the evil. Science proved that the mischief was not yet all done, and that Boston could restore its harbor by energetic and persistent action. A system of artificial reservoirs and sea-walls would always preserve to them the islands which protect the harbor, and would direct through its channels a tidal flow greater than ever rushed through them before.

Here would seem to be an experience which might prove useful in other fields. The same process which had introduced order into one chaos might introduce it into others, — might go far to remedy an especial inherent defect in all representative governments. Commissions — advisory bureaus — might scientifically study and disclose to an astonished community the shallows, the eddies, and the currents of business; the why and the wherefore of the shoaling of channels; the remedies no less than the causes of obstructions. Now that the struggle grows faint, and the result is more than

doubtful, some scientific direction can alone save the day. In such a contingency, concentration of thought, permanence of system, and broadness of view, the virtues of centralized governments, must, by some device, be infused into democracies.

The subject is one profound and difficult, — too profound and too difficult to be incidentally treated in connection with another matter. Its discussion affects not only Massachusetts and Boston, but all America, England, and every people governed by a representative system. Nowhere has the subject been so much discussed as in England. By the theory of the English constitution, Parliament is omnipotent; unfortunately, it practically is not also found to be omniscient. Parliaments there, as our own Legislatures here, have, year after year, found themselves more and more crushed down by the ever-increasing volume of public and private business. The real work of those bodies has, therefore, of necessity passed more and more from legislative halls to committee chambers. Those committees are eternally fluctuating, are not peculiarly well-informed, judiciously selected, or free from bias. As a consequence, the lobby becomes more and more powerful; greater opportunities are afforded for corruption, and legislation becomes yearly less systematic and founded less on principle. In England legislators are still almost legislators for life; committees have great permanence, and the same men devote many years in Parliament to the same class of subjects. Yet in England what is called the private business of Parliament has for years overwhelmed its committees, and the wretched manner in which it has been done has proved a fruitful subject of discussion and complaint. The question has originated a literature of its own. It has led to "proposals for Parliamentary boards, for non-Parliamentary boards, for mixed boards; proposals for preliminary inquiries, for mixed inquiries, for conditional inquiries; for tribunals whose findings shall be provisional, for tribunals whose findings shall be conclusive." In this country the difficulty is felt even more. Here every man can legislate, even if he can do nothing else; committees are always new; change is always rampant.

Thus the same influences are at work, and the same difficulties are experienced, in London, in Washington, and in

Boston. As a consequence, legislation is passing through a new phase. The great original principle of open discussion long since gave way in favor of the unseen labor of committees; the labor of committees is now yielding to that of established commissions. In England many boards have been created, and numberless others proposed. In Washington the Court of Claims years ago relieved Congress of one of its most difficult duties, and the treasury of a most fruitful source of depletion, and to-day a special commissioner of the revenue affords the country its one chance of anything like system finding its way into the existing chaos of bills for taxation and tariff. In Massachusetts a strong necessity has wrung out the appointment of Harbor Commissioners; the whole present shape of the statute law is the result of the labors of one commission, while the whole school system is due to another. These are no exceptional or insignificant symptoms. They are rather the germs of a new system, springing out of a great necessity, — a new phase of representative government. Work hitherto badly done, spasmodically done, superficially done, ignorantly done, and too often corruptly done by temporary and irresponsible legislative committees, is in future to be reduced to order and science by the labors of permanent bureaus, and placed by them before legislatures for intelligent action. The movement springs up everywhere; it is confined to no one country and no one body; it arises from the manifest impossibility of temporary committees properly performing the duties imposed upon them, and from the honest desire of legislatures to be enlightened, and not mystified.

Here then is found the possibility of that deep study of causes and concentration of resources which can alone retrieve the future of Boston. The difficulty is acknowledged; the remedy suggested is simple, and old as the bitter experiences of man. When every suggestion of empiricism and quackery has failed, it only remains to abandon all faith in the existence of some lucky royal road to relief, and to soberly return to a study of first causes. For once, let reflection precede action. The community must go back to school, and it only remains to find the schoolmaster. Perhaps one less costly than failure may somewhere be discovered. Some steps in the right direc-

tion have already been taken. Here again, however, is met that disjointed, spasmodic action which seems to have become inherent in every commercial effort affecting Boston. Everything is done by fragments, piecemeal, by halves ; part of the field only is surveyed, never the whole. To succeed, centralization is necessary ; diffusion insures failure. This principle applies as well to the labors of commissioners as to the material efforts of individuals. If internal improvements have not every chance in their favor, if to succeed they need to be mutually sustaining and interacting, the study of them must be comprehensive ; one cannot be properly considered without observing its bearing on others. All are parts of one great whole. Massachusetts has her Bank Commissioners, her Insurance Commissioners, her Back Bay Commissioners, and her Harbor Commissioners ; and all, especially the two last, have told their story.

Here, then, might now be found the schoolmaster ; but such men as have yet been put forward to protect or study individual interests would not do for the work now proposed. To deal with this successfully would task the best ability of the best men, — men who can analyze and deduce, combine and infer, — men gifted with instinct and sagacity no less than reason, — men who command the confidence secured by past success, and the wisdom derived from long experience.

The practical question to be dealt with goes to the very foundation of modern industrial development. It is simply this. The difficulty with Boston and Massachusetts has not been that their enterprise or ability has declined, or that their capital has decreased ; it has simply been that their capital and enterprise have found, or have thought that they found, more profitable fields for employment abroad than at home. The remedy must lie in gradually persuading that capital and enterprise that more profitable, or at least more secure and desirable, fields of operation exist at home than abroad. The possibility of doing this is now doubted ; perhaps it does not exist. For many years back Eastern capital has been to the West what English capital is to America. Tempted by the dazzling prospect of cent per cent returns, millions of Eastern capital has flowed out and fructified, or been squandered, all

over the land. The chance of fifty per cent in Colorado has seemed better than the certainty of six per cent at home. Large occasional profits, single instances of brilliant success, have acted as lures, and gradually led to a wonderful system of gambling. Oil wells, coal mines, gold mines, copper mines, — Pennsylvania, Ohio, Nevada, and Wisconsin, — each as favorite has had its day, and each has left behind its long roll of ruined victims and squandered millions. The introduction of a vitiated currency, with its violent fluctuations, and its infusion of an element of gambling into even the most legitimate branches of business, has told heavily against the safe but unalluring investments in the permanent improvements of the East. Financial bubbles and paper money always flourish together. After failure and reaction comes again the demand for safer investment, and contentment with more moderate profit. It will not even then be too late, though Bostonians may some time reflect that the portion of their wealth hopelessly squandered of late in all conceivable bubble schemes would, if applied to improvements at home, have completed their railroad system, even to disembowelling the Hoosac Mountain, would have covered their lines with rolling stock, would have restored their harbor, and would have established for them those lines of steamers without which modern commerce cannot exist. This unhealthy condition of affairs cannot last forever. The laws of sound economy will ultimately reassert themselves. Certainty must realize its due advantage over chance. It is the present business of Boston to try to turn the tide, and to be ready to take advantage of the turn whenever it comes. To prepare the way for this change, to organize development into a system, and to do this with an authority which commands respect, would be the end to which the commission proposed would direct its labors.

The field of these labors is broad, and includes many subjects, — subjects controlled by different laws. The great secret of modern development is found in the increased facility of communication. Next to moral and intellectual training, what a community needs to look to most carefully are its lines of communication and harbors, its railroads and its steamboats. But internal improvements are of two sorts, — those which

afford a remunerative, and those which afford an unremunerative field for enterprise and capital. While the first may usually be left to the operation of natural laws, the last, upon which perhaps the success of the whole may depend, must either ever be uncared for, or be a source of constant care to the government. The future of Boston depends upon the development and management of each of these descriptions of internal improvements, — the remunerative and the unremunerative. The two cannot properly be considered apart. Let Boston spread out its railroad system ever so far, — let Massachusetts pledge its credit in aid of private enterprises, and sink its revenue in tunnels ever so much, — and the growth of the community will not be aided at the last unless the harbors for its commerce be deep, and their channels clear; nor, on the other hand, will superb docks and convenient wharves in the slightest degree develop the commerce of a port of which the lines of communication are blocked up or incomplete. The community is one whole; its interests are mutually dependent, and they cannot be studied or understood or developed apart. For the present, the commerce, the legislation, the taxation, and the locomotion of Boston and Massachusetts all hang together as one unsymmetrical and disjointed whole. To reduce this fierce chaos to sweet order is the material work near at home of the present day.

The history and present condition of Boston Harbor have already been glanced at. It will be worth while now briefly to consider the history and present condition of that railroad system, once the best in America, and to see how far that has contributed to the present condition of the city. In pursuing the investigation, let it be borne in mind that railroads were invented to facilitate the growth of communities, and that communities were not created to insure the sufficient receipt of fares and freights by railroads. It may appear that this truth has been lost sight of in Massachusetts, and an examination of the railroad system may reveal as much carelessness and neglect on the part of those most interested in its skilful development as the scientific commissioners found amid the increasing shoals and obstructions and decreasing currents of Boston Harbor.

Throwing herself body and soul into the development of the railroad system has made Chicago great, and has secured to her a great future. Unlike Chicago, Boston has never seemed to realize how much its business grows, and what its exigencies are. Strangers see them first, and Boston laughs derisively when they are stated. Commodore Vanderbilt is said once to have remarked that a wholly new line of communication between Boston and New York was required once in seven years. The theory was good so far as it went, but the Commodore understated the fact. Boston has now two railroads and five lines of steamers in communication with New York, and one more railroad is in process of construction. Steam traffic between Boston and New York dates back only thirty years, so that a new line in less than five years, instead of seven, has been the law of increase up to this time. What has been the law of increase between Boston and the great West? Thirty years ago Boston had one single-track railroad line directly connecting her with Albany and the West. She has one single-track railroad line now, and no more. Yet it is a well-established fact that freight from the West, forced out of its direct channels, seeks Boston by devious ways, — through Portland, a rival on one side, or through New York, a rival on the other. Through all those three decades the bickerings and shortcomings of the different corporations owning that single line (now happily silenced forever) have been notorious. The press has scolded, committees have reported, legislatures have debated, lobbies have governed, and meanwhile Boston trade with the West has been transacted in New York, as on an exchange. The emergency grew pressing, — something must be done. Something was done. State and city ran their heads against a mountain. New York had two enormous channels of communication with the West, both within the reach of Boston; and one of them her single line of road had tapped thirty years before, diverting from it a slender current to herself. That current paid the toll-keeper a profit of ten per cent on his race-way. The law allowed him to receive no more, and it never occurred to him that there was any good in increasing the volume of that current. In 1854 the State began to sink its capital in the Hoosac Mountain, and the

Western Railroad dribbled placidly along, secure against competition for a period of years delightfully indefinite. Meanwhile, what was New York doing through all these years? *Her* great rivers of commerce had not been stationary. Day and night they had poured into her streets an ever-increasing volume of wealth. The figures tell the comparative tale. "On the New York Central Road, during the nine years from 1855 to 1864, the increase of through tonnage was 400 per cent; on the New York and Erie Road it was 300 per cent; and on the Western Road it was only 62 per cent."

Stimulated by a knowledge of these facts, the Commonwealth toiled painfully on, throwing good money after bad in the construction of a road through a mountain, which when finished would lead to a channel of trade which had been reached thirty years before. When the traffic of the road already built could be increased tenfold, a new road must needs be built, leading to exactly the same point. Meanwhile, just to the south, the roadway to it lying through an open, populous country, unopened to Boston interests, leading directly to the West, lay unnoticed and unthought of the other great channel of New York trade. Who will contend that the enterprise and energy and resources of Commonwealth and city need not be husbanded and organized, when year after year they burrow through a mountain to get to a channel already reached, leaving unopened another channel of equal value within their easy grasp? Even now, while the satisfactory dividends of the Western Road have been stifling the prosperity of Commonwealth and city through this series of years, and the Hoosac Tunnel has been progressing to completion at the rate of ten inches a day, the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Road has been floundering along, the football of stock gamblers, — the grave of unfledged operators. Its history has been a curious commentary on the home enterprise of Boston capitalists. That its old ability and enterprise has not departed from the New England capital the whole country bears evidence. Her great houses of to-day are greater than ever before, but their ability and their enterprise are displayed in fields not tributary to Boston. The successors of the great commercial houses of the past — the Thayers, the Forbeses, the Hunne-

wells, the Brookses, the Dwights, and the Ameses — have been exploiting in the far West. Running their lines of road from Michigan to Chicago, from Chicago to the Mississippi, from the Mississippi to the Missouri, they are now stretching out their arms to the horizon, while here directly at home, — starting from their own doors, running through the most populous region of the continent, leading to double termini, to New York and the great West, furnishing Boston the shortest route to each through an open country swarming with a busy population, — an unmade road, which is at once a through road and a road between great cities, has been for years languishing along in a state of hopeless incompletion and chronic bankruptcy. With such an illustration or series of illustrations as that afforded by the Western Road, the Hoosac Tunnel, and the Boston, Hartford, and Erie, staring people and Legislature in the face, who will contend that some additional degree of system might not beneficially be introduced into so confounding a chaos?

But the material system is no more open to criticism than the legal system on which it is founded. The railroad legislation of Massachusetts, as it now stands on the statute-book, is not only strangely crude, but ingeniously calculated to defeat its own ends. The whole system of that legislation, if system it deserves to be called, originated in the infancy of a phase of development which has now expanded beyond all anticipation. The limbs of the young giant are tightly swathed in the swaddling-clothes of the infant. The laws of Massachusetts regulating the rights, duties, and relations of railroads and community towards each other, intended in their conception as a temporary expedient to await the development of results, have been suffered to creep into a permanence. They have accordingly become antiquated and deficient, — repressive where they should be permissive, and permissive where they should be repressive. They at the same time check the natural tendency of the roads to development, and incite legislatures to a continual interference, always unsatisfactory and often hurtful. The limits assigned to this paper will not admit of a detailed discussion and proof of this statement. That it is true, most of those who have disinterestedly examined the

subject will admit.* That in the practical control over railroads which renders them subservient to the interests of communities this country is years behind Europe, few will deny who have ever studied at all the systems of the two hemispheres.

It is time that this article drew to its close. In it nothing has been perfectly developed; much has been left wholly untouched. An attempt has been made to show why other cities have shot ahead of Boston in the race of modern material development. A few suggestions of reform have been thrown out. That the ground lost is not irretrievably lost, is still confidently maintained. That it will not, however, be recovered by spasmodic energy and unsystematic enterprise is amply demonstrated by the failures of the past. From the history of the State and the city in other emergencies is drawn the principle to which resort should now be had. More than thirty years ago the statute law of the Commonwealth had become confused, antiquated, and unascertainable. At another period, its system of education was crude and unsatisfactory. Yet again, its great harbor shoaled and grew narrow. In the investigation of each case the same course led to the same result. Now, again, the neglect of certain great laws and forces of modern development have jeoparded the material growth, independence, and influence of the community. In the ascertainment of these laws and in the cultivation of these forces only can salvation be found. A community must go back to first principles. As a preliminary, it must organize its intelligence. To organize that intelligence should be the labor of a new commission, composed of such men in material life as Story was in law, Mann in education, and Bache in science. These men must study causes, point out effects, and indicate remedies. Then, at last, with laws ascertained, with a system defined, with resources husbanded, with energies concentrated, and with an end well in view, Boston may hope again to resume her former course of nicely-balanced development, and confidently hope to leave that class of large towns of which Manchester and Lowell are types, and to take her place among the sisterhood of cosmopolitan cities.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

* See Article entitled "Railroad Legislation" in American Law Review, October, 1867, and Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, November, 1867.

ART. II.—1. *Stornelli Italiani di* FRANCESCO DALL' ONGARO. Milano: G. Daelli e Comp. 1863.
2. *Fantasie Drammatiche e Liriche di* FRANCESCO DALL' ONGARO. Firenze: Successori Le Monnier. 1866.
3. *Poesie di* F. DALL' ONGARO. Trieste: Tipografia Marenigh. 1840.

IN the month of March, 1848, news came to Rome of the insurrection in Vienna, and a multitude of the citizens assembled to bear the tidings to the Austrian ambassador, who resided in the ancient palace of the Venetian Republic. The throng swept down the Corso, gathering numbers as it went, and paused in the open space before the Palazzo di Venezia. At its summons, the ambassador abandoned his quarters, and fled without waiting to hear the details of the intelligence from Vienna. The people, incited by a number of Venetian exiles, tore down the double-headed eagle from the portal, and carried it for a more solemn and impressive destruction to the Piazza del Popolo, while a young poet erased the inscription asserting the Austrian claim to the palace, and wrote in its stead the words, "Palazzo della Dieta Italiana."

The sentiment of national unity expressed in this legend had been the ruling motive of Francesco Dall' Ongaro's life, and had already made his name famous through the patriotic songs that were sung all over Italy. Garibaldi had chanted one of his *Stornelli* when embarking from Montevideo in the spring of 1848 to take part in the Italian revolutions, of which these little ballads had become the rallying-cries; and if the voice of the people is in fact inspired, this poet could certainly have claimed the poet's long-lost honors of prophecy, for it was he who had shaped their utterance. He had ceased to assume any other sacred authority, though educated a priest, and at the time when he devoted the Palazzo di Venezia to the idea of united Italy, there was probably no person in Rome more unpriestly than he.

Dall' Ongaro was born in 1808, at an obscure hamlet in the district of Oderzo in the Friuli, of parents who were small freeholders. They removed with their son in his tenth year to

Venice, and there he began his education for the Church in the Seminary of the Madonna della Salute. The tourist who desires to see the Titians and Tintorettos in the sacristy of this superb church, or to wonder at the cold splendors of the interior of the temple, is sometimes obliged to seek admittance through the seminary, and it has doubtless happened to more than one of our readers to behold many little sedate old men in their teens, lounging up and down the cool, humid courts there, and trailing their black, priestly robes over the springing mould. The sun seldom strikes into that sad close, and when the boys form into long files, two by two, and march out for recreation, they have a torpid and melancholy aspect, upon which the daylight seems to smile in vain. They march solemnly up the long *Zattere*, with a pale young father at their head, and then march solemnly back again, sweet, genteel, pathetic spectres of childhood, and re-enter their common tomb, doubtless unenvied by the hungriest and raggedest *biricchino*, who asks charity of them as they pass, and hoarsely whispers "Raven!" when their leader is beyond hearing. There is no reason to suppose that a boy, born poet among the mountains, and full of the wild and free romance of his native scenes, could love the life led at the Seminary of the Salute, even though it included the study of literature and philosophy. From his childhood Dall' Ongaro had given proofs of his poetic gift, and the reverend ravens of the seminary were unconsciously hatching a bird as little like themselves as might be. Nevertheless, Dall' Ongaro left their school to enter the University of Padua as student of theology, and after graduating took orders, and went to Este, where he lived some time as a teacher of belles-lettres.

At Este his life was without scope, and he was restless and unhappy, full of ardent and patriotic impulses, and doubly restrained by his narrow field and his priestly vocation. In no long time he had trouble with the Bishop of Padua, and, abandoning Este, seems also to have abandoned the Church forever. The chief fruit of his sojourn in that quaint and ancient village was a poem entitled *Il Venerdì Santo*, in which he celebrated some incidents of the life of Lord Byron, somewhat as Byron would have done. Dall' Ongaro's poems, however,

confess the influence of the English poet less than those of other modern Italians, whom Byron infected so much more than his own nation, that it is still possible for them to speak of him as one of the greatest poets and as a generous man.

From Este, Dall' Ongaro went to Trieste, where he taught literature and philosophy, wrote for the theatre, and established a journal in which, for ten years, he labored to educate the people in his ideas of Italian unity and progress. That these did not coincide with the ideas of most Italian dreamers and politicians of the time, may be inferred from the fact that he began in 1846 a course of lectures on Dante, in which he combated the clerical tendencies of Gioberti and Balbo, and criticised the first acts of Pius IX. He had as profound doubt of Papal liberality as Nicolini, at a time when other patriots were fondly cherishing the hope of a united Italy under an Italian pontiff; and at Rome, two years later, he sought to direct popular feeling from the man to the end, in one of the earliest of his graceful *Stornelli.*

"PIO NONO.

"Pio Nono is a name, and not the man
Who saws the air from yonder Bishop's seat;
Pio Nono is the offspring of our brain,
The idol of our hearts, a vision sweet;
Pio Nono is a banner, a refrain,
A name that sounds well sung upon the street.

"Who calls, 'Long live Pio Nono!' means to call,
Long live our country, and good-will to all!
And country and good-will, these signify
That it is well for Italy to die;
But not to die for a vain dream or hope,
Not to die for a throne and for a Pope!"

During these years at Trieste, however, Dall' Ongaro seems to have been also much occupied with pure literature, and to have given a great deal of study to the sources of national poetry, as he discovered them in the popular life and legends. He had been touched with the prevailing romanticism; he had written hymns like Manzoni, and, like Carrer, he sought to poetize the traditions and superstitions of his countrymen. He found a richer and deeper vein than the Venetian poet among his native

hills and the neighboring mountains of Slavonia, but we cannot say that he wrought it to much better effect. The two volumes which he published in 1840 contain many ballads which are very graceful and musical, but which lack the fresh spirit of songs springing from the popular heart, while they also want the airy and delicate beauty of the modern German ballads. Among the best of them are two which Dall' Ongaro built up from mere lines and fragments of lines current among the people, as in these later years he has more successfully restored us two plays of Menander from the plots and a dozen verses of each. "One may imitate," he says, "more or less fortunately, Manzoni, Byron, or any other poet, but not the simple inspirations of the people. And 'The Pilgrim who comes from Rome' and the 'Rosettina,' if one could have them complete as they once were, would probably make me blush for my elaborate variations." But study which was so well directed, and yet so conscious of its limitations, could not but be of the greatest value; and Dall' Ongaro, no doubt, owes to it his gift of speaking more authentically for the popular heart than any other living poet. That which he has done since shows that he studied the people's thought and expression *con amore*, and in no vain sentiment of dilettanteism, or antiquarian research, or literary patronage.

It is not to be supposed that Dall' Ongaro's literary life had at this period an altogether objective tendency. In the volumes mentioned there is abundant evidence that he was of the same humor as all men of poetic genius must be at a certain time of life. Here are pretty verses of occasion, upon weddings and betrothals, such as people write in Italy; here are stanzas from albums, such as people used to write everywhere; here are didactic lines; here are bursts of mere sentiment and emotion. In the volume of *Fantasie*, published at Florence in 1866, Dall' Ongaro has collected some of the ballads from his early works, but has left out the more subjective effusions. Nevertheless, these are so pleasing of their kind, that we may give here at least one passionate little poem, and not wrong the author.

"If, with delight and love aglow,
Thou bendest thy brown eyes on me,

They darken me to all I know,
To all that lives and breathes but thee.

" And if thou sufferest me to steal
Into my hand the silken skein
Of thy loose tresses, love, I feel
A chill like death upon my brain.

" And if to mine thou near'st thy face,
My heart with its great bliss is rent;
I feel my troubled breathing cease,
And in my rapture sink and faint.

" Ah! if in that trance of delight
My soul were rapt among the blest,
It could not be an instant's flight
To heaven's glory from thy breast."

This is well, we say, in its way, for it is the poetry of the senses, and yet not coarse; but we must take something else that the poet has rejected, from his early volume, because it is in a more unusual spirit than the above-given, and because, under a fantastic name and in a fantastic form, the poet expresses the most tragic and pathetic interest of the life to which he was himself vowed.

" THE SISTER OF THE MOON.

" Shine, moon, ah shine! and let thy pensive light
Be faithful unto me:
I have a sister in the lonely night
When I commune with thee.

" Alone and friendless in the world am I,
Sorrow's forgotten maid,
Like some poor dove abandonéd to die
By her first love unwed.

" Like some poor floweret in a desert land
I pass my days alone;
In vain upon the air its leaves expand,
In vain its sweets are blown.

" No loving hand shall save it from the waste,
And wear the lonely thing;
My heart shall throb upon no loving breast
In my neglected spring.

" That trouble which consumes my weary soul
No cunning can relieve,
No wisdom understand the secret dole
Of the sad sighs I heave.

"My fond heart cherished once a hope, a vow,
The leaf of autumn gales!
In convent gloom, a dim lamp burning low,
My spirit lacks and fails.

"I shall have prayers and hymns like some dead saint
Painted upon a shrine,
But in love's blessed power to fall and faint,
It never shall be mine.

"Born to entwine my life with others, born
To love and to be wed,
Apart from all I lead my life forlorn,
Sorrow's forgotten maid.

"Shine, moon, ah shine! and let thy tender light
Be faithful unto me:
Speak to me of the life beyond the night
I shall enjoy with thee."

It will here satisfy the strongest love of contrasts to turn from Dall' Ongaro the poet to Dall' Ongaro the politician, and find him on his feet, and making a speech at a public dinner given to Richard Cobden at Trieste, in 1847. Cobden was then, as always, the advocate of free trade, and Dall' Ongaro was then, as always, the advocate of free government. He saw in the union of the Italians under a customs-bond the hope of their political union, and in their emancipation from oppressive imposts their final escape from yet more galling oppression. He expressed something of this, and, though repeatedly interrupted by the police, he succeeded in saying so much as to secure his expulsion from Trieste.

Italy was already in a ferment, and insurrections were preparing in Venice, Milan, Florence, and Rome; and Dall' Ongaro, consulting with the Venetian leaders Manin and Tommaseo, retired to Tuscany, and took part in the movements which wrung a constitution from the Grand Duke, and preceded the flight of that cowardly and treacherous prince. In December he went to Rome, where he joined himself with the Venetian refugees and with other Italian patriots, like D'Azeglio and Durando, who were striving to direct the popular mind toward Italian unity. The following March he was, as we

have seen, one of the exiles who led the people against the Palazzo di Venezia. In the mean time the insurrection of the glorious Five Days had taken place at Milan, and the Lombard cities, rising one after another, had driven out the Austrian garrisons. Dall' Ongaro went from Rome to Milan, and thence, by advice of the revolutionary leaders, to animate the defence against the Austrians in Friuli. One of his brothers was killed at Palmanuova, and another severely wounded. Treviso, whither he had retired, falling into the hands of the Germans, he went to Venice, then a republic under the presidency of Manin; and here he established a popular journal, which opposed the union of the struggling Republic with Piedmont under Carlo Alberto. Dall' Ongaro was finally expelled, and passed next to Ravenna, where he found Garibaldi, who had been banished by the Roman government, and was in doubt as to how he might employ his sword on behalf of his country. In those days the Pope's moderately liberal minister, Rossi, was stabbed, and Count Pompeo Campello, an old literary friend and acquaintance of Dall' Ongaro, was appointed minister of war. With Garibaldi's consent the poet proceeded to Rome, and used his influence to such effect that Garibaldi was authorized to raise a legion of volunteers, and was appointed general of those forces which took so glorious a part in the cause of Italian independence. Soon after, the Pope fled to Gaeta, and when the Republic was proclaimed, Dall' Ongaro and Garibaldi were chosen representatives of the people. Then followed events of which it is a pang keen as a personal grief to read: the malign force which has to-day done its worst to defeat the aspirations of a generous nation interposed then with fatal success. The troops of the French Republic marched upon Rome, and, after a defence more splendid and heroic than any victory, the city fell. The Pope returned to be that evil the world knows to his people, and all who loved Italy and freedom turned in exile from Rome. The cities of the Romagna, Tuscany, Lombardy, and Venetia had fallen again under the Pope, the Grand Duke, and the Austrians, and Dall' Ongaro took refuge in Switzerland.

Without presuming to say whether Dall' Ongaro has been mistaken in his political ideas, we may safely admit that he

was no wiser a politician than Dante or Petrarch. He is an anti-Papist, as these were, and like these he has opposed an Italy of little principalities and little republics. But his dream has been, unlike theirs, of a great Italian democracy, and in 1848–49 he opposed the union of the Italian patriots under Carlo Alberto, because this would have tended to the monarchy which has since proven so fatally dependent upon France. It is to be supposed that many of his hopes were wild; but the schemes of the coldest diplomates are scarcely to be called wise. His projects may have been untenable and unstable; but they have not yet been tried, and in the mean time the most solemn treaties, established upon the faith of the firmest governments, have been repeatedly broken.

But it is not so much with Dall' Ongaro's political opinions that we have to do as with his poetry of the revolutionary period of 1848, as we find in it the little collection of lyrics which he calls *Stornelli*, or "Starlings," perhaps because of their simple and familiar character. These commemorate nearly all the interesting aspects of that epoch; and in their wit and enthusiasm and aspiration we feel the spirit of a race, at once the most intellectual and the most emotional in the world, whose poets write as passionately of politics as of love. Arnaud awards Dall' Ongaro the highest praise, and declares him "the first to formulate in the common language of Italy patriotic songs which, current on the tongues of the people, should also remain the patrimony of the national literature. . . . . In his popular songs," continues this critic, "Dall' Ongaro has given all that constitutes true, good, and — not the least merit — novel poetry. Metre and rhythm second the expression, imbue the thought with harmony, and develop its symmetry. . . . . How enviable is that perspicuity which does not oblige you to re-read a single line to evolve therefrom the latent idea!" And we have no less to admire the perfect art which, never passing the intelligence of the people, is never ignoble in sentiment or idea, but always as refined as it is natural.

We do not know how we could better approach the readers whom we wish to win for our poet, than by first offering this lyric, written when, in 1847, the people of Leghorn rose in arms to repel a threatened invasion of the Austrians.

"THE WOMAN OF LEGHORN.

"Adieu, Livorno! adieu, paternal walls!
Perchance I never shall behold you more!
On father's and mother's grave the shadow falls.
My love has gone under our flag to war;
And I will follow him where fortune calls;
I have had a rifle in my hands before.

"The ball intended for my lover's breast,
Before he knows it, my heart shall arrest;
And over his dead comrade's visage he
Shall pitying stoop, and look whom it can be;
Then he shall see and know that it is I:
Poor boy! how bitterly my love shall cry!"

The Italian editor of the *Stornelli* does not give the closing lines too great praise when he declares that "they say more than all the lament of Tancred over Clorinda." In this little flight of song, we pass over more tragedy than Messer Torquato could have dreamed in the conquest of many Jerusalems; for, after all, there is nothing so tragic as fact. The poem is full at once of the grand national impulse, and of purely personal and tender devotion. It is very human; and that fluttering, vehement purpose, thrilling and faltering in alternate lines, and breaking into a sob at last, is in every syllable the utterance of a woman's spirit and a woman's nature.

Quite as womanly, though entirely different, is this lament, which the poet attributes to his sister for their brother, who fell at Palmanuova, May 14, 1848.

"THE SISTER.

(Palma, May 14, 1848.)

"And he, my brother, to the fort had gone,
And the grenade, it struck him in the breast;
He fought for liberty, and death he won,
For country here, and found in heaven rest.

"And now only to follow him I sigh;
A new desire has taken me to die, —
To follow him where is no enemy,
Where every one lives happy and is free."

All hope and purpose are gone from this woman's heart, for whom Italy died in her brother, and who has only these artless, half-bewildered words of regret to speak, and speaks them

as if to some tender and sympathetic friend acquainted with all the history going before their abrupt beginning. We think it most pathetic and natural, also, that even in her grief and her aspiration for heaven, her words should have the tint of her time, and she should count freedom among the joys of eternity.

Quite as womanly again, and quite as different once more, is the lyric which the reader will better appreciate when we remind him how the Austrians massacred the unarmed people in Milan, in January, 1848, and how later, during the Five Days, they murdered their Italian prisoners, sparing neither sex nor age.*

"THE LOMBARD WOMAN.

(Milan, January, 1848.)

"Here, take these gaudy robes and put them by;
I will go dress me black as widowhood;
I have seen blood run, I have heard the cry
Of him that struck and him that vainly sued.
Henceforth no other ornament will I
But on my breast a ribbon red as blood.

"And when they ask what dyed the silk so red,
I 'll say, 'The life-blood of my brothers dead.'
And when they ask how it may cleansed be,
I 'll say, 'O, not in river nor in sea;
Dishonor passes not in wave nor flood;
My ribbon ye must wash in German blood.'"

The repressed horror in the lines,

"I have seen blood run, I have heard the cry
Of him that struck and him that vainly sued,"

is the sentiment of a picture that presents the scene to the reader's eye as this shuddering woman saw it; and the heart of woman's fierceness and hate is in that fragment of drama with which the brief poem closes. It is the history of an

* "Many foreigners," says Emilio Dandolo, in his restrained and temperate history of *I Volontarii e Bersaglieri Lombardi*, "have cast a doubt upon the incredible ferocity of the Austrians during the Five Days, and especially before evacuating the city. But, alas! the witnesses are too many to be doubted. A Croat was seen carrying a babe transfixed upon his bayonet. All know of those women's hands and ears found in the haversacks of the prisoners; of those twelve unhappy men burnt alive at Porta Tosa; of those nineteen buried in a lime-pit at the Castello, whose scorched bodies we found. I myself, ordered with a detachment, after the departure of the enemy, to examine the Castello and neighborhood, was horror-struck at the sight of a babe nailed to a post."

epoch. That epoch is now past, however; so long and so irrevocably past, that Dall' Ongaro comments in a note upon the poem: "The word 'German' is left as a key to the opinions of the time. Human brotherhood has been greatly promoted since 1848. German is now no longer synonymous with enemy. Italy has made peace with the peoples, and is leagued with them all against their common oppressors."

We have still another of these songs, in which the heart of womanhood speaks, though this time with a voice of pride and happiness.

"THE DECORATION.

"My love looks well under his helmet's crest;
He went to war, and did not let them see
His back, and so his wound is the breast:
For one he got, he struck and gave them three.
When he came back, I loved him, hurt so, best;
He married me and loves me tenderly.

"When he goes by, and people give him way,
I thank God for my fortune every day;
When he goes by he seems more grand and fair
Than any crossed and ribboned cavalier:
The cavalier grew up with his cross on,
And I know how my darling's cross was won!"

We think this unaffected, fresh, and good. The poem, like that of *La Livornese* and *La Donna Lombarda*, is a vivid picture: it is a liberated city, and the streets are filled with jubilant people; the first victorious combats have taken place, and it is a wounded hero who passes with his ribbon on his breast. As the fond crowd gives way to him, his young wife looks on him from her window with an exultant love, unshadowed by any possibility of harm; —

"Mi menò a moglie e mi vuol tanto bene!"

This is country and freedom to her, — this is strength which despots cannot break, — this is joy to which defeat and ruin can never come nigh!

It might be any one of the sarcastic and quick-witted people talking politics in the streets of Rome in 1847, who sees the newly elected Senator — the head of the Roman municipality, and the legitimate mediator between Pope and people — as he passes, and speaks to him in these lines the dominant feeling of the moment: —

"THE CARDINALS.

"O Senator of Rome! if true and well
You are reckoned honest, in the Vatican,
Let it be yours His Holiness to tell,
There are many Cardinals, and not one man.

"They are made like lobsters, and, when they are dead,
Like lobsters change their colors and turn red;
And while they are living, with their backward gait
Displace and tangle good Saint Peter's net."

An impulse of the time is strong again in the following *Stornello*, — a cry of reproach that seems to follow some recreant from a beleaguered camp of true comrades, and to utter the feeling of men who marched to battle through defection, and were strong chiefly in their just cause. It bears the date of that fatal hour when the king of Naples, after a brief show of liberality, recalled his troops from Bologna, where they had been acting against Austria with the confederated forces of the other Italian states, and when every man lost to Italy was as an ebbing drop of her life's blood.

"THE DESERTER.

(Bologna, May, 1848.)

"Never did grain grow out of frozen earth;
From the dead branch never did blossoms start:
If thou lovest not the land that gave thee birth,
Within thy breast thou bear'st a frozen heart;
If thou lovest not this land of ancient worth,
To love aught else, say, traitor, how thou art!

"To thine own land thou couldst not faithful be, —
Woe to the woman that puts faith in thee!
To him that trusteth in the recreant, woe!
Never from frozen earth did harvest grow:
To her that trusteth a deserter, shame!
Out of the dead branch never blossom came."

And this song, so fine in its picturesque and its dramatic qualities, is not less true to the hope of the Venetians when they rose in 1848, and intrusted their destinies to Daniele Manin.

"THE RING OF THE LAST DOGE.

"I saw the widowed Lady of the Sea
Crownéd with corals and sea-weed and shells,
That her long anguish and adversity
Had seemed to drown in plays and festivals.

"I said: 'Where is thine ancient fealty fled? —
Where is the ring with which Manin did wed
His bride?' With tearful visage she:
'An eagle with two beaks tore it from me.
Suddenly I arose, and how it came
I know not, but I heard my bridegroom's name.'
Poor widow! 't is not he. Yet he may bring —
Who knows? — back to the bride her long-lost ring."

The poor Venetians of that day dreamed that San Marco might live again, and the fineness and significance of the poem could not have been lost on the humblest in Venice, where all were quick to beauty and vividly remembered that the last Doge who wedded the sea was named, like the new President, Manin.

We think the *Stornelli* of the revolutionary period of 1848 have a peculiar value, because they embody, in forms of artistic perfection, the evanescent as well as the enduring qualities of popular feeling. They give us what had otherwise been lost, in the passing humor of the time. They do not celebrate the battles or the great political occurrences. If they deal with events at all, it is with events that express some belief or longing, — rather with what people hoped or dreamed than with what they did. They sing the Friulan volunteers, who bore the laurel instead of the olive during Holy Week, in token that the patriotic war had become a religion; they remind us that the first fruits of Italian longing for unity were the cannons sent to the Romans by the Genoese; they tell us that the tricolor was placed in the hand of the statue of Marcus Aurelius at the Capitol, to signify that Rome was no more, and that Italy was to be. But the *Stornelli* touch with most effect those yet more intimate ties between national and individual life that vibrate in the hearts of the Livornese and the Lombard woman, of the lover who sees his bride in the patriotic colors, of the maiden who will be a sister of charity that she may follow her lover through all perils, of the mother who names her new-born babe Costanza in the very hour of the Venetian Republic's fall. And we like the *Stornelli* all the better because they preserve the generous ardor of the time, even in its fondness and excess.

After the fall of Rome, Italy, as we have seen, was no better than a cage for birds of their note; and the poet did not

long remain unmolested even in his Swiss retreat. In 1852 the Federal Council yielded to the instances of the Austrian government, and expelled Dall' Ongaro from the Republic. He retired with his sister and nephew to Brussels, where he resumed the lectures upon Dante, interrupted by his exile from Trieste in 1847, and thus supported his family. Three years later, he gained permission to enter France, and up to the spring-time of 1859 he remained in Paris, busying himself with literature, and watching events with all an exile's eagerness. The war with Austria broke out, and the poet seized the long-coveted opportunity to return to Italy, whither he went as the correspondent of a French newspaper. On the conclusion of peace at Villafranca, this journal changed its tone, and being no longer in sympathy with Dall' Ongaro's opinions, he left it. Baron Ricasoli, to induce him to make Tuscany his home, instituted a chair of comparative dramatic literature in connection with the University of Pisa, and offered it to Dall' Ongaro, whose wide general learning and special dramatic studies peculiarly qualified him to hold it. He therefore took up his abode at Florence, dedicating his main industry to a course of public lectures on ancient and modern dramatic literature, and writing those wonderful restorations of Menander's "Phasma" and "Treasure," which have been heretofore noticed in an article on "Recent Italian Comedy." * He has written much on many subjects, and always beautifully. His prose has a peculiar delightfulness; and his poems in the Venetian dialect are among the most charming in that winning patois. A Boston publisher has reprinted one of the popular romances in which he represents the humble life of his native province, and his dramas have nearly all been translated into French and German.

As with Dall' Ongaro literature had always been but an instrument for the redemption of Italy, even after his appointment to a university professorship he did not forget this prime object. In nearly all that he has since written, he has kept the great aim of his life in view, and few of the events or hopes of that dreary period of suspense and abortive effort between the conclusion of peace at Villafranca and the acqui-

* North American Review for October, 1864.

sition of Venice have gone unsung by him. Indeed, some of his most characteristic *Stornelli* belong to this epoch. After Savoy and Nice had been betrayed to Napoleon, and while the Italians waited in angry suspicion for the next demand of their hated ally, which might be the surrender of the island of Sardinia or the sacrifice of the Genoese province, but which no one could guess in the impervious Napoleonic silence, our poet wrote: —

"THE IMPERIAL EGG.

(Milan, 1862.)

"Who knows what hidden devil it may be
Under yon mute, grim bird that looks our way? —
Yon silent bird of evil omen, — he
That, wanting peace, breathes discord and dismay.
Quick, quick, and change his egg, my Italy,
Before there hatch from it some bird of prey, —

"Before some beak of rapine be set free,
That, after the mountains, shall infest the sea;
Before some ravenous eaglet shall be sent
After our isles to gorge the continent. —
I 'd rather a goose even from yon egg should come, —
If only of the breed that once saved Rome!"

When, in 1859, by virtue of the popular vote, the Romagna ceased to be part of Saint Peter's patrimony, and became a province of the kingdom of Italy, the Pope is credibly reported to have turned, in one of his frequent bursts of anger, to a crucifix, with the words of the Psalm, "Clamavi ad te, et non exaudisti me!" "So far," says Dall' Ongaro, who relates this in a note to the following poem, — "so far history. The rest deserves confirmation." And when the reader remembers how many reasons the poet had, as priest and patriot, to know and hate church-craft, and considers how different, after all, is the Christ of church-craft from the Christ of the Gospels, we think he will forgive his seeming profanity for his actual wit.

"THE PLEBISCITE.

"When all Bologna rose and with one voice
Chose Victor Emanuel her king and chief,
Mastai turned to Jesus on the cross:
'I knock and knock,' he said, 'and you play deaf.'

"And to his vicar Jesus Christ replies:
'Why, you ask me impossibilities!
Ask for a donkey that shall bend its knees,
Ask a Madonna that shall wink its eyes;
And if these things do honor to our part,
I will oblige you, and with all my heart.
But to reduce Romagna to thy reign,
And make its People become Herd again,
Is not so light a miracle as you 'd make it;
I know of no one who could undertake it.'"

The flight of the Grand Duke from Florence in 1859, and his conciliatory address to his late subjects after Villafranca, in which by fair promises he hoped to win them back to their allegiance; the union of Tuscany with the kingdom of Italy; the removal of the Austrian flags from Milan; Garibaldi's crusade in Sicily; the movement upon Rome in 1862; Aspromonte, — all these events, with the shifting phases of public feeling throughout that time, the alternate hopes and fears of the Italian nation, are celebrated in the later *Stornelli* of Dall' Ongaro. Since the last was written, Venice has fallen to Italy; but thicker clouds have gathered about the destiny of Rome, for within a month we have seen the failure —

"Ahi, quanto a dir qual' era è cosa dura!" —

of Garibaldi's rash heroic enterprise. The great line of prose which unites us to Europe, and commonly bears us the prices of the markets and the gossip of the courts, thrilled with a touch of unwonted poetry the other day, when it reported the vanquished champion of humanity as looking "old, haggard, and disappointed," on his return from the rout at Monte Rotondo; and we fear that his long-tried friend and comrade could not have the heart to sing now as he sang in 1862, after the affair of Aspromonte: —

"TO MY SONGS.

"Fly, O my songs, to Varignano fly!
Like some lost flock of swallows homeward flying,
And hail me Rome's Dictator, who there doth lie
Broken with wounds, but conquered not, nor dying:
Bid him think on the April that is nigh,
Month of the flowers and ventures fear-defying.

"Or if it is not nigh, it soon shall come,
As shall the swallow to his last year's home,

As on its naked stem the rose shall burn,
As to the empty sky the stars return,
As hope comes back to hearts crushed by regret; —
Nay, say not this to his heart ne'er crushed yet!"

We Americans, however, whose right and duty it is not to lose faith in the triumph of a just cause, can, even in its gloomiest hour, accept as prophecy these words from one who believes that liberty can triumph only through the submission of the Church to secular law, and the abolition of all her privileges: —

"WILLING OR LOATH.

"Willing or loath, the flames to heaven tend,
Willing or loath, the waters downward flow,
Willing or loath, when lightning strokes descend,
Crumbles the cliff, and the tower's crest sinks low;
Willing or loath, by the same laws that send
Onward the earth and sun, the people go.

"And thou, successor of Saint Peter, thou
Wilt stop the sun and turn us backward now?
Look thou to ruling Holy Church, for we
Willing or loath fulfil our destiny;
Willing or loath, in Rome at last we meet!
We will not perish at the mountain's feet."

We have already noted the more obvious merits of the *Stornelli*, and we need not greatly insist upon them now. Their defects are equally plain; one sees that their simplicity all but ceases to be a virtue at times, and that at times their feeling is too much intellectualized. Yet for all this we must recognize their excellence, and the skill as well as the truth of the poet. It is very notable with what directness he expresses his thought, and with what discretion he leaves it when expressed. The form is always most graceful, and the success with which dramatic, picturesque, and didactic qualities are blent, for a sole effect, in the brief compass of the poems, is not too highly praised in the epithet of novelty. Nothing is lost for the sake of attitude; the actor is absent from the most dramatic touches, the painter is not visible in lines which are each a picture, the teacher does not appear for the purpose of enforcing the moral. It is not the grandest poetry, but it is true feeling, admirable art.

W. D. Howells.

ART. III. — 1. *The Railway. Remarks at Belfast, Maine, July* 4, 1867. By JOHN A. POOR. Boston. 1867. 8vo pamphlet.

2. *Monthly Circulars of the National Anti-Monopoly Cheap-Freight Railway League for promoting Reform in Railroad Management, by securing Equal Rights and Cheap Transportation, with consequent increased Development of our Industrial Energies and National Resources.* Nos. I. – VII. New York. 1867. 8vo pamphlet.

IT is related in the Sussex Archæological Collections, that in 1703, when the king of Spain went to Petworth, his equipage was engaged for six hours in traversing the last nine miles of this journey; and that Sir Herbert Springett went to church in the family coach drawn by eight oxen, — a stately and patriarchal mode, which arose from the necessity of having "the strong pull, the long pull, and the pull all together" of the bovine team, to which the power of horses is as naught.

The excellent roads of Telford and McAdam made a great change in England before the end of the eighteenth century, for there were by that time some thirty thousand miles of highways in Great Britain on which the traveller could, if he chose to pay for such a luxury, drive at the rate of twelve to fifteen miles an hour, with perfect ease and safety. And half a century before the journey alluded to above, a primitive sort of railway was in use at the coal mines in the North of England; but it was not till the completion of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in 1830, that the present system of railway travelling was fully introduced.

Forty-two years since, George Stephenson built the first locomotive employed on a public railway; and that engine, by the way, may now be seen, after having "run" till 1846, carefully preserved as a relic, on a pedestal in front of the Darlington station of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, in England. Every one is familiar with the story of the Stephensons, the "Rocket," and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Mr. Poor, the author of the pamphlet the title of which is at the head of this paper, tells us that it was his own

"good fortune to witness" one of the early experiments in railway locomotion in this country.

"The Boston and Worcester Railroad Company imported from Newcastle-upon-Tyne one of George Stephenson's locomotives, — not unlike those placed upon the Bangor and Oldtown Road in 1836, — small in stature, but symmetrical in every particular, and finished with the exactness of a chronometer. Placed upon the track, its driver, who came with it from England, stepped upon the platform with almost the air of a juggler or a professor of chemistry, placed his hand upon the lever, and with a slight move of it the engine started at a speed worthy of a companion of the 'Rocket,' amid the shouts and cheers of the multitude."

And he adds in another place: —

"The locomotive came upon the world like a miracle. All previous modes of land conveyance were slow and cumbersome. As the pack-horse relieved the solitary foot-passenger, so the common wagon, the pleasure-carriage, and the stage-coach came in its time to man's relief; but the greatest of all the means of transportation, the locomotive engine, produced in the lifetime of a single generation greater results affecting man's physical and social condition than all the agencies of previous times."

Those of us who recollect the discomforts of a long journey by stage-coach, — for instance, from Albany to Buffalo, or, by canal and coach, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, — and who happen to have lately made the same journey comfortably seated in a "monitor" or "palace car," will cordially unite with Mr. Poor in this tribute to the genius of the man who invented the first successful locomotive engine for passenger conveyance.

Since the days of the "Rocket," the power of the locomotive engine has been enormously increased, by giving the engine greater weight and dimensions, and by certain improvements which have naturally followed its introduction to general use. It can now drag a heavy train, on a good railway, at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and, with such a load, can maintain that great speed without stopping for sixty miles and more. It can pull a load of one thousand tons at a slow rate; and it can even ascend and descend mountainous roads, long considered impracticable to any motive power less docile and sure-footed than pack-horse or mule.

In outward form it varies with its various uses. There are the beautifully made "express engines"; the ponderous machines of the Pyrenean and German lines; those for the fast trains of the "London and Northwestern," with their seven and a half and eight feet "drivers," the mammoths of the broad gauge; the many-wheeled mountain engine of the Alleghany inclines; besides a great many others, "passenger" or "freight." *

But the locomotive is not all. Without the rail, the progress of the engine would be slow, and its tractive force limited. Yet the railroad of 1867, at least in this country, is much more nearly like that of 1834 than are the locomotives of those dates. Improvements in the road have not kept pace with those in motive power and rolling stock. Of this, however, more hereafter. We will now proceed to avail ourselves of the statistics given by Mr. Poor, in connection with some others, in order to point out a few of the remarkable results which have followed the introduction of railroads, and then to make some remarks in reference to that reform the author of "The Railway" considers so urgent.

Of the 95,727 miles of railway which had at the end of the year 1866 been built in the world, — "a vast achievement for a single generation," — nearly 37,000 are, according to Mr. Poor, in the United States. But it must be remembered that the railways of the United States are, with comparatively few exceptions, single lines, while a large proportion of those in Europe are double lines.

Although such estimates are more curious than useful, it may perhaps convey some idea of the labor of constructing the 37,000 miles of railroad of the United States to state that it is estimated that the iron used weighed near four millions of tons; that at least six hundred square miles of forest have been cleared for the purpose of obtaining sleepers and other timber needed; and that, if the material which has been moved in the process of construction were spread over the largest city in the Union, it would bury it as completely as Pompeii and Herculaneum are now buried! But most minds will perhaps

* Mr. Marsh, of Boston, is building a railway of extraordinary inclination up Mount Washington, in the White Mountains, which is to be traversed by a locomotive he has patented.

better than in any other way appreciate the skill, energy, and industry bestowed upon these railways, by knowing that they have cost no less than fifteen hundred millions of dollars.

Between the Atlantic cities and the valley of the Mississippi, from north to south, the country is so completely covered with railroads, intersecting each other in every direction, that it would now be impossible to describe even the great routes without the aid of a map. It is enough to say that they have been for the most part admirably projected so as to facilitate the business operations of the country, and for the great convenience of the traveller; and that, although there may have been a great deal of wasteful expenditure, and many unwise schemes, the system as it now exists is a magnificent one, sufficiently comprehensive for the present moment, yet being constantly extended as rapidly as there seems to be occasion for its extension. Besides the lines eastward of the Mississippi, several are advancing towards the west, far beyond that river. The Great Pacific Railway is reported to have reached within a few miles the base of the Rocky Mountains. California is building towards the east, and St. Paul, at the extreme northwest, is now connected by rail with Chicago.

Railway engineering at the present day is so well understood that its practice is easy, except where unusual natural obstacles occur. Thirty years ago the case was different. It was then a new branch to the profession of the engineer. Its principles had to be discovered and applied, — here at least on a grand scale, but with inadequate means; and the bold engineering of the great lines leading from the Atlantic to the West is a satisfactory as well as striking illustration of the ability with which those principles were applied by such men as Knight and Latrobe, McNiel, Whistler, the Robinsons, and Judge Wright.

It is to be regretted that there is no complete and uniform system of returns for working expenses, gross receipts, &c. required by the general government, similar to those of some States; but the latter will afford means of showing results from which the magnitude of the general railway interest may be inferred. Take, for instance, the returns for the State of New York, where, in 1865, there were 3,089 miles of railroad, having

cost on an average $50,000 per mile, and earning a gross revenue of $14,157 per mile per annum. Take the gross earnings of the 1,254 miles of railroad in Massachusetts, returned for 1866, which were $21,205,527, or $16,910 per mile per annum, their average cost per mile having then been $63,370. The gross earnings of the New York and Erie Railroad for 1866 were $15,372,809; and those of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad for the same year, including branches and leased lines, were $19,124,934. In 1864 the gross earnings of the 5,000 miles of railroad in Illinois were $8,000 per mile per annum.* Mr. Poor shows how wealth is created by building railroads, citing Ohio statistics as an illustration of the principle.

"Ohio is to-day the third State in the Union. In 1841 her valuation was but $128,353,657; in 1847 she had 262 miles of railway only; in 1850, 575 miles; in 1860, 2,999 miles; and in 1866, 3,402 miles.

"Her valuation for taxation rose to $433,872,632 in 1850, to $860,877,354 in 1855, and to $959,867,100 in 1860, with an actual valuation in 1860 of $1,193,898,422, against an actual valuation of $504,726,120 in 1850, — an absolute increase of $689,172,300; while her 3,402 miles of railway cost only $135,231,975. Ohio allowed towns, cities, and counties to aid railroads, and you see the result."

An extract is also given by Mr. Poor from an article prepared by the editor of the "Railroad Journal" in 1852, part of which we copy, as an example in a different form of the same principle: —

"Upon the ordinary highways the economical limit of transportation is confined within a comparatively few miles, depending of course upon the kind of freight and character of the roads. Upon the average of such ways the cost of transportation is not far from fifteen cents per ton per mile, which may be considered as a sufficiently correct estimate for the whole country. Estimating, at the same time, the value of wheat at $1.50 per bushel, and corn at seventy-five cents, and that thirty-three bushels of each are equal to a ton, the value of the former would be equal to its cost of transportation for 330 miles, and the latter 165 miles. At these respective distances from market neither of the above articles would have any commercial value with only a common earth road as an avenue to markets. But we find that we can move property upon railroads at the rate of 1½ cents per ton per mile, or for

* The Great West.

one tenth the cost upon the ordinary road. These works, therefore, extend the economical limits of the cost of transportation of the above articles to 3,300 and 1,650 miles respectively.

"At the limit of the economical movement of these articles upon the common highways, by the use of railroads wheat would be worth $44.50, and corn $22.27 per ton; which sums respectively would represent the actual increase of value created by the interposition of such a work."

We may add, in connection with the above, that the old highways of the country were invariably almost impassable for weeks together at certain seasons, and that the regular daily transmission of passengers and goods throughout the year, without serious interruption, is one of the greatest benefits conferred by railroads.

But so much has been written elsewhere on the advantages of the railway system, that we do not think it necessary to attempt to do full justice to the remarks of Mr. Poor by making further extracts from his pamphlet. Indeed, to readers interested we advise a perusal of the pamphlet itself. A mere allusion to the enormous interests involved will be a sufficient introduction to the suggestions we have to offer respecting reforms in railway management. One more extract from "The Railway" leads to the question. Mr. Poor says that the "vast sums wasted in the construction of railroads, through ignorance and inexperience, are of trifling amount compared with the waste now going on in railway management."

As was perhaps unavoidable under the circumstances, there has indeed been a great deal of money lost in railroad building, through ignorance or otherwise; but it is too much the custom to blame the engineers who were early connected with that work for insufficient estimates, extravagant expenditures, and so forth. And if the railroads which were designed by and built in this country under the direction of the engineers so referred to are now compared, as to their fitness for the purpose intended, and even as to their cost relatively with the profile and geological character of the country through which they pass, with some, indeed with nine tenths, of the lines subsequently built in the same field of operations, after valuable information gained by experience in every department

connected with the work of construction was available, we venture to assert that the injustice of such censure will be apparent. The truth is, so many lines were projected about the same time, that many persons took advantage of the demand, and exercised the calling of the civil engineer, who did not possess the necessary scientific attainments, and were not trustworthy in regard to contracts, their position making them the umpires in questions involving very large sums. The consequence was, that contractors, or unscrupulous directors, having their own special objects in view, were shrewd enough to take advantage of the deficiencies of such men ; and the works under their charge suffered accordingly, both in design and execution. The large fortunes of some contractors would not have been made under other circumstances. Nor would certain lines have been located as they are, had their engineers been men of sufficient character and ability to influence a choice of location independently of all interests except those of the general body of the shareholders.

Defective construction is, without doubt, one of the important elements which now affect the cost of transportation. The gradients on some railroads will be found, on examination, to exceed in inclination the rate intended to have been adopted as a maximum, and to secure which the contract prices were paid. Curves are irregular, and sharper than they were supposed to be, work and materials inferior to those contracted for have been accepted, ballast put down unfit for the purpose, and not so deep as intended, and so on. It does not require much knowledge of the subject to perceive that these are lasting evils, which the railway management of to-day has to meet as well as it can ; and though a judicious system of road repairs might set these things, in a great measure, right after a time, few companies have hitherto adopted such a system.

An investment in the shares of any railroad having its construction account closed, and with a well-established through and local traffic sufficient for its profitable support, ought to be perhaps more popular than an investment of any other kind, owing to its security and convenience ; but it is not so, for very apparent reasons. As with the building, so with the management. In many instances railroad managers have neither the

ability nor the honesty — or if the one, not the other — needed to give confidence to persons who seek security, as well as a good percentage for their capital.

There seem to be, indeed, some peculiarly demoralizing influences about the position of a railroad official. The possession of great power over men and money by individuals previously unused to anything of the sort may have had a bad effect. At all events, there have been, from time to time, painful exposures, and, no doubt, many disgraceful pecuniary transactions unfortunately not made public. When the over-issue or "watering" of stock, defalcation, or other robbery, is found out, there is some stir in the railroad world for a few days; but, so used is it to such occurrences, the excitement does not last long, and the whole affair is soon forgotten, except by the immediate sufferers. In order to eradicate this serious defect in railroad management, public sentiment must change; for the mild punishment of simply inducing the delinquent to make the loss good as far as possible, when he is found out, does not seem sufficient to cure the evil.

It is not to be inferred from the foregoing remarks that there are no men of high integrity engaged in railroad management. The contrary is eminently the fact. We have the pleasure of knowing most honorable railroad presidents, and other most conscientious railroad officials; but capitalists have not always the means of discriminating, and men of high character suffer in reputation from a state of things too notorious to need further remark.

We have already seen the figures which indicate the large sums annually earned by some of the great railroad companies; in other words, their gross revenue. It may be worth while to set against them the corresponding "working expenses," the one taken from the other leaving, of course, their net revenues.

The gross receipts of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which now has no less than 358 miles of double track main road, and works or leases several branch or other lines, were, in 1866, $19,124,934. The total working expenses of the company for that year, including the cost of working the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, which seems to have re-

sulted in 1866 in loss, owing to the bad condition of the line, were $13,436,075. Excluding the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, the gross earnings of the Pennsylvania Railroad, together with the other lines worked by the company, were, in 1866, $16,583,882, and the total ordinary working expenses were $10,616,362. The extraordinary expenses of the company, i. e. additional second track, and sidings, locomotive cars, &c., were $2,174,547. The ordinary expenses for working and maintaining the company's roads are set down at 64 per cent of their revenues.

The income of the Erie Railroad of New York was, in 1866, $15,372,809. The working expenses, exclusive of internal revenue taxes, $11,503,153.55, or a little more than 74 per cent of the earnings.

The earnings and receipts, or gross revenue, of the New York Central for 1866 (the year, as with the other New York lines, ending the 30th of September), were $14,596,785, and the corresponding working expenses were $11,013,441, being 75.45 per cent of the gross earnings.

The income of the Hudson River Railroad was, in 1866, $4,845,526, and the transportation expenses $3,050,426,— nearly 63 per cent.

All the lines above named seem to have open construction accounts; the total cost of road and equipment of the Erie Railroad having been in 1865, $45,879,522, and in 1866, $48,507,544; the cost of road and equipment of the New York Central in 1865, $33,701,919, and in 1866, $34,133,911. That of the Hudson River, also including equipment, in 1865, was $15,264,586; and in 1866, $15,543,825.

The total earnings of the railroads of the State of New York, as returned, for the year 1866, were $49,812,448, and their working expenses were $37,640,588. The average working expenses 75.99 per cent of the earnings.

The total earnings of the railroads of the same State were in 1862 $25,722,473, and their working expenses $15,220,187, or a little more than 59 per cent.

In 1863 the total earnings were $31,767,208; working expenses, $19,230,490, or a little more than 60½ per cent.

In 1864, total earnings, $39,597,520; working expenses, $27,453,894, or 69.3 per cent.

In 1865, earnings, $46,568,411; expenses, $36,893,326, or 79.2 per cent: the percentage in 1866 being, as before stated, 75.99 per cent.

The total earnings of the railroads of Massachusetts were, in 1866, as stated by Mr. Poor, $21,205,527; and their working expenses, $14,534,236, or 68½ per cent. The total income of the Massachusetts railroads for 1864 was $16,478,596; and the corresponding cost of working, $10,496,978, or 63.7 per cent.

The common estimate formerly was fifty per cent for working expenses, but this is now much too low; seventy per cent of the earnings is nearer right; so that it has become a question whether the comparatively moderate earnings of ten years ago were not more desirable than the larger revenues of the present time. Organization, structures, and equipment which were sufficient for a small business may not be perfect enough for a large one. The payments for dividends by the New York companies were,*

In 1864,	$5,443,384
" 1865,	4,624,786
" 1866,	4,093,618

while their gross earnings were

For 1864,	$39,597,520
" 1865,	46,568,411
" 1866,	49,222,223

That it is important to reduce "working expenses" is evident, but any effort to economize in this way will only succeed by means of better organization, by the adoption of every mechanical improvement applicable to the system, by repairing, renewing, or rebuilding, in a scientific manner, and by employing the best men available for the service.

The managing and operative systems of some of the great companies are already well arranged, and ought to be imitated as far as possible by the lesser ones. It is hardly necessary to say that, if the president of a railroad company is expected to be an executive as well as an administrative officer,

* The figures relating to the New York railroads are from the Report of the State Engineer.

he ought to be practically acquainted with the details of the business he has in charge, and also familiar with the construction and working of the line and its equipment, by means of which that business is to be done. Otherwise he can be of very little use in directing the men who act under him at the heads of the several departments, or in controlling the expenses of those departments.

It is equally evident that, if the superintendent is the principal executive officer, he should of course possess the indispensable qualifications specified above. But there are a great many men now at the head of railroad companies who have worked themselves into office by their own or their friends' manœuvring; who had, at the time of their election, no peculiar fitness for the place, little knowledge of the common details of railroad traffic, and none whatever of the more important principles which should guide railroad operations; and who have consequently learnt the little they now know about such matters at the cost of their employers, the stockholders. Mechanical knowledge is the last thing learnt by such men. Their tastes lead them in another direction. They are not superior to the preparation of clap-trap advertisements, representing their lines as the shortest and cheapest routes, or to underhand negotiations for the purpose of diverting freight from rival lines. Among this class of railroad presidents are likely to be found the individuals who make use of the earnings of the line, the line itself, and the property belonging to it, as their own, and who indirectly, no doubt, do a great deal more harm by setting a bad example to the companies' under-agents, conductors, &c. It is said, indeed, that very large sums, in the aggregate, are annually lost by some railroad companies through the petty pilfering of the conductors, — a sort of robbery there is no effectual security against, except in the character of the men themselves, so long as it is found convenient to take fares in the trains. If the president's "irregularities" are known to his subordinates, and it may be safely assumed that in nine instances out of ten they are known to them, the conductor or other agent who is also dishonest feels more than ever safe against detection.

A secondary evil, though a very serious one, is that of

permitting president or director to be interested in furnishing new rails, or other "supplies," as a seller to his own company. Such sales may be made at the lowest market price, or even lower, but they put a stop to competition, and also to a rigid inspection on the part of the company of the material so furnished. It is impossible for the principal officer, who profits as a merchant by a sale to his own company of thousands of tons of railroad iron annually, to object to indirect receipts of the same kind, though far less in amount, taken by every one of the company's agents who may have in one way or another an opportunity in some degree similar. It is believed that many railroad agents not only have the opportunity, but avail themselves of it, to the serious injury of the stockholders. But this is not the disposition of most of that large and useful class of men. Their way of life is laborious and full of responsibility, their duties are well performed, and the wages they receive are fairly earned. It may be added, that there are numbers of men employed upon every railroad whose occupation removes them from the temptations we have referred to, and whom we have every reason to believe, judging from what we have seen of them, as conscientious, and in their sphere as respectable a body as any other in the community.

Generally speaking, no reduction can be made in the number of men employed by railroad companies. On the contrary, the public would be better served if their number were increased. Neither can wages be lowered, as they are not high when compared with the wages now paid for other kinds of labor. But we think very considerable saving may be effected by more judicious application of the large sums which are now annually spent for road repairs and renewals, so as to make the road-bed and superstructure as perfect as possible, and thus economize in power and wear of rolling stock. Upon most lines great improvement may be brought about in this respect, because there are a great many railroads in the country, after excepting some of those forming the great routes, upon which there is no officer connected with the management who is theoretically or practically acquainted with the mechanism which forms a well-built railroad of the present day. General ignorance of what has been done at a dis-

tance by engineers who make railroad engineering their special pursuit is not to be wondered at under such circumstances, and rails on some lines may therefore be seen which have been renewed over and over again, yet remain to-day almost the same in cross-section and fastenings with those first laid down upon them, as if the experience of twenty or thirty years afforded no guide to a form and application better fitted to bear the heavier engines and other rolling stock now in use.

And again, as regards quality. The rails of the past fifteen or twenty years have in most cases proved far inferior to those used at first. The reason of this, we suppose, is because the specifications under which the first rails were contracted for were drawn up by men who knew something about the manufacture of iron and its application to the making of rails, a price being paid accordingly, while the more modern contracts were simply for "rails," at the lowest possible rates. It is not too much to say that rails can be made at a profit to the manufacturer, which will stand the inspection of the authorities of many railroad companies, for a price thirty-three per cent lower than the price good rails would command. We must add, on the other hand, that praiseworthy efforts have been made for some years past, by some railroad companies, to secure by means of the improvements of the day a smoother and more durable superstructure for their trains to pass over, and new methods of construction or adaptation may be seen upon them, obviously and essentially better than the old ones, which improved methods ought to be generally adopted for the sake of economy and public safety, unless other better ones are in use on some other lines, or can be devised. Indeed, until all such improvements, within reasonable limits as to cost, have been generally introduced, the most obvious and easy step towards economy will have been neglected.

For railroads upon which such simple matters as thorough drainage, good ballast, and a tolerably perfect superstructure would add fifty per cent to the duration of their iron rails, the use of steel instead of iron seems needless refinement. Nevertheless, the question of laying down steel rails has of late attracted attention, and companies able to afford the expense are now trying them, with advantage to their own interests,

as well as to public security and comfort. Steel tires and steel boilers may follow next.

A paper on the "Maintenance and Renewal of Permanent Way"* was read last year by R. Price Williams before the Society of Civil Engineers of England, and subsequently printed with "an abstract of the discussion upon the paper," by order of the society.

It has already been translated into French, and a few copies have found their way to this country. It contains valuable information relating to the Bessemer steel rail, in connection with its general subject. We venture to make one or two extracts, but the paper itself should be read.

"The introduction within the last few years of steel rails, manufactured chiefly by what is known as the Bessemer process, and the highly satisfactory nature of the results obtained, encourage the belief that at length a material has been obtained which was alone wanting to give something like real permanency to that which in name only has hitherto deserved the title of 'Permanent Way.'

"In 1862, some steel rails were laid at the Camden Town and Crewe stations of the London and Northwestern Railway, where, from the excessively heavy character of the traffic, iron rails were usually worn out in the course of a few months. Two 21-feet steel rails laid on May 2d, 1862, at the Chalk Farm Bridge, side by side with two ordinary iron rails, were, after outlasting sixteen faces of the iron rails, taken out in August, 1865; and the one face only, which had been exposed during a period of more than three years to the enormous traffic, amounting to something like 9,550,000 engines, trucks, &c., and 95,577,240 tons, although evenly worn to the extent of a little more than a quarter of an inch, still appears to be capable of enduring a good deal more work. . . . .

"The general adoption of steel rails on main lines where the traffic is of the heavy description referred to, will, in the opinion of the author, not only prove cheaper in the end, but, what is of infinitely more importance, will, through the less frequent breaking up of the road, materially add to the safety of the travelling public. It will also, in a corresponding degree, lighten the great weight of anxiety and responsibility which attaches to the resident engineer, who, morally at least, is held accountable for all the accidents that occur through defects in the permanent way under his charge."

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* "Permanent Way" would here be called "Superstructure" or "Track."

So long as an open construction account is kept, it will be difficult to find out what the real cost of working is, for, even with the best intentions on the part of the auditor, the difference between charges which should be debited "construction" and those properly chargeable to "working expenses" is often indistinct. New equipment, new stations and bridges, and new "superstructure," all better or on a larger scale than the old, may in some cases fairly belong to construction, or perhaps part of the outlay may belong to one account, and part to the other. It may be very troublesome to draw the line strictly. In short, it is easy to see that, when the figures are to be entered, there is a strong temptation to make as favorable a report as possible for the sake of a dividend, which dividend, whether it has really been earned or not, is to fix the market value of the shares for the next few months. This is one view of the case; but sometimes it happens, we believe, — in fact, such transactions are so openly talked about that it is not to be supposed they are generally considered improper, — that a dividend is paid by order of a board of directors, while there is no pretence that it has been earned, and where prudent regard for the future interests of the stockholders ought to have precluded its payment. As the amount of the semiannual dividend is, in the estimation of the ordinary purchaser of stock, the measure of the value of what he buys, a payment by the company of an unearned dividend, or of one improperly large, may lead him to invest under a false impression created by public misrepresentation. Railroad "financiering" did a great deal of mischief while railroads were building. It would be difficult to say what the phrase meant at that time, but in connection with railroads in operation it can only mean harm; for the absurdity of supposing extraordinary skill in money matters to be needed in the management of a railroad company has long since been apparent. The money has to be properly taken care of when earned, properly distributed, and clearly accounted for. Less book-keeping even would often be an improvement, with the introduction of accounts admitting statements simple and clear enough to satisfy the mind of any anxious proprietor. Nothing beyond the skill of a good accountant is really needed for this, and the rest is essentially mechanical.

Travellers from this country notice the difference between the European railway system and their own, and naturally compare the two systems as to economy, safety, speed, and comfort; but a contrast to what one is accustomed in travelling is very likely to be at first disagreeable, and this should be recollected when we are informed by letters or the newspapers that the American system is superior to the European system, particularly to that of England, — England usually affording the first opportunity for the observation. This sort of criticism is too hastily made to be serviceable; indeed, it does much harm, for it tends to make people overlook defects that might otherwise be easily remedied. We mean to say that there are some things connected with railroad travelling here which might be altered for the better, for the purpose of making it safer and more comfortable. As to economy, no traveller can possibly find fault with the passenger fares; nor can the "shipper" of freight reasonably complain of the usual freighting charges; and the speed is great enough at present. In fact, it must be admitted that the American Railroad System, as it is called, is already admirably adapted to the wants and habits of a great majority of the persons who travel by means of it, and also that it is, as a whole, much better suited to this country than the European system would be. And as much may probably be said of the European system. For it is already nearly the perfection of locomotion, according to the ideas of comfort and convenience prevailing with the people who use it most. But, after all, there are some details common to both systems which it will be worth while to compare, in the hope of attracting attention to something or other that may be considered worthy of imitation.

The question of safety would probably be the last one likely to weigh upon the mind of the railway traveller of the present day on entering a train; yet many passengers habitually buy their life-insurance tickets with their car tickets, and the business of railroad life-assurance is said to flourish exceedingly.

We are unable to give the number of accidents occurring on the 37,000 miles of railroad of the United States in any one

year, or even on any large part of the whole; but if we take the statistics of accidents from the New York and Massachusetts returns for 1866, which are the only ones we happen to have at hand, — and they are probably as favorable for the purpose of comparison as the statistics of accidents for a larger number of States would be, — it will be seen that there were in those two States in that year, or, more precisely, in the twelve months embraced in that year's returns, 30 passengers killed, 112 passengers injured; 286 employees and others killed, 160 employees and others injured; a total of 316 passengers, employees, and others killed, and 272 passengers, employees, and others injured. A grand total of 588 persons either killed or injured during the twelve months on the railroads of New York and Massachusetts. They consist of but some 4,350 miles of the 37,000, and it is not to be imagined that they are managed with less regard to public safety than are those of the other States of the Union, though it is probable the number of passengers upon them is considerably larger in proportion to the mileage than is the case in most other States.

The number of passengers of all classes in New York and Massachusetts, for 1866, was 40,381,514; consequently one passenger was killed for every 1,346,050 passengers carried, and one passenger was either killed or injured for every 284,377 passengers carried.

The whole number of miles travelled by the trains, passenger and freight included, was 32,833,967; so that one life was lost of employees and others for every 114,804 miles travelled by trains, and one person exclusive of passengers was either killed or injured for every 73,619 miles travelled by the trains, — the miles travelled by the trains, of course, indicating the extent of accommodation afforded to the public. We will compare these figures with corresponding ones deduced from the railway returns of Great Britain and Ireland for 1862, as those are the only ones for the United Kingdom we have by us of so late a date. The comparative statistics of railway accidents in France, Germany, and Belgium would most likely be in favor of the Continental lines over those of Great Britain and Ireland; but the case, as it is, will be found sufficient for our purpose.

Indeed, the system of management in the French lines is extremely precise and rigid, — probably the perfection of organization, — and the consequence is that they are very safe, as well as very profitable; but persons used to the great personal freedom of movement possible when travelling by train here might perhaps prefer to continue to incur the risk so much moving about causes, rather than bear the restraint that in some measure secures greater safety.

The whole number of passengers killed on the railways of Great Britain and Ireland in 1862 was 35, and there were during the same period 536 passengers injured. There were also 181 servants of companies or of contractors, trespassers, and others killed, and 64 injured. The distance travelled by the trains was 108,061,797 miles; and the total number of passengers carried — assuming that each holder of a season ticket made three journeys a week throughout the year — was, say 197,400,000. That is to say, one passenger was killed for every 5,640,000 carried; one passenger either injured or killed for every 345,709 passengers carried; one servant of company or contractors and others killed for every 597,026 miles travelled by the trains, and one servant of company, &c. either killed or injured for every 441,068 miles travelled by the trains.

If, therefore, the year 1862 for Great Britain and Ireland, and the year 1866 for New York and Massachusetts, are not exceptional ones, the ratio of accidents in proportion to public accommodation under the two systems is very nearly as below, viz.: —

21 passengers killed in New York and Massachusetts for 5 in Great Britain and Ireland;

6 passengers either injured or killed in New York and Massachusetts to 5 in Great Britain and Ireland;

21 persons other than passengers killed in New York and Massachusetts for 4 in Great Britain and Ireland;

6 persons other than passengers either injured or killed in New York and Massachusetts to 1 in Great Britain and Ireland.

The returns from which the above figures were drawn do not in all cases specify the number of passengers whose deaths were due to causes quite beyond their own control; some of

the passengers in the list having been killed in consequence of their own carelessness. To show how secure a railway passenger may be if he exercises proper caution, we copy a paragraph from a paper* lately read before the "Inventors' Institute" in England: —

"In conclusion, I may observe that travellers are by no means aware of the almost daily improvements that are going on throughout the entire rolling stock and permanent way of railways. They would more fully appreciate these if they could run out of a first-class line at a high speed on to one of the old, original lines, such as the Liverpool and Manchester, with its rattle and jolting. Now, indeed, it is far more safe for one to be continually travelling, than to pass an active life under any other conditions. This statement is borne out from the official returns of the persons whose deaths were due to causes beyond their own control on the railways of the United Kingdom. The number has decreased from 38 in 1844 to 23 in 1859, and to only 15 in 1864, while the numbers that travelled during the last-named year amounted to the enormous figure of 229,350,000, or nearly eight times the whole population of the kingdom. Thus, the chance of death is 1 to 15,290,000, which may be taken practically as no chance at all. Let this be compared with the liability to fatal accidents from horse conveyances in London alone, with its population of nearly 3,000,000. By the returns from the Registrar-General's office, during the year 1865 there were 215 persons killed by horse conveyance, or 1 in every 14,000 of the population. The railway return already quoted gives 1 in every 2,000,000 of population, or 1 in every 15,290,000 of travellers. So that, taking the estimate by population, the railways are 150 times more safe than the streets of London."

So much for the relative safety of the two systems. Now as to their relative speed, for the rapidity with which a train passes over the rails influences its own safety directly and indirectly in many ways, though the result of a single accident occurring to it might, under some circumstances, be as disastrous if it travelled slower. The management and system suited to high speed, therefore, must be in every respect more nearly perfect than they need be if the speed were not so great, in order to maintain an equal degree of security to passengers and the public.

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* By Robert Richardson, C. E.

Very great speed is made occasionally in this country, when a train is late, and its engineer is allowed to make up time, as it is called, at his own discretion; but there are no lines in the country, we believe, on which as high speed is regularly maintained as would be within the power of the engines, were the rails in as good order as they might be, and were the system more complete in its organization and appointments. Indeed, if a foreign engineer were to walk over some of the railroads which are supposed to be as safe as any others in the country, and examine their structures critically, possibly seeing a road-bed half covered with grass, sleepers so much decayed that the rail fastenings are quite loose, joints now and then much too wide open, and shaken masonry, he would pronounce, without hesitation, that it would be impossible to maintain high speed upon them with any degree of safety or economy whatever. Thirty-three miles an hour, including stops, is good regular speed here for an express train, for a stretch of one hundred miles, though much higher rates are sometimes made, — we will add, "at the imminent risk of accident"; while to show what railway travelling may be made as to speed, where line and rolling stock are both as perfect as modern science and money can make them, we must again refer to France or England. We are not writing with "time-tables" before us, but we should say that forty miles an hour, excluding stops, is not far from the speed of the quickest French trains for long distances, and that with the most perfect steadiness of motion and ease to the passenger conceivable. In England, fifteen years ago, the express trains of the Great Western Railway were making their trips, with the regularity of the hands of a clock, at fifty miles an hour, including stops; the actual speed required to do this being often at the rate of sixty miles an hour, mile after mile. The narrow-gauge railways were obliged to emulate the speed established by Mr. Brunel and the Great Western, so that the speed of the fast trains of the several lines named below, which are run between the points indicated without intermediate stops, was very lately noted from personal observation, or taken down from official published tables, as follows: —

	Miles.	h.	m.
Brighton and South Coast, — London to Brighton,	50	1	5
London, Chatham, and Dover, — London to Dover,	88	1	55
London and Northwestern, — London to Rugby,	82½	1	50
Chester to Holyhead,	84	2	7
Great Western, — London to Swindon,	77½	1	30
Great Northern, — London to Peterborough,	76¼	1	37
London and Southwestern, — London to Basingstoke,	48	1	10

This fast travelling is of course expensive, especially as a great deal of attention is paid to the comfort of the passenger, as well as to his safety; and the fares in the first-class carriages are accordingly high. The mechanical arrangement of these carriages is very complete; and although there is a vibratory movement differing from the long, easy swing of the cars here, there is on the whole less motion felt by the passengers by fast trains there than here, particularly when the passenger by train here happens to find himself seated near either end of a car. The average fare, if we take the rates upon a few of the great railways as an example, is not far from 2.22 *d.* per mile for first class, 1.66 *d.* per mile for second class, and a little less than a penny per mile for third class, by ordinary trains; while by express train — these trains carrying no third-class passengers — the rates are not far from 2.6 *d.* for first class, and 1.92 *d.* for second class. On the New York railroads the average passenger fare per mile, for 1866, was 2.42 cents; from 2.4 cents to 3.5 cents per mile being perhaps the most common rates throughout the country, for considerable distances.

While alluding to fares, and as an instance of extremely low rates, it may be interesting to notice what has been done within a few years past in India, where the English railway system has been established. Very large districts of British India offer great advantages for railroad operations in some respects; though, on the other hand, there is the necessity of employing, for the present, a great number of Europeans at high wages in working the lines, and also of often using very expensive fuel. The railways are well built, with bridges of masonry or iron, and have heavy rails, sometimes of steel. There were opened for traffic, up to May 1, 1866, 3,302 miles, of which only 250 miles were at that time made with a double line.

The general character, where the country admits of good gradients, may be judged of from the fact that the distance between Calcutta and Delhi, which is 1,020 miles, may now be travelled in thirty-seven hours. First-class fares average 1.73 *d.* per mile; second-class, .86 *d.* per mile; and third-class, .36 *d.* per mile. Of the whole number of passengers 94 per cent travelled in third-class cars, 4.78 per cent in second-class cars, and only 1.12 per cent in first-class cars.

The percentages for working expenses, taken from lines from which the published returns were complete, and setting them against those taken from the complete returns of 1864 for the United Kingdom, are pretty closely as below. We will add the same thing for New York, for 1866, referring again to the latter hereafter.

	New York.	India.	United Kingdom.
Maintenance of roadway and buildings,	29.5	26.3	18.73
Motive power,	30.2	37.3	27.76
Repairs and renewals of cars,	11.0	6.2	8.56
Passenger and freight department,	16.3	17.3	28.42
Compensation for personal injury and goods,	0.5	2.4	1.60
Miscellaneous,	12.5	10.5	14.93
	100.0	100.0	100.00

Freight in India is arranged in five classes, paying from 1*d.* to 7*d.* per ton per mile.

We do not purpose to mention more particularly the many ways in which the welfare of the passenger by train in this country is not sufficiently attended to. If travelling by railroad were more comfortable, or in other words less disagreeable, it is reasonable to suppose that a class of people to whom the price of fares has become a matter of small importance would travel oftener, and that railroad companies would find their receipts increased. And we think that railroad managers here might take many useful lessons from the European system, which system, we may add, would probably more often meet the approval of the traveller from this side of the water were it not for his reflections on being compelled to seat himself in a compartment with few companions, and to run the risk of a trip without the familiar bell-rope stretched above his head. We have nothing to do with criticising the English railway

system ; our object being rather to find something about it to praise, and, as far as practicable, to imitate usefully. But with regard to the compartment carriages, their use or disuse is evidently a matter of taste and habit.

The managers of two of the favorite routes between New York and Boston have placed compartment cars on their respective lines within five years past. These cars are luxuriously fitted up, and persons who care for comparative seclusion, wide seats, and fresh air, without annoyance to too many of their fellow travellers, can secure all these comforts by paying a small additional price for their tickets. And as to the want of a bell, there can be no harm in remarking that the reluctance on the part of English railway managers to adopt the simple plan in use in this country seems to be reasonable, because, though we have travelled a great deal by train since the adoption of the bell and decidedly approve of it for trains here, we happen to have seen it pulled improperly oftener than otherwise.

It would be extremely difficult to institute a comparison which would be valuable between the cost of working the railways of Great Britain and the United States. The differences in the price of labor and fuel, and in the engineering character of the lines, are enough to deter one from attempting it in the hope of arriving at a result in any degree adequate to the labor of the undertaking. The financial management of several well-known companies in one country or the other is the subject of frequent articles in the newspapers, and seems to be very bad, the faults being more or less identical. Indeed, we have just received a paper containing a severe criticism of the accounts published by one company in Great Britain, where the writer employs very much the same expression we have already made use of in allusion to the demoralizing influence of a seat as one of a Railway Board of Directors. But we will set down here several of the items which go towards making up the whole working expenses of the two systems respectively. It will then be seen in what proportion they each influence the dividend, and also in what direction it is most worth while to try to economize.

The working expenses of English railways may be stated at from 48 to 52 per cent of the gross receipts. The work-

ing expenses of the railways of this country, so far as we are in possession of official returns, range from 52 to 76 per cent of their gross receipts. And if we take the New York returns and make up the accounts as near as may be to correspond with those of the English returns, we shall have for the principal items the following per cent of working expenses: —

	For New York. 1866.	For the United Kingdom. 1862.
Maintenance of roadway and buildings,	29.5	18.99
Motive power,	30.2	27.79
Repairs and renewals of cars,	11.0	8.71
Passenger and freight department,	16.3	27.95
Compensation for personal injury,	0.4	1.11
Damages to goods and property,	0.1	0.48
Rates, taxes, and government duty,	5.2	6.81
Miscellaneous,	7.3	8.16

Our time and space are limited, and we must therefore hasten to a conclusion, in the hope that the figures we have set down, if not the statements we have made, may lead stockholders and managers to study the question of Railway Reform for the sake of their credit as well as their money. Here we will mention — though it must now be done briefly — the "National Anti-Monopoly Cheap Freight Railway League," — a combination, so far as we have been able to inform ourselves, intending to make railroads free to the trains of all companies, or individuals, under certain indispensable restrictions; to adopt a slow rate of speed, and such systematic management as will allow of the incessant passage of trains at very short intervals of time, thereby meaning to reduce the cost of transportation and increase the amount of business. We believe it is not proposed to reduce the speed of passenger trains, but to build lines chiefly for freighting purposes, or to add more lines of rails to existing roads; and we are not aware that there is anything new in this. It was long ago proposed to make railroads free to the public on the payment of tolls, but there are obvious and very serious difficulties still in the way of adopting such a course generally; and as regards the cost of transportation, that is very much influenced by elements distinct from the mere amount of business, though of course an inces-

sant traffic ought to be more remunerative than an intermittent one. There are railways already so systematically worked that trains run upon them in as close succession as would be those proposed by the League. In fact, the scheme embraces questions of outlay and profit too intricate for hasty discussion. They are matters for estimate or calculation beyond the province of the superficial observer.

The reform we advocate is one of much more simple character, as well as of more immediate result, requiring no additional expense, and perhaps being the first step necessary towards the most important objects aimed at by the League. We think, indeed, that the railroad system of the country is susceptible of great improvement, and that it may be made to afford more accommodation in business and greater convenience to the traveller, with more public security against accident, and all this without needing any radical change. Its working organization is at present imperfect, and a large proportion of the officials who hold the more responsible places might be better qualified for their occupation. It has been seen that the expenses incurred for motive power, repairs of equipments, and maintenance of the line amount to seventy per cent of the whole expense of working. All inventions, therefore, which seem likely to economize fuel, to make the superstructure smoother and more durable, and to improve the machinery, ought to be reasonably encouraged, while efforts should be constantly making, through an interchange of information, to take advantage of the results of experience gained elsewhere, — otherwise it will be found that there has been relatively a steady annual increase of expense in all the departments just now named, and, finally, there should be a school for railway management by means of a regular system of promotion in every department of a railroad in operation, — to be relied upon as a matter of course, for the encouragement of faithful and efficient service. Those employed would then look to their own companies for long engagements, and would be less eager to find indirect means of increasing their remuneration.

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ART. IV.—1. *The Works of* JONATHAN SWIFT. *With Notes and a Life by* SIR WALTER SCOTT. 19 Vols. Edinburgh. 1824.

2. *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in a Series of Letters from* JOHN, EARL OF ORRERY, *to his Son, the Honorable Hamilton Boyle.* 4th Edition. London. 1752.

3. *Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, containing several singular Anecdotes relating to the Character and Conduct of that great Genius and the most deservedly celebrated Stella, in a Series of Letters to his Lordship.* (By PATRICK DELANY.) London. 1754.

4. *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift, interspersed with some Occasional Animadversions upon the Remarks of a late Critical Author upon the Observations on an Anonymous Writer on those Remarks.* London. 1754.

5. *A Letter to Dean Swift, Esq. on his Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. J. Swift.* By the Author of the Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks. London. 1755.

6. *The Life of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.* By THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M. London. 1784.

7. *New and Curious Anecdotes of the late Dean Swift and his favorite Stella.* Gentleman's Magazine, Nov. 1757.

8. *An Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift.* By the REV. JOHN BARRETT, D. D., and Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. London. 1808.

9. *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life, with Remarks on Stella.* By W. R. WILDE, M. D. Dublin. 1849.

10. DR. JOHNSON'S *Lives of the Poets.*

11. THACKERAY'S *English Humorists*, and *Henry Esmond.*

12. *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise.* Par HENRI TAINE. *Paris.* 1866.

Two hundred years ago, the 30th of last November, a man was born whose memory has been treated with extreme harshness. Jonathan Swift is often spoken of as a renegade in politics and a hypocrite in religion; as brutal in private

life, and filthy in tastes and ideas; as tyrannical to his inferiors, servile to his superiors, and misanthropical always. He is regarded as an outlaw, whose hand was against every man, and to whom no man should show mercy, now that he is dead. It has fared with his character as with his personal appearance. The stern aspect, the "muddy complexion," the heavy features, the double chin in old age, are remembered; but his fine figure in youth and his bright blue eyes — "azure as the heavens," Pope called them — have been forgotten. Ill-authenticated anecdotes of his later years, when he was alone in a half-civilized and oppressed country, stone-deaf and almost blind, the friends in correspondence with whom consisted his chief intellectual pleasure taken from him by death one after the other, his memory gone, his passions stimulated and his temper imbittered by a terrible disease that burnt into his brain, — stories of what he said and did after he had begun to "die at the top," as he foresaw he should do, — are used to solve the enigmas of his life. "There is no surer method," says Hawthorne, "of annihilating the magic influence of a great renown, than by exhibiting the possessor of it in the decline, the overthrow, and the utter degradation of his powers, — buried beneath his own mortality, — and lacking even the qualities of sense that enable the most ordinary men to bear themselves decently in the eyes of the world." It was after he had reached the confines of this valley of the shadow of death that Swift wrote most of those exceptionable poems, which we read in boyhood, and which, later in life, we unreservedly condemn, with their author; forgetting that the tree may have borne better fruit than that of whose rottenest parts we indistinctly recall the flavor. Scandalous falsehoods, born after Swift's decease, and killed in the cradle by conscientious biographers, have been revived. One of the vilest, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott only that it may "never be repeated on any future occasion," disgraces the memoir prefixed to a Dublin edition (1840) of Gulliver's Travels; and William Howitt, in "Homes and Haunts of Eminent British Poets," after quoting Scott, has the effrontery to add, that there may be "*something*" in the story after all, — that early habits of dissipation may account for Swift's attacks of vertigo, and that "in this point of view his life presents a

deep moral lesson." Other biographers, who would scorn to give circulation to such slanders, are not ashamed to embody in their narrative discreditable stories that rest upon insufficient testimony, to reverse to Swift's prejudice the ordinary rules of evidence in criminal cases, and to condemn him with unjudicial warmth.

The superiority of Swift's understanding is admitted by all, and by none more readily — Dr. Johnson excepted — than by his detractors. But his acknowledged genius is allowed to raise no presumption in favor of its possessor, no doubt as to the justness of the judgment against him, but serves to point an antithesis or to enforce a moral. "An immense genius," says Thackeray, — "an awful downfall and ruin." "I turn to his writings," concludes Lord Mahon's diatribe, "and my contempt for the man is lost in my admiration of the author." But though a great man is not entitled to immunity from criticism, his critic is bound to approach the study in a generous spirit, to take into account the whole character, instead of fastening upon faults of manner or inequalities of temper, to consider the circumstances amid which the character was formed, and to hope, for the sake of human nature, that the casket was worthy of the divine jewel it held. But "the world is habitually unjust to such men," says Carlyle, — "unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: it decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes, and not positively, but negatively, less on what is done right, than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a gin-horse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured, and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse and that of the planet will yield the same ratio, when compared with them. Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which we can never listen to with approval. Granted the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged; and the pilot is therefore blameworthy,

for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know how blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

In Swift's case, we unfortunately possess no record of his life, and no view of his character from the pen of any one who knew him in youth or in his prime. The four Irishmen whose recollections and hearsay anecdotes supply, with his writings and his friends' letters to him, the materials of all the biographies, made his acquaintance after his faculties began to decay, and his temper to suffer from disease and misfortune. Each lacks industry, insight, capacity to sift evidence. Each manifests so great a disposition to discredit the statements of the others, as to exemplify King William's observation, that, "if you should believe what Irishmen say, there is not one honest man in the whole kingdom." The first of these works in order of time, the worst in execution, and the least trustworthy upon disputed points, has enjoyed undeserved currency and exercised an undue influence upon subsequent writers because it was written by an earl. But Orrery first met Swift when Swift was seventy years old, and never saw much of him. He was so ignorant that his own father, a man of learning, disinherited him of his library, and so snobbish, that he could not understand how a man of humble origin could associate on equal terms with the nobility, and therefore declares that Swift was "employed, not trusted," by Oxford and Bolingbroke. Scott believes that this titled dunce never forgot Swift's indorsement upon a letter from him, of which the seal was unbroken, — "This will keep cool"; nor the impatient exclamation on receiving another beginning "Dear Swift," — "Boy, boy, boy!" The best of these Irish Lives is by Thomas Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley; but Thomas was a mere child when Swift and his father were intimate, and he wrote nearly forty years after Swift's death, and with no adequate preparation or special fitness for the task. Had Swift been blessed with a Boswell, the popular view of his character might be far more favorable.

Bad as the books just spoken of are, they are not the worst. Mrs. Pilkington, the profligate wife of a lying clergyman, who

had imposed upon the Dean's good-nature, published memoirs shortly after his death, the value of which may be inferred from Sir Walter Scott's expression, — "The following anecdote is authentic, *though* told by Mrs. Pilkington." This woman's book is forgotten, but the Life by Dr. Johnson, who had, as even Boswell allows, a strong prejudice against Swift, founded partly perhaps upon Swift's failure to procure a degree for him from Dublin University, and partly upon resemblances in character, is still read, and has supplied several hints to Thackeray. Sir Walter Scott's biography, though not altogether satisfactory, is a noble tribute from one man of genius to another. But it has produced less impression upon public opinion than the article which it called forth in the Edinburgh Review.

"Jeffrey! pertest of the train
Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain,"

never more fully justified Byron's comparison of him to Chief Justice Jeffries. He hears only the witnesses against Swift, himself acts as prosecuting attorney, and then, in sentencing the accused insults him with the terms "beast" and "murderer." Thackeray, who has been called the greatest of Swift's disciples, treats his dead master little better; — calls him an "ogre" in the nursery; a "bully" in the parlor; a "footpad," who would have "watched for you in a sewer and assailed you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon"; "bravo," "outlaw," "Yahoo." M. Paul de St. Victor (*Hommes et Dieux*, Paris, 1867) improves upon this a little. With him Swift is a "hedgehog rolling in filth," and his talent has the "manners of a hangman, the misanthropy of a hypochondriac, and the grin of a tyrant." After such expressions, Lord Mahon's verdict sounds gentle: "He had a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature, — for they were his own." Almost all the cyclopædias, biographical dictionaries, and textbooks on English literature for schools, though more decorous in language, are tainted with the same spirit. One of them talks of Swift's "ferocious ill-nature," — of a "celebrity which, through his moral perversities, is not more enviable than a man would obtain by being exposed in the pillory"; another, of "incredible hardness of heart" and "utter selfishness." Even

those which call Thackeray's judgments too severe adopt some of the worst.

Yet this "monster" numbered among his intimate friends the greatest statesmen, the foremost men of genius, the most accomplished women, the noblest among the nobility, of the eighteenth century. Addison, who damned others with faint praise, in 1709 called Swift "the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his times"; and nearly ten years later wrote to him thus: "I have always honored you for your good-nature, which is an odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world." Chiverton Charlton, captain of the Yeomen of the Queen's Guards, writes to him in 1710: "You have one unlucky quality which exposes you to the forwardness of those that love you, — I mean good-nature, — from which, though I did not always suspect you of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon." Lord Peterborough speaks of "the large heart of Swift," and writes to him as follows: "I find matter in yours to send you as far back as the golden age. How came you to frame a system in the times we live in to govern the world by love?" Bishop Atterbury writes to him: "No man in England is more pleased with your being preferred [in the Church] than I." Bishop Berkeley speaks of him with tenderness, as the "poor dead Dean." When the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, "insisted upon your wit and good conversation," writes Dr. Arbuthnot to Swift, "I told her that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it." The same Arbuthnot had written, after Queen Anne's death: "I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and, though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance and aiming a blow at his adversaries." Lord Bolingbroke writes to him in 1719, five years after the political tie between them was ruptured: "I know enough of the tenderness of your heart to be assured that the letter I am now writing will," &c. "The truest reflection and at the same time the bitterest satire to be made upon the present age is, that to think as you think will make a man pass for roman

tic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness are rarely to be found." Pope writes to him in 1714: "Of all the world, you are the man who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper." And in 1736 he says in a letter to Earl Orrery: "My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life. . . . . His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candor, are equal to his wit, and require as good and true a taste to be valued." The Earl of Oxford spoke of him as "a truly good-natured man," and wrote in 1717: "Two years' retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish than even at the time of my being charmed with it during our frequent journeys to Windsor." "It is hard to meet with wealth and happiness in the country you are in," says the Duchess of Ormond, in 1720, "and be as honest as you are." She calls herself his poor sister. Lady Betty Germaine, who had known Swift from his youth, writes to him in old age: "Though you are a proud person, yet give the Devil his due, — you are a sincere, good natured, honest one." Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State, said of him: "The reputation of some men is amiable; one can love their characters without knowing their persons." Lady Masham, writing to him in 1723, ten years after Queen Anne's death, says: "I could never impute your silence to want of friendship in one whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life."

Swift's Irish biographers, who knew him only in old age, unite in according to him perfect sincerity, absolute superiority to envy, and a religious conversation and behavior. Dr. Delany says: "The character of his life, like that of his writings, will bear to be reconsidered and re-examined with the utmost attention, and will always discover new beauties and excellences." Sheridan says that he was "perhaps the most disinterested man that ever lived; no selfish motive ever influenced his conduct." "Au fond," says Henri Taine, "il me parait honnête homme." And Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge

of the last century was, in the judgment of Macaulay, unsurpassed, says: "The distinguishing feature of his moral character was a strong sense of justice, which disposed him to exact with rigor, as well as in general scrupulously to observe, the duties of society. These powerful feelings, exasperated probably by some circumstances of his own life, were gradually formed into an habitual and painful indignation against triumphant wrong, which became the ruling principle of his character and writings. . . . . His hatred of hypocrisy sometimes drove him to a parade of harshness, which made his character appear less amiable than it really was. His friendships were faithful, if not tender, and his beneficence was active, though it rather sprang from principle than feeling. No stain could be discoverable in his private conduct, if we could forget his intercourse with one unfortunate and with one admirable woman."

In the study of Swift it is well to bear in mind the general characteristics of the century in which he lived. Born in Dublin in 1667, he died there in 1745. Born in the reign of Charles II., he left the University in the year of the Revolution which placed William III. upon the throne, was in the prime of life during the reigns of Anne and George I., and lived eighteen years after the coronation of George II. During this period of nearly eighty years great changes were taking place. In Swift's youth witches still flourished, — among them the Duchess of Marlborough's mother; the philosopher's stone was still sought, even by men of parts like Richard Steele, as it had been a few years previously by Isaac Newton; the stars were consulted, until Swift killed astrology in the person of Partridge; the Universities still taught the scholastic logic from the ponderous folios of Burgersdicius, Keckermannus, and Smiglecius, which Locke, like Swift, rejected for history and poetry; Bacon's works were neglected, Newton's *Principia* was unnoticed, and Harvey's great discovery was discussed as an open question, and was still spoken of with contempt even by Sir William Temple. Society was divided into two classes, — the nobles and landed gentry above, and the people below. In the coun-

try the tenantry were still practically in vassalage to the lord of the manor, who administered justice, dispensed charity, and was surrounded by flatterers, prominent among whom was the "lackey in black," who preached in his church, and, if lucky, married his wife's waiting-maid. The library of a country house comprised half a dozen volumes, including a book of heraldry, a prayer-book, and a receipt-book. The landed gentry inherited the political and religious prejudices of their Cavalier ancestors, and the clergy instilled the same notions into the minds of the people. In the city the court gave the tone to society, and a low tone it was. The brilliancy of the dialogue in the plays, which paint those times with a fidelity never called in question, cannot hide the baseness of the situation. If there were the forms of politeness and the semblance of luxury at court, the former thinly covered a brutal profligacy, and the latter did not atone for the absence of comfort. Politics was a trade, in which he usually succeeded best who had least principle and was most adroit in changing sides. Offices were sought, not for the career they opened to a noble ambition, but for their emoluments, then so large that a thrifty minister could retire upon a fortune after a few years' service. Vile deeds did not exclude a nobleman from society or from political preferment. Lord Mohun, a professional rake, duellist, and gamester, equally brutal and unprincipled, was received everywhere. The Earl of Wharton, a brawling atheist and a notorious debauchee, was an acknowledged leader of the Whigs, and held high office under a ministry of which Somers was a member. An author who would succeed had to grovel before a noble patron, who paid for adulation sometimes with a pension or an office, and sometimes with guineas in hand. Below the nobility and gentry, with their parasites, drudged the people of England, not yet known as a people, but regarded as agricultural implements in peace and as food for powder in war. Nearly one quarter of the whole population were beggars or paupers, but there were no organizations for relieving their wants, enlightening their ignorance, or discouraging vice and crime amongst them. On the contrary, the invention of gin increased drunkenness, and the rivalry of the gentlemen Mohocks stimulated highway robbery on Hounslow

Heath and in the half-lighted and filthy streets of London. England was a barbarous country, where the upper classes competed with the lower in brutality, and the lower envied the upper their intrigues and corruption. Even more barbarous than England was Ireland. Far more degraded than the English poor were "the savage old Irish," who did not speak the language of their conquerors, and were looked upon by them as Indians are looked upon by our frontiersmen. "The aspect of affairs under William, Anne, and the first two Georges," says Henri Taine, "is repulsive; we are tempted to judge like Swift; we say to ourselves that the Yahoo whom he depicted he had seen, and that the Yahoo, whether naked or riding in his carriage, is not beautiful."

Before Swift's decease, the middle class was already felt as a power, to be conciliated, respected, dreaded. If the landed aristocracy were still masters in the rural districts, they were confronted in the city and in Parliament by representatives of the rapidly growing power of commerce. They no longer monopolized the offices. If government still felt bound to flatter their prejudices, its policy was often shaped in conformity with the views of the new men. If the court of George I. was as immoral as that of Charles II., it paid more regard to the decencies of life. Vices, attractive in the elegant French costume of the Restoration, were hated as soon as seen in their hideous German attire. If politicians were still venal and noblemen still profligate, they were less openly so than in the old times. The *roué* bragged less of his infamous exploits; the playwright turned the laugh less frequently upon the confiding husband. The influence of public opinion began to be felt. To guide it, to consult it, and to give it expression, new agencies were created, which have grown in power with the diffusion of education and the less unequal distribution of wealth. The newspaper, the pamphlet, the novel, appeared, Swift, with Defoe and Addison, assisting to usher them into the world. Authors addressed a mass of readers, to whose comprehension they adjusted their style. Literature, over-conscious of its high birth in the days of Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple, put on plain clothes, and met plain men on equal terms. Science

was on the march, under Sir Isaac Newton; philosophy had been summoned back to England by Locke and Berkeley; critical scholarship, of which Bentley, almost single-handed, held up the standard at the commencement of the century, was scaling the walls of the Universities. Woman assumed a higher position and exercised a better influence. With the rise of the middle class came more humane legislation, more liberal religion, greater refinement, comfort, and security.

To us at this distance, who see to what improvements events scarcely noticed at the time have led, the contrast between the England of 1667 and that of 1745 appears more striking than it could have done to a contemporary. He might see good reasons for preferring the old order of things to the new, even while contributing to the forward movement. However enlightened, he would never free himself altogether from the prejudices and habits of thought of his youth. Swift, banished in 1714 to Ireland, where progress was slower than in the mother-in-law island, had peculiarly unfavorable opportunities for observation. He perceived the inconveniences of breaking up camp, but the advantages of the new quarters proposed were prospective. He had experienced the excesses of the money-making spirit in the ruin of an uncle who had doled out to him in childhood the black bread of charity, and in the oppressive policy applied to Ireland; he had seen the wickedness and felt the ingratitude of the court under all ministries; the intolerance of the Dissenters had been brought home to him by the persecution of his grandfather, which had impoverished and exiled the family; he knew how much England had been indebted in times past to the Established Church and to the landed interest. The extension of commerce had led to stock-jobbing, selfish monopolies, and South Sea bubbles, but apparently had as yet done little to advance civilization and freedom; the sectaries had shown, when in power, less liberality than the Church, and a disposition, in the reign of James, to combine with her Catholic enemies against the liberties of England.

Thus may be reconciled the apparent discrepancies in Swift's public course and in his political writings. It is not fair in

Mr. Masson ("British Novelists") to say that "he hardly permits us to infer for what end he upheld the Church, save that Swifts as well as Lauds and Cranmers might work in it"; for there is every reason to believe that, with the bulk of the clergy and the great body of the nation, he maintained its cause against all comers in the honest conviction that it was, in his own words ("Sentiments of a Church of England Man") "the scheme of ecclesiastical government most agreeable to primitive institutions, fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and, under its present regulations, best calculated for our civil state; the abolishment whereof would prove a mighty scandal and corruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy"; so that "an enemy either to the constitution of the English government, or to the present establishment of the Church, must of necessity be so to both." If Swift was insincere in his support of the Church, he was so through life. The "Tale of a Tub," which, under the guise of an allegory, "celebrates," as the Author's Apology says, "the Church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine," was written at the University. Among Swift's earliest poems is an Ode to Archbishop Sancroft, on his deprivation for refusing the oath of allegiance to King William. The Church was his chosen profession. He declined the royal offer of a captaincy of cavalry and a civil appointment from Sir William Temple. To the latter proposal he replied that, since he "had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for a maintenance," he was "resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." "Although," — as he says in "Anecdotes of the Family of Swift," — "his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the Church merely for support." Swift's devotion to the Establishment manifested itself at every stage of his political career. While yet that anomaly,

"A Whig and one who wears a gown,"

while yet in affiliation with Halifax and Somers, he published pamphlets in advocacy of High-Church principles, which are believed by Scott to have caused the first coolness between him and the chiefs of the party. As the unpaid agent of the clergy of Ireland, he solicited from several ministries the re-

mission to the Church of "the first fruits," a part of its revenue which the crown had appropriated. It was this business which brought him into contact with Harley, and he never lost sight of it, whatever other projects occupied his attention, until he succeeded. The "Examiner," the political journal which he conducted at this time, frequently advocates the interests of the Church. One of his previous publications led to the erection, under the Oxford ministry, of fifty new churches in London. On numerous occasions after his return to Ireland, he appeared as the champion of his order. His voice was raised against every attempt in the Irish Parliament to repeal the Test Act, by which non-conformists were excluded from office, to curtail the revenues of the Establishment, or to aggrandize the bishops at the expense of the inferior clergy. "The Legion Club," a piece of terrible invective against the enemies of the Church in this assembly, was among the last poems he finished. Not a word can be found in his writings, not an act in his life, inconsistent with the devotion to the Establishment which he professed. But Swift never went to extremes with High-Churchmen. He did not intrigue for the restoration of the Stuarts. He explained the dogma of passive obedience to mean obedience to the supreme power, residing in an "absolute, unlimited legislature, wherein the whole body of the people are fairly represented, and in an executive duly limited." He believed in the Church, as established under the laws of England for the promotion of religion and good government, not for the destruction of freedom. He was for giving Dissenters "full liberty of conscience, and every other privilege of free-born subjects to which no power is annexed"; thinking that, "to preserve their obedience in all emergencies, a government could not give them too much ease or too little power."

In politics, Swift consistently labored for freedom from 1701, when he published his first political treatise — "A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome" — against the exercise of arbitrary power by a Tory House of Commons, bent upon the impeachment of Somers, Halifax, Portland, and Oxford, to his philippics and pasquinades against Sir Robert Walpole and his Whig instruments in Ireland. He has been charged with apostasy, because,

having been a Whig in 1708, he became a Tory in 1710, when the Oxford Ministry went into power. But Swift was never an extreme Whig, for he did not sympathize with the bulk of the party in Church matters; nor an extreme Tory, for he never expressed, in public or private, a desire for the restoration of the Stuarts. He was always seeking a middle ground on which the moderate men of both parties could stand. Moreover, the Tory Ministry had gone into power on a Church question, — the trial of Sacheverell; the interest of the Church was their interest, and they readily did for the Church the things which Swift had at heart, and which he had failed to secure from their Whig predecessors. Very likely the non-fulfilment by Somers and Halifax, of their promises of his advancement, the coldness of his reception by Godolphin, and the deference shown him by Oxford, rendered a decision less difficult; but there are reasons enough for the change, without imputing it to chagrin at ill-usage or to expectation of personal advantage. Sympathizing with High-Churchmen from the first, he had been thrown into intimate relations with the Whigs in his youth, and had remained in that party from habit. He had never worked heartily for it, had published but a single tract — that concerning the Somers impeachment — in its behalf. His personal friends were no longer its chiefs. With the Marlboroughs and their connections he had little acquaintance or sympathy.

Next to the Church question, the issue on which the country was dividing was, Should the war with France, in which so much glory had been won and so much life and money expended, continue, or should every effort be made to secure an honorable peace? A man who had written verses in praise of Marlborough's generalship, three years previously, might now with entire consistency cry, "Hold, enough!" Marlborough, long a Tory, but now calling himself a Whig, was not ready to sheathe his sword; but one whose profession was peace might think it enough to have checked the ambition of the French king, might believe the great general's judgment to be warped by dreams of further glory and greater wealth. The officers of the army, the contractors, the speculators in the public funds, were not impartial judges in the premises. A great debt was rolling up, and Swift might well

say: "It will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall, which cost a hundred millions, whereof they are paying the arrears, to boast as beggars do that their grandfathers were rich and great."

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the Peace of Utrecht. The better opinion now is, perhaps, that the treaty contained provisions to which England ought not to have assented, but the reasons for and against are nearly balanced, and the desirableness of concluding a peace upon honorable terms is generally acknowledged. The apprehensions of national ruin through the debt contracted to carry on the war, and through the rise of "that set of people who are called the moneyed men," were unfounded; but they were honestly felt by intelligent men long after Swift wrote. As for the motives of Marlborough, they are quite as charitably interpreted by Swift as by Dr. Johnson in the next generation, or by Macaulay and Thackeray in this. Swift's own opinions on these questions underwent no change. In the "History of the last Four Years of Queen Anne," revised in his old age and published after his death, he expresses himself still more strongly than in the "Examiner," or in "The Conduct of the Allies." And one of the most telling passages in Gulliver's Travels concerns the effect produced upon the Emperor of Lilliput by the capture of the Blefuscudian fleet. His Majesty "seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Bigendian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain sole monarch of the world. But I endeavored to divert him from this design by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, 'that I would never be the instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery'; and when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion."

After the death of Queen Anne and the downfall of the Tories, Swift took no part in English politics. With the exception of two visits to friends in London, the remainder of his days were passed in Ireland, where he was pelted with pam-

phlets, — he counted a thousand of them, — persecuted by courts of law, and put under a social ban. He did not seek to propitiate the dominant faction. Whenever he obtained an audience of men in power, it was on behalf of Ireland. For, next to the interests of the Church, he labored for the welfare of the island which had given him birth. As early as 1708, he had urged the "injustice of binding a nation by laws to which they do not consent," and had ironically imagined Ireland to say of England what Cowley says of his mistress: —

> "Forbid it, Heaven, my life should be
> Weighed with her least conveniency."

In 1710 he had prefaced "A short Character of the Earl of Wharton" with a few words touching the oppression of the Irish by their English governors, who "value themselves upon every step they make toward finishing the slavery of that people, as if it were gaining a mighty point to the advantage of England." The first political pamphlet from his pen after his retirement to Dublin was "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures and the Rejection of Everything wearable that comes from England," published in 1720. Ireland had long suffered from the operation of statutes framed upon the false and barbarous principles of political economy then in vogue. Wool and woollen goods being her principal products, she was forbidden to export them to foreign countries, in order that the English manufacturer might get the raw material at the cheapest rate and with the least competition. Even Sir William Temple, when consulted by the Lord Lieutenant in 1673, says that, "as in the nature of its government, so in the very improvement of its trade and riches, Ireland ought to be considered, not only in its own proper interest, but in its relation to England, to which it is subordinate"; and he proceeds to urge "the careful and severe execution of the statutes forbidding the exportation of wool to other ports than England; which is the more to be watched and feared, since thereby the present riches of this kingdom would be mightily increased; whereas this would prove a most sensible decay, if not destruction, of manufactures both here and in England." Fifty years had elapsed, but England was pursuing the same selfish and short-sighted policy, of which Ireland was reaping the fruits.

Swift urged the people, high and low, to join in a non-importation agreement, — similar to that proposed for America by Dr. Franklin, thirty years later, — to encourage home manufactures by using no others, and to invest their capital at home. "Whoever," the pamphlet concludes, "travels this country, and observes the face of nature or the faces and habits of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where law, religion, or common humanity is professed." Orders came from England to prosecute the author of this pamphlet, and Chief Justice Whitshed, by sending the grand-jury out nine times, induced them to indict the printer. During the proceedings, the Chief Justice laid his hand upon his heart, and "protested that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender." But the case was never brought to trial, and a *nolle prosequi* was finally entered.

Three years later the famous Drapier's Letters appeared. England had undertaken to supply Ireland with copper money, of which she was greatly in need. The patent was given to the Duchess of Kendall, one of the mistresses whom George I. had brought over from Hanover. She sold it to William Wood, an ironmonger. The coin may have been worth its face, — as Sir Isaac Newton, then Master of the Mint, found the pieces to be which he assayed, — but the Irish believed the contrary, and Dr. Johnson, writing in the next generation, is of their opinion. But though Swift dwells upon the badness of Wood's farthings, as furnishing an argument against taking them which every man could understand, it is apparent that he also grounds his opposition to their introduction upon principles similar to those which inspired the American Colonies in their resistance to the oppressive measures of England. He protests against the coinage of money for one country by private contract with the citizen of another, declaring that Ireland is not "a depending kingdom"; that the Parliament of England has not "the power of binding this kingdom by laws enacted there," since "all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery"; and that, "by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your own country, you [the people of Ireland] are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England." It was such expressions as

these that caused a reward to be offered for the writer's apprehension; but he continued the fight, not only by letters under the signature of M. B., Drapier, but by publications of every description, in prose and in verse, until England was forced, for the first time in history, to yield to the will of Ireland. Medals were struck in his honor, handkerchiefs and sign-boards bore the Drapier's head, and the people made his birthday a fete years after he was unable to understand the meaning of their demonstrations of gratitude.

The Drapier's Letters are the best known of Swift's efforts for Ireland, but were perhaps no more useful than the tracts published subsequently, which are, says Scott, "a bright record of the unceasing zeal with which he continued, through successive years and until the total decay of his mental faculties, to watch over the interests of Ireland, — to warn his countrymen of their errors, to laugh them out of their follies, to vindicate their rights against the oppressions of their powerful neighbors, and to be, in the expressive language of Scripture, the man set for their watchman to blow the trumpet and warn the people." He inveighed, not always in the politest terms, against the luxury and extravagance of women, the folly of improvident marriages, the absenteeism of landlords, the extortions of their agents, the expenditure in England of money wrung from Irish tenants. He described the condition of the unhappy kingdom; — spacious harbors without shipping; fertile soil, capable of producing needed corn and potatoes, but grazed on by sheep whose wool was useless, since its exportation was forbidden; undrained morasses; unrepaired fences; wretched hovels; wretched roads; able-bodied laborers without work; beggars swarming everywhere: and, over all, the English governors, civil, military, clerical, whose sole anxiety was to squeeze as much as possible out of their subjects. Swift's was the single voice crying in that wilderness loudly enough to be heard across the Channel. With bursts of indignation against the oppressor who would not hear, and against the oppressed who, hearing, did not understand, he pleaded for his country, appealing to every motive that could influence the master or the slave. In one pamphlet he suggested, as the only remaining means of relief, that the people should sell their children to the rich, as

a new delicacy for the table, and with the proceeds keep the wolf from their doors a little longer. The wonderful irony with which the advantages of the scheme are set forth, the scientific coolness with which the problem is worked out like a sum in arithmetic, so shocked the sensibilities of Thackeray, that he calls Swift an "ogre" in the nursery. But the meaning of the writer is apparent in every line. In numerous passages in previous tracts he had shown how inapplicable to Ireland was the generally received maxim that "People are the riches of a nation." If Swift played the ogre, it was not for the purpose of frightening children, but to warn parents, their landlords and rulers. England was the ogre whose part he assumed, in order the more forcibly to impress the fearful consequences of persistency in the policy which was ruining Ireland. Having assumed the part, he played it to the life, thinking less perhaps of the feelings of Thackeray and the ladies than of the serious work in hand. Bully Bottom had not been his instructor.

"Is it fair," asks Thackeray, "to call the famous Drapier's Letters patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humor and invective; they are reasoned logically enough, too; but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Liliputian Island. [*There spoke John Bull!*] It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy, — the assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage." Because Swift takes the Irish, not the English, view of the question, — because he goes to battle armed with the strength of his genius, the fire of his indignation, — he is therefore no patriot! What is it to be a patriot? To sit in the chimney-corner and make fine phrases about loving your country, or to go out and do battle for her? There was nothing in Ireland, in Swift's day, to which the affections could cling. The first thing to be done was to constitute a state worthy of love; the first steps to that end were in resistance to oppressive measures; the first feeling to be encouraged was hatred of the oppressor. It is true that Swift often spoke with contempt of the Irish, and that he regarded his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's as a decree of banishment from civilization and friendship. He showed little sentimental patriotism; but he understood the duties of a pa-

triot, and did his best to discharge them. He may sometimes have displayed the temper of Coriolanus; but, unlike the Roman, he endured unto the end. Nothing could show more strikingly the deep interest he felt in the welfare of the island, than the bitter lines composed, in an interval of his idiocy, upon the erection of a magazine for arms and stores near Dublin.

> "Behold a proof of Irish sense, —
> Here Irish wit is seen:
> When nothing's left that's worth defence,
> They build a magazine."

And he calls himself in his epitaph, *strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem*. In answer to Thackeray, it is enough to call three witnesses. Dr. Johnson says that, "from the time Swift began to patronize the Irish, they may date their riches and prosperity." John Wilson Croker ("Ireland Past and Present," 1810) calls Swift Ireland's "true patriot, her first, almost her last," — who "first taught her that she might become a nation, and England that she might cease to be a despot." Sir James Mackintosh says: "He is a venerable patriot, — the first Irishman who felt for his oppressed country. His statue ought to be placed beside that of Grattan."

Another and still more serious charge has been preferred against Swift. He "bound himself," says the author of Vanity Fair, "to a lifelong hypocrisy"; he "put his apostasy out to hire," and "suffered fearfully from the consequences of his own scepticism." What are the proofs? That he wrote that "wild work, the 'Tale of a Tub'"; that he "was educated in Epicurean Temple's library"; "was the boon companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, chose these as the friends of his life and the recipients of his confidence and esteem, and must have heard many an argument and joined in many a conversation over Pope's port or Bolingbroke's burgundy which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards"; and "few things are more conclusive," according to Mr. Thackeray, "as to the sincerity of Swift's religion, than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the Beggars' Opera, the wildest of the wits about town, — it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders, to invest in a cassock and bands, just as he advised

him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest." The errors in this last statement have already been pointed out. Gay had not yet written the Beggars' Opera, was by no means a wild fellow, but was a "sincere, kindly soul," as Thackeray himself calls him; and Swift never did seriously counsel him to enter the Church. Here is the only passage upon which the assertion could have been based: "Take care," writes Swift to Gay in 1722–3, "of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good men from your side." In his reply, Gay takes this friendly advice as it was intended, and makes no allusion to the suggestion that he would make — as he doubtless would have done — a better bishop than many of those with whom Ireland was cursed. Thackeray's other evidence is equally feeble. The "Tale of a Tub" certainly does not read like a homily; the satire occasionally overruns the limits of pulpit decorum; there are "youthful sallies," for which Swift afterwards expressed his regret; but the design of the book was to get all the laughers on the side of the Establishment. "Though not intended for the perusal of clergymen, it rallies nothing," as its author truly says, "but what they preach against; contains nothing to provoke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or functions; advances no opinion they reject, and condemns none they receive." Even the "crazy prelate," Archbishop Sharpe, who dissuaded the "royal prude," Queen Anne, from appointing its author to a bishopric, subsequently confessed his error, and begged pardon of the man he had wronged. It was he, too, who laid Swift's "Project for the Advancement of Religion" upon the royal cushion. And no charge of levity was brought by formalists against any of the religious tracts which Swift composed after taking holy orders. Even weaker than the other counts in Thackeray's indictment is the insinuation that, because Swift lived in Temple's house and read in his library, because he enjoyed the society of Pope and Bolingbroke, he *must* have been an Epicurean with Temple, a Papist with Pope, and a sceptic with Bolingbroke. Then Addison was no Christian, because he was secretary to the atheist Duke of Wharton; Bishop Atterbury was an infidel, because he was

intimate with Bolingbroke! In "A Project for the Advancement of Religion," Swift has answered such criticisms in advance. "In my humble opinion," he says, "the clergy's business lies entirely among the laity; neither is there, perhaps, a more effectual way to forward the salvation of men's souls, than for spiritual persons to make themselves as agreeable as they can in the conversations of the world, for which a learned education gives them great advantage, if they would improve and apply it. The men of pleasure who never go to church or read books of devotion form their idea of the clergy from a few poor strollers they often observe in the streets, or sneaking out of some person of quality's house, where they are hired by the lady at ten shillings a month; while those of better figure and parts seldom appear to correct these notions. But men must be brought to esteem and love the clergy before they can be persuaded to be in love with religion. If the clergy were as forward to appear in all companies as other gentlemen, and would study the arts of conversation to make themselves agreeable, they might be welcome at every party where there was the least regard for politeness or good sense, and consequently prevent a thousand vicious or profane discourses, as well as actions. Neither would men of understanding complain that a clergyman was a restraint upon company, because they could not speak blasphemy or obscene jests before him.

"While the people are so jealous of the clergy's ambition as to abhor all thoughts of the return of ecclesiastical discipline among them, I do not see any other method left for men of that function to take, in order to reform the world, than by using all honest arts to make themselves acceptable to the laity. This, no doubt, is part of that wisdom of the serpent which the Author of Christianity directs, and is the very method used by Saint Paul, who became all things to all men, — 'to the Jews a Jew, and a Greek to the Greeks.' "

These are the grounds upon which rests this accusation against Swift. "Yet," says Mr. James Hannay, in a clever article touching upon some of his friend's misrepresentations of the Dean, "I have heard Mr. Thackeray maintain hypocrisy in religion to be something too awful to charge anybody with."

Were there no evidence on the other side of the question, "Not proven" must be the verdict; and we might content ourselves with saying, as Mr. Hannay does, that "no man can tell what Swift believed in his heart of hearts." But when to the testimony afforded by the unbroken series of his writings in support of the religion which he professed, and by the controlling influence of his High-Church principles upon his political affiliations, is added his record as a clergyman, the proof of his lifelong *sincerity*, "before the Heaven which he adored," as even Thackeray admits, "with such real wonder, humility, and reverence," becomes conclusive.

So far from playing the bigot, as a pretender to faith would have done, he advanced opinions and evinced a spirit in his more general treatises — such as "A Project for the Advancement of Religion," "A Letter to a Young Clergyman," and "Thoughts on Religion" — which would be considered liberal to-day. So far from feigning a zeal he did not feel, he carried his hatred of hypocrisy to such a degree as to deserve Lord Bolingbroke's characterization of him as a "hypocrite reversed." So far from saying his prayers at the corners of the streets to be seen of men, he performed his daily family devotions in such secrecy that Dr. Delany was six months in his house before discovering the fact. So far from laying undue stress upon forms and ceremonies, he did not fast rigidly in Lent. "I wish you a merry Lent," he writes: "I hate Lent; I hate different diets and furmity and butter and herb porridge, and sour, devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks."

He carried as little sentiment into religion as into politics, but he believed in the essential doctrines of the Church as well as in the value of the Establishment to good government and good morals, and he discharged his duties as a clergyman with exemplary fidelity. The biographers, who speak from personal knowledge, are unanimous on this point. At Laracor he preached regularly for six years to an "audience of fifteen persons, some gentle and all simple," and read prayers every Wednesday and Saturday, the first time to his clerk alone, to whom he addressed the service thus: "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places." At Dublin he adminis-

tered the Communion every Sunday, instead of once a month, as had been the practice. In the management of the revenues that passed through his hands he was as prudent as with his own money, having a single eye to the interest of the Church, and in no case increasing his income at the expense of his successor, as many deans and bishops had no hesitation in doing. In the pulpit he eschewed cant, — "he was too great and proud for that," says Thackeray, — theological jargon, wit, rhetoric, appeals to the feelings, aiming to *convince* his hearers of the wisdom of goodness. His sermons on moral topics, of which a few have been preserved, abound in good sense and knowledge of human nature. They are "plain, honest stuff," such as he said he should preach before Queen Anne, if invited into the royal pulpit. His extemporary prayers were compact and impressive. No man asked a blessing at table more reverentially, or in fewer words. He had no patience with pulpit orators, who used language that their hearers could not readily understand, or who made a display of their learning or metaphysical acumen. He would sit, pencil in hand, in front of the preacher at the Cathedral, noting subjects for criticism down to faults in pronunciation, and he handled them without gloves at the Deanery dinner, after church. He may or may not have had a just conception of the duties of a clergyman, — he may or may not have uniformly lived up to the standard he set for himself: but he did not act a farce all his life long.

It may be questioned whether Swift was right in retaining his living while engaged in politics at a distance, but the practice of the times is to be pleaded in justification. It may perhaps be questioned whether he should not have devoted all his time and all his talents to the direct service of religion; but what clergyman of what denomination in what century, from the Catholic author of "Telemachus" to the High-Church bishop who wrote the "Theory of Vision," or the Low-Church bishop who wrote the "History of His own Times," from the Unitarian head of the Sanitary Commission to the Episcopal writer of "Alton Locke," or the Congregational writer of "Norwood," — what clergyman possessing talents for work outside of his profession has buried them in the ecclesiastical

napkin? Yet Swift had his "moments of penitence on this score, which may be numbered," thinks his friend, Dr. Delany, "among the rectitudes and good dispositions of his heart. He often owned that before he left Laracor, in 1710, he was bent upon excelling in his profession as a preacher, in the hope that by constant application he might arrive at such a degree of reputation that the sexton might now and then be asked, Pray, does the Doctor preach to-day? But, he used to add with a sigh, from the day he was despatched by the bishops to London, his head had been taken up with cursed politics, to the utter neglect of his profession as a clergyman. Or, if he did sometimes exert himself in the pulpit, he could never rise higher than preaching pamphlets." What sensible man regrets that this Vicar-of-Wakefield dream came to an untimely end? Who regards the instruction of the fifteen simple souls who dwelt at Laracor as of more consequence than the conclusion of a general peace, the enfranchisement of Ireland, or the composition of "Gulliver's Travels"? Vicars good enough for Wakefield abound, but not one man in a century is competent to perform the labors of Swift.

While Dean of Saint Patrick's, Swift not only read the service and administered the temporal affairs of the Cathedral, but he also governed the district within its Liberties. Detested on his arrival by the Irish rabble on account of his politics, he lived to be, says Lord Orrery, "the most absolute monarch over them that ever governed men." "They would have fought up to their knees in blood" for him, says Mr. Dean Swift. Knotty points in contracts, questions concerning property or personal rights, were submitted to his adjudication, from which an appeal was never taken. Corporations consulted him on matters of trade. "In a city where," says Sheridan, "the police was worse than in any other in Europe, he supplied the vacancy by his personal authority." He was supreme with the middle and lower classes, with the former of whom he used to say remained the "little virtue to be found in the world," the upper class being incorrigible. Of the unquestioning faith reposed in him by the populace a striking instance is given. An eclipse having been predicted, many terror-stricken people left their work; but Swift caused

proclamation to be made that the eclipse would be postponed by order of the Dean of Saint Patrick's, whereupon everybody went quietly about his business. After the authorship of the Drapier's Letters was known, the whole island would gladly have fallen under Swift's magistracy. "When people ask me how I governed Ireland," writes the courtly Lord Lieutenant Carteret, "I reply, 'So as to please Dr. Swift.'" Sir Robert Walpole, enraged by one of his publications, threatened to arrest the author. "Don't try it," said one who knew the feeling of the people, "unless you have ten thousand men behind the warrant." "Had I lifted my finger," said the Dean to Archbishop Boulter, "they would have torn you in pieces." After his death every warm-hearted Irishman in the neighborhood begged for memory a lock of his hair, "white as flax," until the head was stripped. Long afterwards the people talked of THE DEAN. To one who visited Laracor a few years ago an old man said that the ruined wall, which is all that remains of the parsonage, had been there "from the time of the Dane." "The Dane," he added, "was a fine, bright man, and a very good man to the poor."

No wonder that his goodness to the poor is remembered in Ireland. "Albeit," says Dr. Delany, "he had as little as any man living of that sensibility of nature which makes us feel for others, and urges us by relieving their distresses to relieve our own, he laid himself out to do more charity in a greater variety of ways, and with a better judgment, than perhaps any other man of fortune in the world." He never gave to persons able to support themselves, but encouraged them to work by lending them small sums on interest. Where, however, actual distress existed, he relieved it, carefully proportioning his benefaction to the needs of the beggar. If requested to contribute to a charity, he subscribed a certain sum, on condition that others should give in the same ratio to their fortunes. In addition to a number of pensions, which he regularly paid, a fraction of his income, one tenth when it was smallest, afterwards a third, then a half, went to the poor. Whenever he went out for his daily walk, he put coins of different values in his pocket, of which he gave never more than one at a time. Economy was always with him the handmaid of charity. If

he saved sixpence by walking instead of taking a cab, or by drinking beer instead of wine with his dinner, it was at once sent to a poor neighbor. He held a levee of diseased and decrepit women, whom he called by names more descriptive than elegant, as Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pullagowna. A servant, who had undertaken to prevent a poor old woman from making her wants known to his master, was discharged on the spot. Being without a recommendation, he was obliged to go to sea. Five years afterwards, he returned, when the Dean gave him the following letter, which procured him a place with Pope.

"DEANERY HOUSE, Jan. 9, 1740.

"Whereas the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and drunkard, I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him."

"If you were in a strait, would you like such a benefactor?" asks Mr. Thackeray. "I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith, than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner." In the same spirit, this writer praises elsewhere, to the disadvantage of Swift, the goodness of heart of "poor Dick Steele," or of "poor Harry Fielding." The men of impulse, who cannot resist an appeal to their feelings, who drop a tear on the purse which they empty into the hand of the first beggar they meet, whose generosity to a man of whose needs they are ignorant prevents them from being just to honest tradesmen, their creditors, — who forget themselves, indeed, but forget other people as well, — have their eulogies in this world. But the man of principle, cold in manner, rough in speech perhaps, but doing what he conceives to be his duty, looking at all the circumstances of the case before unclasping his pocket-book, — the benefactor, not the philanthropist, — is rarely appreciated except by those who deal with him directly. Sensitive as Irishmen are to ill-usage, those whom Swift assisted never complained that he did not butter the parsnips he gave them with fine words.

From his servants he exacted obedience, but repaid them

with consideration. His occasional brusqueness of manner did not annoy the members of his household, such confidence did they place in his disposition to do them justice. He had learned in Sir William Temple's kitchen to understand life below stairs, as his well-known "Directions to Servants" testifies. He used to test applicants for his service by questions as to their willingness to perform degrading offices. An affirmative answer decided that they were not above their business. He paid the highest wages, gave extra pay for extra work, and was never happier than when a servant's savings amounted to so considerable a sum that he could pay interest upon it. The cook and the groom came to him with their questions of ethics, like the rest of his parishioners. The Dean's servants never would leave him. Tipsy Patrick, whom he took to London in 1710, he was nearly two years in making up his mind to discharge. Every day's journal contains fresh complaints and a promise to get rid of the drunken rascal, and the next day it is the same story. The sole confidant of the authorship of the Drapier's Letters was the butler, who copied them for the press. One night, after three hundred pounds had been offered for the writer's apprehension, the butler absented himself without leave. On his return, Swift charged him with treachery, or at least with misconduct, because he conceived his master to be in his power. "Strip off your livery," he cried, "begone from the Deanery, and do the worst you can to revenge yourself." After the storm had blown over, the servant was not only pardoned, but his fidelity was rewarded by an appointment as verger in the Cathedral. One of Swift's cooks, named Sweetheart from her extreme homeliness, having served an overdone dish of meat, he politely requested her to take it down stairs and do it a little less. "But how can I?" "Then be careful next time to commit a fault which can be remedied." The orders to his servants most insisted upon were, that they should carefully shut the door in coming in or going out of the room. A chambermaid one day obtained permission to attend a sister's wedding, and the Dean lent her a horse for the journey. Fifteen minutes afterwards, a groom was despatched to summon her back. She presented herself in the study in terror,

and humbly asked what was wanted. "Nothing, child; only you forgot to shut the door." Nothing shows the kindness of the Dean for the members of his household more plainly than the inscription which may still be read upon a small tablet of white marble in a corner of St. Patrick's Cathedral: "Here lieth the body of Alexander M'Gee, servant to Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. His grateful master has caused this monument to be erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence in his humble station." The epitaph as originally written read, "His grateful *friend* and master"; but some snob prevailed upon the Dean to strike out the italicized word.

No man enjoyed the society of his inferiors more than Swift, when at leisure. The Earl of Orrery accuses him of a predilection for the lower orders; and thus accounts for his habit, on his annual journey on foot from Sir William Temple's house to his mother's residence in Leicestershire, of lodging at the worst inns, where he paid a penny a night with sixpence for a pair of clean sheets, — a practice which he kept up in subsequent pedestrian journeys in Ireland. When he visited common people, he liked to be treated like one of themselves. Nothing would have vexed him more than such a reception as is often given to "the minister" by our good New England country wives. He would not have been at home in a musty parlor, closed, but for his visits, from one year's end to the other, with his hostess in the black silk reserved for great occasions, and her children in "go-to-meeting" clothes and faces. A farmer's wife spoiled an excellent dinner by her apologies to the Dean. "It really was not good enough for his worship to sit down to." "Then why don't you get a better? You knew I was coming. I've a great mind to go away and dine on a red herring." Another having come down stairs to receive him in the disguise of a lady of fashion, he would not recognize her. She had the wit to understand him, and presently appeared in her usual dress. "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly," he exclaimed. "This husband of yours would have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed in silks and the pink of the mode, but I was not to be taken in so." He tore a lace hat from her boy's head, but on going away returned it in a packet containing four guineas.

He was fond of dining with a poor clergyman and his wife, near Dublin, because they made him at home, and were not above being paid for their hospitality. He disliked to have people foisted into a position which they could not maintain. "I am far from discouraging you," he said to an unfortunate possessor of aspiring poor relations, "in any reasonable kindness to your friends; but let me tell you too much may hurt them more than too little. My advice to you is this: mend each of them in his present situation as much as you can conveniently, but never take one of them out of it."

If "at court the Doctor had no eye for any but the greatest," as Colonel Esmond asserts, it was because his business there was with them. He went to the Queen's antechamber, not to shake hands with Parson Teague from Cork, but to confer with the Ministers whose battle he was fighting; to learn the news, the drift of opinion; to solicit this or that nobleman on behalf of a friend or a countryman; to exchange courtesies with the first men in England; and sometimes — for Doctor Swift was poor and thrifty — to secure an invitation to dine at a house where he was sure of good company and good wine. Bishop Kennet, who saw him there one day, calls him "the principal man of talk and business, and the master of requests." Poor clergymen, poor poets, friends of all sorts from his country, made their wants known to great men through him. He solicits subscriptions for a new translation of the Iliad by Mr. Pope, — "a Papist," the Bishop maliciously adds, — declaring that he is the best poet in England, and that he shall not print till a thousand guineas have been subscribed by the courtiers. He gets a place for one poor parson in Ireland; for another, at Rotterdam. Another day he interceded for the retention in office of the Whig wits, Congreve, who had befriended him in his youth, Rowe, Tickell, Steele, Addison. He spoke a good word for more than one deserving man, from whom he had received unkindness. He prevented the printing of attacks upon his lukewarm friend, Archbishop King, though he half believed them to be well founded. He carried sixty guineas from the Secretary of State to "a poor poet in a nasty garret." Having obtained permission to present Parnell to the Lord Treasurer, he made

it appear that it was the minister, not the author, who desired the honor of an introduction.

"He would have sought me out eagerly enough," continues Esmond, "had I been a great man with a title to my name or a star on my coat." Not, however, because of your title or your star, Mr. Esmond; but, if at all, for an honorable purpose. "Your being a duke and a general," he writes to Argyll, "would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities which I wish were easier to be found in persons of your rank." "I would have you know, sir," he tells Bolingbroke, "that if the Queen gave you a dukedom and the Garter to-morrow, with the Treasury just at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat." In the same spirit, he writes anonymously in the Tatler: "If those who possess great endowments of mind would set a just value on themselves, they would think no man's acquaintance whatever a condescension, nor accept it from the greatest." And Pope says in a letter to Swift: "The top-pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors." These citations explain the meaning of a passage from one of Swift's letters to Bolingbroke, which Thackeray uses to sustain his assertion that Swift took "the road like Macheath, and made society stand and deliver." "All my endeavors to distinguish myself," he writes, "were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts, whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue ribbon or a coach and six."

This is simply another assertion of the absolute equality of genius and learning with rank,—a strange doctrine for those times. Congreve had earned his appointments by adulation of noblemen. Addison had written in his youth with an eye on the pension office, and was never, if Young may be believed, "quite free with his superiors." Titles meant more in England than they do to-day; the distinctions of class were sharply drawn, and men of letters were too often glad to enjoy

under the table the crumbs let fall by noble patrons. But Swift could truly say, "I am of a temper to think no man great enough to set me on work"; "I never received a shilling from the Ministry, nor any other present, except a few books"; "I very often dined with the Lord Treasurer [Oxford] and Secretary [Bolingbroke], but in those days that was not considered a bribe"; "I absolutely refused to be Chaplain to the Lord Treasurer, because I thought it would ill become me to be in a state of dependence." His only quarrel with Oxford grew out of that Minister's attempt to reward him with money for the labors of his pen. He sent back the gift, required Oxford to ask pardon for the offence, and assured himself of the re-establishment of their friendship upon the old footing by calling him out of the House of Commons with the freedom of a brother minister. "I cannot find that Swift or Prior," says Lord Mahon, who was certainly not prepossessed in their favor, "mixed with the great on any other footing than that of equal familiarity or friendship, or paid any submissive homage to Lord Treasurer Oxford or Secretary St. John. When Oxford made Swift a Dean, or Bolingbroke made Prior an Ambassador, it was considered no badge of dependence. It was, of course, desirable for Swift to rise in the Church, and Prior in the State, but it was also desirable for the Administration to secure the services of an eloquent writer or a skilful diplomatist."

But one great difference between Swift and Prior showed itself in their intercourse with men in power. The former spoke his mind with the utmost freedom upon both private and public matters. Sir William Temple had taught him that "bluntness and plainness in a court are the most refined breeding." "Her Majesty [Queen Caroline, wife of George II.] said to a lady," Swift writes to Mrs. Howard in 1726, "I was an odd sort of man. But I forgive her, for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes." He had made it an express condition with Oxford and his associates in the Ministry, fifteen years earlier, that "whoever did him an ill office they should inform him, that he might not be mortified with countenances estranged of a sudden, and he at a loss for the cause. And I think," he adds, "there is no person alive whose favor or

protection I would purchase at that expense." Bolingbroke appearing on one occasion to be out of humor, Swift demanded an explanation, and the Secretary ascribed his behavior to ill health and low spirits. A sample of his criticisms of the Prime Minister, whose habits of procrastination were proverbial, has been preserved. The Doctor had been presented by Colonel Hill with a snuff-box, on the outside of which a goose, with other figures, was painted. "Jonathan," said Oxford, "I think the Colonel has made a goose of you." "'T is true, my Lord; but if you will look a little further, you will see that I am driving a snail before me." "That 's severe enough, Jonathan, but I deserve it." One day, while the negotiations for peace were going on, he interpreted between the Ministers and M. Mesnager, the French Envoy. After enduring their diplomatic language until he had lost all patience, he started up indignantly, crying out to both sides to "speak plain truth and nothing else."

Swift was not altogether displeased with the consideration he enjoyed. A poor parish priest from an outcast country, without family interest, with only his genius to help him, might well be proud to meet the greatest men of England upon terms of equality; might reasonably take satisfaction in telling the woman to whom he told everything that the Prime Minister of England called him by his first name; that he was one of the Thursday Society of Brothers, all the others belonging to the Ministry or the Peerage; that the Duke of Hamilton jestingly held up his train as they went down to table; that the Duchess of Shrewsbury whispered with him behind her fan; that the Earl of Peterborough, on his return from the Continent, kissed him on both cheeks before speaking to a duke; that he obliged noblemen to make advances to him in proportion to their quality, and declined the acquaintance of the haughty Duke of Buckingham, that nobleman having neglected to acknowledge the visit he had paid him. Nor is it strange that he chronicled, in his old age, the names of the great men whom he had known intimately, or that he sometimes recalled earlier days. "Do you remember," he writes, "how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humor for three or four days, and I suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."

It is difficult to understand how Macaulay and Thackeray can find in such expressions proof that Swift felt "scorn" of Temple, or "rage" at his own subordination. The pain which he speaks of suffering was that which an acknowledged superior has it in his power to inflict. The contrast suggested extends to a change of feeling, as well as of position. A boy recently out of college does not look at the world with the same eyes as a man at forty-five. Jonathan could have had no opportunities of intimacy with the great at the Kilkenny boarding-school, which he entered at six, or at the University of Dublin, which he left at twenty. If there were noblemen's sons there, (there could not have been many, since all who could afford it were sent to English schools and universities,) they kept aloof from the poor servitor. Doubtless Sir William Temple was the first great man with whom Swift was brought into personal contact; and a very great man he was in his generation. He was at the head of one of the oldest families in England, and he passed for an illustrious statesman, scholar, and philosopher. He had been ambassador at several courts, was among the few upright politicians of his time, had been consulted by Charles II., James, and William upon questions of state, and might have held high office at home had he not preferred his ease. His dictum was accepted as decisive of questions disputed among scholars. His philosophy was of a piece with his life. "When I was young, and in some idle company, it was proposed that every one should tell what their three wishes should be; mine were Health and Peace and Fair Weather, — which, though out of the way among young men, might pass well enough among old. They are all of a strain, for Health in the body is like Peace in the state and Serenity in the air." Under these conditions Temple could enjoy life; but he stayed at home in times of political, or of atmospheric, disturbance, and he lost his temper with every twinge of the gout. The style of his essays, written when all was serene, is so pure, that Swift, long after the author's death, recommended it as a model.

Swift was Temple's opposite in temperament, but he could not have despised at twenty the nobleman of fifty, who was praised by all the world and worshipped in his household. He

was in an inferior position during the first part of his residence at Moor Park; but he had never been better off. His father had died before his birth, and his mother had removed to England before he was six years of age. From one uncle he had "received the education of a dog"; and though another, during the latter part of his college course, had treated him more generously, yet he had never known a home. Going to England without fortune or friends, he found at Moor Park food, clothing, and — what was then considered good pay — £20 a year, in return for slight services as amanuensis. He had an opportunity of pursuing his studies in a well-stocked library, and under the guidance of an accomplished scholar. He dined below stairs, like other persons in his situation; but he must have taken more pleasure in the merry company of the servants' hall than he could have done at that time in the stiff urbanity of Temple's table. He must have been a raw, ill-governed youth when he ate one hundred golden pippins at a time, — a piece of gluttony from the effects of which he never recovered, suffering thenceforward from attacks of vertigo, which eventually led to congestion of the brain and to idiocy. He must have been ignorant of his great powers when he composed those pindarics which called forth Dryden's remark, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," or chanted the praises of the "Athenian Society," a club of pretenders to science.

In view of all we know of Swift's early years, it is less surprising that he should have stood "in awe" — as he says he did — of his great patron, to whom he owed so many favors, than that he should have mounted by force of genius to the top round of the social ladder. It is difficult for Americans to understand the distance between the servants' hall at Moor Park and the drawing-room of the Duchess of Hamilton; or to believe that an educated man should have footmen and chambermaids for his associates. A letter is extant, written in 1690 by Sir William Temple to Sir R. Southwell, then about to go as Secretary of State to Ireland, praying him to take into his service the bearer, evidently Swift. Temple says that the young man had been seven years at the University of Dublin, and had since read and written for him. "Hee has Latine

and Greek, some French, writes a very good and current hand, is very honest and diligent, and has good friends. If you will please to accept him into your service, *either as a gentleman to wait on you or as a clarke to write under you*, and either to use him so if you like his service, *or upon any establishment of the Colledge to recommend him to a fellowship* there, wh^{ch} he has a just pretence to, I shall acknowledge it," etc.

The wonder is, that Swift so rarely institutes a comparison between his situation in those early days and that which he subsequently attained for himself. Did he not think, while correcting the Queen's speech to Parliament, of this letter to Southwell, or of his own humble request for a certificate of good conduct from his employer, which Lady Temple indorsed, "Swift's penitential letter"? Did he not, when refusing to become Oxford's chaplain, remember his services to Temple and the Earl of Berkeley in that capacity? While employed in stifling reports against Archbishop King, did he forget that dignitary's opposition to the appointment of a certain "sprightly and ingenious young man" to the Deanship of Derry?

But Swift was, as he liked to say of himself, "too proud to be vain," and was free from a parvenu's self-consciousness. In 1711 he stated the solid grounds upon which rest the distinctions of class as follows: —

"Suppose there be nothing but opinion in the difference of blood, everybody knows that authority is very much founded on opinion. But surely that difference is not wholly imaginary. The advantages of a liberal education, of choosing the best companions to converse with, not being under the necessity of practising little mean tricks by a scanty allowance, the enlarging of thought and acquiring the knowledge of men and things by travel, the example of ancestors inciting to great and good actions, — these are usually some of the opportunities that fall in the way of those who are born of what we call the better families; and, allowing genius to be equal in them and the vulgar, the odds are clearly on their side. Nay, we may observe in some, who, by the appearance of merit, or favor of fortune, have risen to great stations from an obscure birth, that they have still retained some sordid vices of their parentage or education; either insatiable avarice or ignominious falsehood and corruption. To say the truth, the great neglect of education in several noble families, whose sons are suffered to pass the most improvable seasons of their youth in vice and idleness, have too much

lessened their reputation; but even this misfortune we owe, among all the rest, to that Whiggish practice of reviling the Universities, under the pretence of their instilling pedantry, narrow principles, and High-Church doctrine.

"I would not be thought to undervalue merit and virtue, wherever they are to be found; but will allow them capable of the highest dignities in a state, when they are in a very great degree of eminence. A pearl holds its value, though found in a dunghill; but, however, that is not the most probable place to search for it. Nay, I will go further, and admit that a man of quality, without merit, is just so much the worse for his quality, which at once sets his vices in a more public view, and reproaches him for them. But, on the other side, I doubt those who are always undervaluing the advantages of birth, and celebrating personal merit, have principally an eye to their own, which they are fully satisfied with, and which nobody will dispute with them about; whereas they cannot, without impudence and folly, pretend to be nobly born, because this is a secret too easily discovered; for no men's parentage is so nicely inquired into as that of assuming upstarts, especially when they affect to make it better than it is (as they often do), or behave themselves with insolence."

Among the Whig lords, Swift's chosen friends had been the accomplished Halifax and the wise Somers, "a pearl found in the dunghill" of a country attorney's office; of the Tory noblemen he consorted most with those who joined moral excellence with superior understanding. His conduct toward Oxford and Bolingbroke sheds a strong light on his character. For nearly two years he was almost their only common friend, and it was his frankness and tact that postponed an open rupture between two ambitious men who differed in temperament and policy as widely as Nicias and Alcibiades when in command of the Sicilian Expedition. The indecision and procrastination of Oxford were less to Swift's taste than the boldness of Bolingbroke. He deemed St. John's qualifications for executive business, and for the leadership of a party, superior to those of his rival; but when required to choose between Oxford in disgrace, and Bolingbroke in power, he followed the fortunes of the man whom he loved. After all his attempts to reconcile the two had failed, he retired to the country, and wrote there a letter to Oxford, then about to be dismissed. "I always loved you just so much the worse for your station; for in your

public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but as a private man never once. So that, if I only look toward myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow." After Oxford's dismissal, he writes to a friend: "I am writ to earnestly by somebody to come to town and join with those people now in power, but I will not do it. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive; he distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable." When, on the accession of George I., the Whigs took their revenge on his friends, Swift was still by their side. He renewed his vows to Oxford in the Tower, to Bolingbroke stripped of his property and attainted, to Ormond in exile. In a tract published while their fortunes were lowest, he names them as his three dearest friends, and extols their virtues and their services to the country. Lady Bolingbroke, impoverished and alone, sends him letter after letter, imploring his counsel and turning to him for support, as the Duchess of Hamilton had done a few months previously in her great bereavement.

Swift's intimacies with his friends sometimes continued to their children. Oxford's son writes to him as to one of his father's best friends, advises him from time to time of the failing health of the Earl, and begs the honor of a visit. The charming letters of Lady Betty Germaine give new life to a friendship formed with her mother, the Countess of Berkeley, and contain frequent allusions to occurrences a score of years previously, when Lady Betty was a child and Swift the family chaplain. If he dropped all intercourse with the relatives of Sir William Temple, it was their fault. They had interfered with the discharge of his duties as literary executor of the deceased nobleman, and one of them had taunted him with his obligations to the family. He refused to see Temple's sister until she had begged pardon, and he answered Lord Palmerston's insolent letter with manly pride.

With such sentiments as Swift entertained, he was not the man to turn his back on old friends. Whatever estrangements

took place in his prosperous days are attributable to the violence of party feeling. It would have been impossible for him to maintain social relations with Halifax and Somers, at a time when his pen was eager for a policy which they opposed, — even if their failure to fulfil promises for his advancement had not bred a coolness. Whigs and Tories had less to do with each other in those days than Republicans and Peace Democrats during the late Rebellion. Tory ladies refused to be made acquainted with Whig gallants, and engagements of marriage were broken off in consequence of political differences. The coffee-houses were divided between the two parties, like the *cafés* in Venice during the Austrian occupation. But Swift did not attack Halifax at all, and, in speaking of Somers he dipped his pen into a paler ink than that with which he drew "A Short Character of the Duke of Wharton"; or branded Chief Justice Whitshed, the Scroggs of Ireland; or "bit into the live flesh for parchment" of John Waller, Esq., M. P., who killed the parson of his parish by a slow process of persecution, — cases that illustrated Swift's position that the heinousness of crime is enhanced by nobility of birth or greatness of station.

With two exceptions Swift's relations with men of letters whom he had known before his accession to influence remained unchanged. Steele insisted upon misconstruing his efforts to keep him in place, made a grossly personal attack upon him, refused all overtures for reconciliation, and received such a castigation as a less volatile mind would have remembered for life. The almost total cessation of intercourse at about the same time between Swift and Addison was owing to the latter's jealousy and pride. When, after the return of the Whigs to power, he sought to renew their intimacy, he was welcomed with open arms. Swift's own feeling may be gathered from his journal: "Leave was given me to settle matters with Steele, and in the evening I went to sit with Mr. Addison, as being the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are,

he will certainly lose his place unless I save him; and therefore *I will not speak to him, that I may report nothing to his disadvantage.* Is not this vexatious? And is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavor to act in the most exact points of honor and conscience, and my nearest friends will not have it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not."

But Swift kept up his interest in everybody he valued in Ireland, while hoping for preferment on the other side of the Channel. He was obliged to deny himself to importunate visitors, who measured the value of his time by the value of theirs; but even Parson Raymond, to whom he was often not at home, returned full of gratitude for his kindness. One day he spent in showing the sights of London to a party from Dublin. Another day he found a place in the throng for Raymond to see the Queen, or pointed out to an Irish bishop "who was who" at court. He was more hotly pursued by office-seekers than the most popular member of the American Congress, but he refused his aid to no deserving man. He had not the time to examine all the manuscripts which poetasters and politicasters submitted to his criticism; but he helped young Harrison, who was recommended by Addison, to start a new "Tatler," after Steele's paper had expired. He attached himself to persons of companionable qualities, and helped them on in the world. He was attracted to great men's houses by the society he was likely to meet there. "I don't want your bill of fare, but your bill of company," he said to the Lord Treasurer. In a few months he grew tired of ceremonious banquets, and fairly ran away from Oxford's daily invitations to dinner, preferring a herring at a neighbor's or a bit of bacon at his printer's. He never went to a coffee-house, the usual place of resort in London, as clubs are to-day, except in search of a letter; but hurried home to his cheerless lodgings to write to the low-born woman whom, of all persons in the world, he loved the best.

Who was this woman to whom the illustrious Dr. Swift, "the greatest genius of his age," the friend of duchesses, the confidant of the Prime Minister, the most important private

man in Great Britain, and one of the proudest men that ever lived, went, as in confession, every morning and evening, — for whom he kept a journal, in which are recorded his efforts for a peace, his anxieties for the Ministry, the waxing and waning of his friendships, his hopes and fears about preferment in the Church, his dinners, his petty economies, his colds, his apprehensions of small-pox, — all that befell or affected him, — about whose comfort and health he is constantly inquiring, and to whom he talks in the "little language" of love? Who was Stella, whose intimacy with Swift has already prolonged her life a century and a half? What was the nature of her relations with the Rector of Laracor and the Dean of Saint Patrick's?

Hester Johnson was the daughter of the companion of Sir William Temple's sister (there is no evidence worth considering for the hypothesis that she stood in a nearer relation to him), and was six years old when Swift, at the age of twenty, went to Moor Park to live. Six or eight years later she became his pupil. Shortly after Sir William Temple's death she removed to Ireland, where she could receive a higher rate of interest for her little fortune, — £1,000 left her by Temple, — and could enjoy the society of her former teacher. She was accompanied by Mrs. Dingley, an elderly spinster, inoffensive and as scatter-brained as Mrs. Nickleby. They resided at Trim, a village within two miles of Laracor, but removed to Dublin during Swift's absence in London in 1710–1713, and continued to live there after his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's until Miss Johnson's death in 1727, at the age of forty-four. When Swift was at home they were his neighbors, to whom he paid frequent visits, and who dined at the parsonage when invited. He never saw the younger lady except in the presence of her companion, or of some other third person. When he was out of town the two women moved into the parsonage and became his housekeepers. There is a story, resting upon hearsay testimony, some of which is contradicted by circumstantial evidence, that Swift, at Miss Johnson's request, went through the forms of a secret marriage with her in 1716; but, however, their intercourse continued as before. Beyond this, nothing is known of the relations between

Swift and the woman whom he delighted to call Stella. Not a line exists in her handwriting, except her will, made a few months before her death, in which she calls herself "Hester Johnson, spinster." All statements respecting her feeling toward Swift, except so far as it may be gathered from what he has written of and to her, and from the influence he exercised upon her life, are conjectural.

Everybody who has discussed the subject asks, why Swift and Stella did not become husband and wife. And this question is so put as to imply a belief that they must have married, unless some extraordinary impediment existed. One writer attempts to account for the phenomenon by attributing life-long insanity to the Dean; others supposed that both were natural children of Sir William Temple, until it was ascertained that Temple was in Holland during the three years before Swift's birth, while his mother was living in Ireland. Of the two hypotheses still extant, one robs Swift of the attributes of manhood, the other of the feelings of a man, and both agree that, whether through his fault or through his misfortune, Miss Johnson was an ill-used woman, "whose hard fate wrung from her dear eyes," according to Thackeray, "so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom." Thackeray thinks that every man ought to "cast a flower of pity on her grave, and write over it a sweet epitaph." He talks of her "tragedy," her "sweet martyrdom," her "faithful pangs of love and grief," caused by Swift's "cold heart," — of "mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart." William Howitt calls Swift a "heartless villain, whose conduct must call thorough contempt and indignation from every manly mind"; and talks of Stella's "secret and corroding suffering," inflicted by an "intense selfishness beyond all possibility of palliation." Mrs. Jameson speaks of Swift's "barbarous selfishness," says that "he contrived to bind her to him for life, and to enslave her heart and soul to him forever," and seems indignant at his hard-heartedness in insisting upon the presence of a third person at his interviews with Stella, — forgetting that it was in consequence of such precautions that he was enabled to speak, with truthfulness, in the prayer composed for her in her last illness, of "her most unspotted name

in the world." Dr. Johnson, who accuses Swift of "appropriating Stella by a private marriage," is blamed by more recent biographers for dealing too leniently with this portion of his life.

The other hypothesis is the refuge of writers who are unable to find evidence of the "cruelty" imputed to Swift, or to reconcile it with his evident affection for Stella. It was first seriously urged by Sir Walter Scott, to whom a curious sentence in Sheridan's biography may have given the hint.* But it is unsupported by contemporaneous evidence of any kind. The invention, after Swift's death, of a story of youthful excesses, raises a strong presumption of the non-existence, at that time, of an inconsistent theory. Swift's two letters to the sister of his college chum (Jane Waryng, *alias* Varina) also shed light upon the question. In the first, written in 1796, he "solemnly" protests that he will forego all the advantages promised by Sir William Temple's invitation to return to Moor Park, if she will be his. She had more than once previously, it would seem, declined his proposal, on the score of her ill health and his poverty. On the first point he says: "That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends is in perpetual danger to be removed from my sight. Varina's health is daily wasting; and though one just and honorable action could furnish health to you and happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doting upon her cruelty and me upon the cause of it." In answer to the other objection, he promises not to touch her or her fortune, until his affairs shall be settled to her satisfaction, and in the mean time to push his advancement with eagerness and courage. "By heaven, Varina, you are more experienced and have less virgin innocence than I. Love with the gall of too much discretion is a thousand times worse than none at all." He calls "all other sublunary things dross in comparison with a true, honorable, unlimited love," talks of its "rapture and delight," bursts into a strain worthy of

* "I remember a sentence of Swift's that he 'never yet saw a woman for whom he would part with the middle of his bed.' A saying which I believe could come from no person but one incapable of enjoying the highest and most innocent of all gratifications when sanctioned by marriage." — SHERIDAN'S *Biography*, p. 341.

Werther, — "O Varina, how imagination leads me beyond myself, and all my sorrows! It is sunk and a thousand graves open," — but ends more calmly: "Only remember that, if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose him that has resolved to die, as he has lived, all yours." The second letter was written in 1700, after Swift had been preferred to the rectory of Laracor, but before Stella had removed to Ireland. Miss Waryng's health was no better; but his fortune having improved, and she being four years older, it became her turn to suggest that the hour for their union had struck, and his to pour "the gall of too much discretion" into the cup of love. And this Varina it is whom Thackeray calls one of "the blighted flowers at which Swift's book of life opens!" Another scrap of evidence is contained in a letter written in 1706, by Thomas Swift, Jonathan's "parson-cousin" and classmate at the University. He asks "whether Jonathan be married? Or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen who marched quite from Moor Park to Dublin (as they would have marched to the North or anywhere else) to engage him?" And still another scrap, in his mother's anxiety lest he should be entangled in a matrimonial alliance with a woman of no character in Leicestershire, who subsequently married an innkeeper, but who remembered Swift years after their acquaintance terminated, when she sent her daughter to beg assistance from the charitable Dean of St. Patrick's, which he gave her.

The problem of Swift's intimacy with Stella is not difficult of solution. It is unnecessary to deprive the most virile of writers of manhood, or to spoil the sweetness of Stella's epitaphs, by inserting ill-natured attacks upon her friend. The simple explanation of the facts is the probable one.

Must a woman be unhappy because prevented from marrying the man whom she loves? Let us imagine a case. Supposing a woman to be convinced that she holds the first place in her friend's regard; to have frequent opportunities of conversation with him when at home, and frequent communications from him when away; to hear often from his lips, and read often from his pen, those expressions of affection and esteem of which a woman is not easily tired; to be uniformly treated by him with

deference veined with tenderness; to receive his entire confidence; to have charge of his household affairs when he is absent, and thus live where he has lived; and to be in a position to take care of him when he is sick; — supposing him who honors her above all women to be a man of extraordinary powers, a great satirist, whose words consume, as with a torrent of lava, what he hates, but who comes, like a little child, to her for sympathy, encouragement, reproof, who treats her as an intellectual equal, regarding her conversation as "the most engaging he has ever met with in man or woman," and who crowns her birthdays with the flowers of his genius; — supposing his intercourse with her to be free from stain and so carefully guarded from suspicion that she can enjoy the intimate friendship of several high-minded men; — suppose her to have all the privileges of a wife, except the conjugal bed; — stating thus the case of Swift and Stella exactly as it is known to us, we ask any man, acquainted with superior women, whether he does not know at least one who would accept life upon such terms. Plenty of women there are in the world who prefer a connubial hurdy-gurdy within doors to the guitar of love under the window, though touched by a Petrarch; but it is no compliment to Stella to say that her object in life was an establishment with a man in it. It is unkind to her memory to assume, with some writers, that she would have accepted the hand of the Rev. Dr. Tisdall, had she not hope for a union with Swift. If she did insist upon going through the ceremony of marriage with the Dean in 1716, — a doubtful story, to say the least of it, — it was because she was jealous of another woman, who seemed determined to marry him, whether he would or no.

That unfortunate person bore the name of Esther Vanhomrigh (pronounced Vanum-ry), but Swift called her, after the fashion of the times, Vanessa. She was the daughter of a Dutch merchant, who had made money by the purchase of forfeited estates in Ireland; who had married an Irish wife, and who died in the country where he had acquired his fortune. Probably Swift knew the family before his visit to London in 1710, for he mentions them early in his journal. He does not appear to have been intimate with them, however,

until some months later, when Miss Esther, her younger sister, and her two brothers were living with their widowed mother near his lodgings. They kept house in a small way, but received a good deal of pleasant company. Swift, with other friends, used to dine with them often, sometimes "out of mere listlessness," sometimes because it was a convenience, or because he had no invitation elsewhere that pleased him. He would drop in of an evening, on his way home from Lord Oxford's. When, after a severe illness, he moved to Chelsea for the air, he stopped at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's every day to change his gown and periwig, walking to and from the city in the old ones. So much may be learned from his journal. He also told Stella of a birthday party for "the eldest Miss Vanhomrigh," and of her intention to go to Ireland to look after her property; but he did not tell her of the most interesting features of his intimacy with "the eldest Miss Vanhomrigh," nor did he send her a copy of the poem entitled "Cadenus and Vanessa," in which they were sketched. From this poem we learn that he had taken charge — at whose instance or for what length of time does not appear — of Miss Vanhomrigh's studies, and that one day the teacher was astounded by a declaration of love from his pupil, who, although

> "not in years a score,
> Dreams of a gown of forty-four,"

and informs the Doctor that his lessons had

> "found the weakest part,
> Aimed at the head, but reached the heart.
>
> "Cadenus felt within him rise
> Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise;
> He knew not how to reconcile
> Such language with her usual style;
> And yet her words were so exprest,
> He could not hope she spoke in jest.
> His thoughts had wholly been confined
> To form and cultivate her mind.
> He hardly knew till he was told
> Whether the nymph were young or old;
> Had met her in a public place
> Without distinguishing her face;
> Much less could his declining age
> Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;

And if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget;
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong,
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce;
. . . . .
So tender of the young and fair!
It showed a true paternal care, —
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The Doctor might have fancied worse."

Unable to return Vanessa's passion, he was also unable to moderate its transports. The poor girl had thenceforward but one object in life, and she pursued it with more ardor than delicacy. She followed Swift uninvited to Ireland, and against his remonstrances took up her residence at Dublin. He introduced to her several eligible suitors, but she refused them all. She retired in 1717 to Marley Abbey near Celbridge, where she lived in solitude till her death, in 1723. Swift warned her against the dangerous influence of a secluded life upon her health, and did not visit her in her retreat until 1720, about the time of her sister's death. During the remaining three years he went to see her occasionally. Every time he came, she planted a laurel in the garden, where they used to sit together at a table covered with books and papers. She had for months before she died been ill of a mortal disease; but Swift's last visit to her, if the story of it be correct, may have accelerated her death. The story runs that she wrote to Stella to inquire whether she was married to the Dean; that Stella sent him this indiscreet letter; that the next day he entered Vanessa's apartment, threw a packet containing the letter upon the table, and galloped away without a word; and that, in consequence of this harsh treatment, she revoked the will by which she had left her property to the Dean. At all events, her papers were bequeathed to Bishop Berkeley, who published the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," but destroyed the letters that had passed between Decanus Swift and Esther Vanhomrigh. Another copy of the letters was in existence, however, from which Scott printed them. The young lady is constantly

trying to throw herself upon the bosom of the middle-aged clergyman, who, with equal pertinacity, holds her at arm's length. He may perhaps be accused of repelling her advances a little roughly, but not of giving her encouragement. In the letter which contains the strongest expressions of affection, he advises her to settle her affairs and "leave this scoundrel island." In one of the last he says: "Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry; this year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same." On her side there are complaints of his "killing, killing, killing words"; of his not writing, or not coming to see her more frequently, and of the affectionate tone of his letters to her sister; but not a word implying a belief in his love as existing, or as having existed. An attentive perusal of the correspondence will excite pity for both.

After the death of Vanessa, Swift retired to the North of Ireland for two months, while Stella remained at the house of a friend near Dublin. Her jealousy may have been excited by the publication of "Cadenus and Vanessa." It was at this time that she answered some busybody, who called it an excellent poem, that she was not surprised at that, for, as everybody knew, the Dean could write finely even upon a broomstick. As for Swift's sixty days of seclusion, we see no reason to ascribe it, as is often done, to remorse. Vanessa's death was, doubtless, a severe shock to him, for she stood high in his regard, and had loved him with unselfish devotion. He had blasted her life, however unwittingly, and he needed quiet to think over that long chapter. He might have blamed himself, if the story be true, for the fit of passion into which Vanessa's letter to Stella had thrown him; but the responsibility should be shared with the two women whose jealousy caused it. In all other respects, he seems to have tried to "act in the most exact points of honor and conscience." Yet it is upon this state of facts that Mr. Jeffrey has "no hesitation in pronouncing Swift the *murderer* of an innocent and accomplished woman"; that Mrs. Jameson says he "murdered her as absolutely as if he had plunged a poniard into her bosom"; that William Howitt accuses him of "immolating" one woman to satisfy another; that the Rev.

John Mitford (whose biography is prefixed to a popular edition of the poems) considers his conduct "heartless and treacherous," and talks of "Vanessa's sinking under the stern and selfish cruelty of a man on whom she had vainly lavished all the innocent and all the warmest affections of her life, and who suffered her to pine away in hopeless affliction, because he dared not avow to her the duplicity of his conduct, and his incapability of accepting the heart she offered"; that Thackeray merrily says almost the same thing, "thanking fate and the Dean for killing *that other person*, for Stella's sake"; and that Scott ascribes the catastrophe in part to Swift's "habits of flirtation,"—of which the sole evidence, such as it is, is contained in a letter written at the age of twenty-four, before he had entered the Church, and twenty years before he met Vanessa.

The mildest of these charges finds no support in the journal to Stella, the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," or the correspondence, where alone the history of this affair is to be found. The statement that Swift presented a number of suitors to Miss Vanhomrigh at Dublin is made with details by Mr. Deane Swift; that concerning the circumstances of his visits to her at Marley Abbey is derived from a correspondent of Sir Walter Scott; that concerning the last visit of all requires confirmation; and that to the effect that Vanessa shortened her days by drinking to excess it is charitable to consider a slander. But the story grows under the pen of each succeeding biographer. "Perhaps" becomes "certainly," or disappears, so that the romantic or ill-natured hypothesis of one writer is fact with the next. But the evidence must be considered together. If Swift's statements are allowed to show that he dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, they must be allowed, in the absence of other evidence, to show why he dined there. If his assertions that he gave lessons to Vanessa and that she made a declaration of love to him be taken as true, so must his assertion that he "aimed at the head," not at the heart, and that he was astonished by his pupil's avowal. It is bad to strike from the testimony of an uncontradicted witness that portion which makes in his favor, and worse to substitute a criminating hypothesis for the omitted portion.

Fatigued by business, harassed by anxieties, pursued by office-seekers, with no vices to occupy him, with no taste for the coffee-house or the theatre, where other bachelors spent their evenings, Doctor Swift was not displeased to find one house where he could be at his ease and was always welcome, where he met several lady friends whom he valued, and where he could have a good cup of coffee and good conversation. One of the ladies of the house, young enough to be his daughter, possessed uncommon intelligence, and he found it an agreeable relaxation from graver occupations to review his studies with her. But he should have foreseen that she would fall in love with him! He should have told her all about a certain dear friend who lived in Ireland! Can anything be more absurd? Unless intercourse between unmarried persons of the opposite sexes is to cease altogether, some risks must be run. A bachelor cannot reasonably be expected to presume that every young woman he meets will declare herself, unless warned in advance; or to present with his card a *catalogue raisonné* of his female friends. After Vanessa has spoken, what ought the Doctor to do? Must he marry her, whether he wants to or not, and whether Stella wants him to or not? Should he treat her, as men of genius, from Marlborough, Somers, and Sir Richard Steele to Goethe and Henry Clay, have too often treated women who loved them? Should he cease altogether to see her? Or should he try to work the miracle of changing the wine of love into the water of friendship? These questions may be left for discussion in a Provençal *cour d'amour*. Doctor Swift, who, with all his worldly wisdom, with all his knowledge of men, says that he knew less of woman than

> "every common beau
> Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
> Enough to read a lady's eyes,
> And will each accidental glance
> Interpret as a kind advance,"

tried all plans but the two first suggested. He attempted to cool the maiden's ardor, to marry her to somebody else, to break off communication with her. Everything fed the fire he wished to extinguish. She complained of his unkindness, she drew unwarrantable inferences from his kindness,

she would not go away from him, she would die upon his hands. Swift may be convicted of errors of judgment such as at least ninety-nine virtuous men out of a hundred would have committed in his situation, but of nothing more serious. Nor is it clear that Swift should have related to Stella the little romance of Cadenus and Vanessa. Meaning no evil himself, he did not care to have his actions misconstrued. The journal to Stella bears no marks, whatever may have been said to the contrary, of the writer's increasing interest in another quarter. There is one break during a visit to a friend in the country, one during his illness, and one, of which he apprises his correspondent in advance, while he is at work upon the "History of the last Four Years of Queen Anne." But the letters, though shorter, are, with a single exception, despatched every fortnight, as usual; although he complains that he has not heard from Dublin for more than seven weeks. After he has got the History off his hands, he renews the practice of writing every morning and evening. "How agreeable it is in a morning," is his first entry, December 19, 1712, "for Pdfr. to write journals again. It is as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it." Stella appears to have apologized for her own remissness, but not to have blamed that of Swift. Her jealousy was not awakened, so far as is known, until two years after Vanessa's arrival in Ireland, when she is said to have insisted upon marrying the Dean in order to defeat the designs of a rival, who might otherwise, as Thackeray thinks, have married him in spite of himself.

A part of the story about this marriage, resting upon the same evidence as the rest, is that, in answer to Stella's expression through a common friend of her desire to be united to Swift, he replied that early in life he had formed two resolutions with regard to matrimony: "that he would not marry until possessed of a competent fortune, and that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence he proposed he had not yet achieved, and on the other hand he was past that time of life" [being forty-nine years of age] "after which he had determined never to marry." It is our belief that these words, taken in connection with

the facts of Swift's early days, fully explain his unwillingness to marry. Why had he received "the education of a dog"? Why had he been left at the age of thirty-three, "with his fortune still to seek"? Because his father had died before his birth, leaving a wife and children penniless. Swift's hand had been refused at twenty on account of his poverty; his sister had married a bankrupt, against his advice, and he had been obliged to support her. Ireland furnished him with innumerable warnings of the folly of marrying without means, and a number of passages in his writings show how deeply they affected him. He resigned his living at Kilroot in favor of a deserving clergyman, who was trying to support his family upon a pittance. To another clergyman, who had married a poor girl without his father's consent, he told a story about his purchase in youth of a horse, without considering how he was to keep him alive, and of his relief at the death of the poor beast. The young man, bursting into tears, admitted the justice of the reproof. Swift soon afterwards reconciled him with his father, and procured him preferment. Other anecdotes illustrative of his feeling about improvident marriages are to be found in the biographies.

If Swift did fix the terms on which alone he would marry, the question was settled; for, says Earl Orrery, "during his whole life, his resolutions, like the decrees of fate, were immovable," "even," adds Dr. Delany, "after his understanding had almost deserted him." For example, he had early resolved never, upon the renewal of a lease from the Cathedral, to increase his own income by accepting a fine in lieu of an advancement of the rent, which would also be advantageous to his successor. Having occasion in extreme old age to carry this principle into practice, he remarked next day to Delany that he had done something for the benefit of his successor, he had forgotten what.

Too old at forty-nine to indulge a reasonable expectation of living till his children had grown up, Swift was not in sufficiently easy circumstances to support a family and to leave them comfortably off, in case of his decease. For, after four expensive years in London, he had taken the Deanery saddled with a debt of one thousand pounds which he could not yet

have paid off. Moreover, with ideas of wealth derived from life in London, with an expensive position, ill-health, and a charitable nature, he must have set the fortune without which he would not marry at a pretty high figure. Other causes may well have conspired to deter Swift from a marriage with Stella. Like himself, she had long been an invalid. The journal often speaks of the weakness of her "poor dear eyes," of her suffering head, of the necessity she is under of "taking the waters," riding on horseback, and taking long walks to keep well. An old bachelor is usually willing to let well enough alone, for at fifty the heart has

> "a touch of the woodland time,
> Wanting to sleep now over its best."

Whether we accept the story of a secret marriage, as we are strongly inclined to do, or reject it as being one of numerous inventions during Swift's idiocy or after his decease, we find no evidence that he at any time wished to marry Stella or led her to think that he did. The tie between them had not been suddenly formed. She was six and he twenty when they first met; she was twelve and he twenty-six when he became her preceptor; she was nineteen and he thirty-three when they went to Ireland. Three years later he wrote from London as follows to Tisdall, then making pretensions to her hand: "I will, upon my conscience and honor, tell you the naked truth. If my fortunes and humor led me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers. This was the utmost I ever gave way to. And secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: but I judged it would perhaps be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive that you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. . . . . But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune in losing so good a friend as her prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of

ERRATA.

Page 112, line 14, for *suppose* read *supposing.*

Page 120, lines 14 and 15, read: *or reject it, as we are strongly inclined to do, as being,* &c.

virgins in all other eyes but mine." It is to be observed that Tisdall was at this time at Dublin, near Stella; that Swift had half seriously complained in a previous epistle of Tisdall's showing his letters to "the ladies"; but that he is not forbidden to read to them a passage so well calculated to further his suit.

It has often been said that the journal, which commences six years after the Tisdall correspondence closed, contains words which Stella could have construed into a promise of marriage; but we have carefully read it twice, without discovering a phrase which will bear this interpretation. The same conclusion was reached by a woman who read it through with this question in mind. The "little language" — invented perhaps in the school-days at Moor Park — is taxed to its utmost for expressions of affection. M D — so Stella is called — is assured more than once that Presto, i. e. Swift, loves her "as hope [to be] saved" millions of times better than life. Before reopening the "little letters," which he takes from under his pillow, he talks to them as a little girl talks to her doll. He wishes himself back among the willows of Laracor. He looks forward to the time when they *all three* — for the Journal is addressed to the two women, who answer jointly — may *again* be happy together. He declares more than once that his main reason for wishing advancement in the Church is to make them "easy." His letters often close with a prayer that God Almighty will preserve them. Once he declares himself "helpless as an elephant," for want of a "necessary woman." He grumbles, as bachelors occasionally do, at the inconveniencies and discomforts of his lodgings. He seems to feel that a man alone is unable to make a home for himself. He pets "Stellakins," and shows a capacity of being petted. Writing as if thinking aloud, he lays bare his heart; but is never betrayed into language which an intelligent woman, like Stella, who had known him so long, could have considered a declaration of love.

Swift was not absent from Ireland after his return in 1714, at the age of forty-seven, until 1726, when he paid a visit to Pope at Twickenham, and printed "Gulliver's Travels." During his absence he wrote often to "the ladies," as he informs

other correspondents, but none of the letters are preserved. Stella grew sensibly worse at this time, but his friends kept the truth from him for two months. At last it came from one whom he thanks for "racking" him, instead of leaving him "to be struck down on a sudden." "One of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world," he writes on receipt of this intelligence, "is in so desperate a condition of health as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. As I value life very little, so the poor carnal remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; but especially at an age when it is too late to think of engaging in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. . . . . Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me, that violent friendship is much more lasting and as engaging as violent love. If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall winter in England, where it will be at least easier than upon the spot." A week later, he thanks Dr. Sheridan for not deceiving him, regrets that Stella had not followed his advice to go to Bath, Montpellier, or to London with him some months before, and adds: "I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me, but all my preparations will not suffice to enable me to bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from our childhood, and the greatest merit on her side that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body." Stella rallies, however, and the Dean returns to Ireland.

The next year he visits Pope again, again receives news of Stella's increasing illness, and writes in the same spirit as before. "I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitæ;* but my friendship could not arm me against this

accident, although I foresaw it. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health when such a friend is desperate. . . . . I may overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person, you know, has ill-answered the end; and the other who is now to be lost is all that was valuable." Careful to the last of Stella's reputation, he begs his friends to find her good airy lodgings, but not to let her die in the Deanery. It was at this time that he "slunk away," to use Mr. Thackeray's amiable language, "from Pope," and hurried to Dublin. He arrived in season to see her once more, but he could not bear to be present at her death-bed, or to attend her funeral. He composed a prayer for her, and in the solitude of a back chamber recorded with a calmness, not "terrible," as Thackeray calls it, but grand in its self-control, the main incidents of her life and her most striking qualities. Eighteen years afterwards, the executors of Swift's will found the phrase "only a woman's hair" indorsed upon a paper containing that memento of a friend. Thackeray thinks these words indicate "memory and remorse for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim." Scott considers them "an instance of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference." To us they seem to show the strength of his feeling for the dearest of friends, living or dead, and the tenderness of a nature for which common forms of expression would not suffice.

Swift "cruel" to Stella! Is it, then, impossible for a man and woman to be near and dear to each other, without becoming husband and wife? Impossible for a man who knows that a woman loves and would like to marry him — to put the case in a stronger form than is warranted by the facts known to us — to be friends with her and nothing more? Madame Récamier is not accounted "cruel" because she refused to marry Chateaubriand, or because she tamed her lovers into friends. No extraordinary hypotheses are devised to explain her conduct.

Yet she had a score of men at her feet, where Swift had one woman in love with him. A man's right to remain single is as absolute as a woman's right to marry him. If he does not wish to marry her, why should he do so? Swift had friendship, esteem, respect for Stella, intellectual and moral sympathies with her, the habitude of confiding in her, and of being confided in by her, but his feeling was

> "All breathing human passion far above
> That leaves a heart high sorrowful, and cloyed,
> A burning forehead and a parching tongue."

She never lost her lustre in Swift's eyes. At sixteen she is "the brightest virgin on the green"; at thirty-six, hers is "an angel's face a little cracked"; at forty-four, "the fairest soul in this world" is about to leave its body. Shall we say, with Swift, that "violent friendship is more lasting than violent love"?

This view of the relations of Swift with Stella is confirmed by his general treatment of women. Nothing can be more unjust than the judgment which Thackeray puts into the mouth of Henry Esmond: "There 's not a writer of my time of any note, with the exception of poor Dick Steele, that does not speak of a woman as of a slave, and scorn and use her as such. Mr. Pope, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Addison, Mr. Gay, every one of 'em sing in this key; each according to his nature and politeness; and louder and fouler than all in his abuse is Dr. Swift, who spoke of them, as he treated them, worst of all." We will not stop to defend the other writers aspersed, only noting that Addison was far from being the lord and master of the woman he married; that the relations between Gay and the Duchess of Queensbury resembled those between a page and his *châtelaine* in the Middle Ages; that Congreve's paper in "The Tatler" in praise of Aspasia (Lady Elizabeth Hastings) is as excellent as Steele's on the same subject; that Pope's works contain as fine verses as have ever been written in celebration of the social attractions of women, and that Pope's devotion to his venerable mother is proverbial. But what a gross misrepresentation of Swift, "among whose peculiar tenets perseveringly inculcated," as Mr. Masson truly says, "was that now called 'the emancipa-

tion of women.'" If there ever was a man who valued woman for her mental and moral qualities, it was he. The dedication of his "Project for the Advancement of Religion" to the Countess of Berkeley; his letters to women, from that bidding farewell to Varina to those to the Duchess of Queensbury; the passages in the journal to Stella about his female friends; his practice of insisting that ladies should, like dukes and earls, make the first advances toward an acquaintance with him,— all go to show this; but it is only by a perusal of his writings that the prominence which "the woman question" assumed in his mind can be perceived. He rails like a woman's rights woman at the vanities and follies of the sex, their love of finery and scandal, their addiction to cards, their ignorance of affairs, their fondness for conversation which diverts without instructing them. "His chief delight," says Deane Swift, "was to entertain and be entertained in small circles, which he liked the better if two or three women of good understanding happened to be of the party." In his letter concerning the improvement of the English language he says: "Since the women have been left out of all meetings, except parties of play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation hath much degenerated." In three of the countries which Gulliver visits the women are educated not less thoroughly than the men. The young ladies of Liliput, for example, "are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness. Neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust, and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them; for their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young."

If Swift's advice to women seems sometimes elementary, we must remember that he lived in the last century, when even Queen Mary and the Duke of Marlborough did not know how to spell; and long before the bath-tub became a European institution. If several of his poems cannot be read by

ladies to-day, it is mainly because the manners of society have changed. The same is true of a paper by Addison, which Macaulay considers his best; of Fielding's Jonathan Wild, which Cowper read aloud to a circle of women during the reign of George III.; and of the novels of Aphra Behn, — "Afra the Amazon, light of foot," in Swift's "Battle of the Books," — which an old lady told Scott she could not read at eighty without blushing, although at sixteen she had observed no improprieties in them. One of Swift's early biographers says that "the most exceptionable of his poems were written principally with a view to correct the foibles of women, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at sixty as at twenty-five." One of the most disagreeable, addressed to a newly married pair, ends thus: —

> "On sense and wit your passion found
> By decency cemented round;
> Let prudence with good-nature strive
> To keep esteem and love alive.
> Then come old age, whene'er it will,
> Your friendship shall continue still;
> And thus a mutual gentle fire
> Shall never but with life expire."

It is true that Swift's coarseness is extreme, for his realism is intense; yet he used to reprove Stella for breaches of decorum, such as were common among ladies. He was severe upon the obscene conversation in which the maids of honor indulged. He boasted that he would not allow blasphemy or vulgarity in his presence, and he enumerated among Oxford's excellences, that he was never "guilty of any expressions which could possibly tend to the indecent or the profane." It may be that in his old age, among his Irish companions, during the period in which most of the poems in question were written, he became less strict than he had been; but a man should not be judged by what he says and does while his brain is diseased.

We must close without touching upon many points which invite discussion; without refuting other charges against a character of which we cannot, within the compass of a single article, display all the noble traits. Thackeray thinks that Swift and he could not have lived together; but Oxford and

Bolingbroke liked to have Swift visit them; Pope begged him to "give all to the poor, and come to die with" him; the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury warmly seconded Gay's urgent invitation to him to make them a long visit. One or two instances of what appears at this distance to be ill-breeding prove nothing against the evidence of such invitations as Swift was constantly receiving from gentlemen and ladies. Had he been content with the position of a court jester, it might be said that he was asked to dinner to entertain the other guests; but he came as an equal or not at all. A few splenetic expressions, many of them owing to disease, cannot outweigh the testimony to his good-nature of such witnesses as Addison, Bolingbroke, and Lady Betty Germaine. If he hated mankind, it was with the hate of a reformer. Like Martin Luther, he did his best work when angry; like Dante, he

> "Loved well because he hated,
> Hated wickedness that hinders loving."

Abuse the race as he would, he could not help working for it. It was while he was engaged in the composition of "Gulliver's Travels" that he fought his great battle for Ireland, served as God's almoner for Dublin, and watched over the health of the dying Stella. He cannot be convicted of child-hating by a single expression of impatience at Lady Masham's attendance at the bedside of a sick child, at a critical moment, when her presence with the queen seemed the one thing needful to stop the war. When public affairs were less pressing he had been to see Lady Masham's children, and, long after he used the language referred to, the mother besought his counsel and assistance, and he wrote her a pathetic letter that still moves the reader. When he was turned of seventy, was "emaciated, weak, morose, and prone to sudden fits of passion," says his biographer, Sheridan, "to me his behavior was gentle as it had always been from my early childhood, treating me with partial kindness, as being his godson, often giving me instruction, attended with frequent presents and rewards when I did well. I loved him from my boyish days, and never stood in the least awe before him, as I do not remember ever to have had a cross look or a harsh expression from him."

The more Swift is studied in a kindly spirit, the greater and the better his character will appear. He had faults: he lacked humility, faith that can remove mountains, charity that suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. He was fervent in spirit, but he was not rejoicing in hope, nor always patient in tribulation. He kept the promise of his youth that he would

"On a day make sin and folly bleed,"

but he did not invite to the table spread for the repentant. His love for the sinner was not equal to his hatred of the sin. In his old age he asked Dr. Delany whether "the corruptions and villanies of men did not eat his flesh and exhaust his spirits?" "No." "Why, why, how can you help it? How can you avoid it?" "Because I am commanded, 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers.'" That command Swift could not obey. Life was no luxury to him. He read the third chapter of Job on his birthdays; and he inscribed on his tombstone his joy that he was at last going where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest, *ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*

Adams Sherman Hill.

Art. V. — *Report to the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty to inquire into the Education given in Schools in England, not comprised within her Majesty's two recent Commissions, and to the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty to inquire into the Schools in Scotland, on the Common-School System of the United States and of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.* By the Rev. James Fraser, M. A., Assistant Commissioner. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty. London. 1867.

In the first year of his administration, when considering the interests of the newly constituted Republic, Washington thus addressed the two Houses of Congress on the subject of National Education: "You will agree with me in opinion

that there is nothing which can better deserve your patronage than the promotion of science and literature. Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. In one in which the measures of government receive their impression so immediately from the sense of the community as in ours, it is proportionably essential." The part of education in forming and then in freeing the Colonies, the power it had given of organizing a national government, the confidence it inspired in the institutions just set in operation, brought it into the very foreground of thought and action.

Events not then anticipated, movements not then within the possibility of anticipation, began in time to develop themselves; and as they grew the work which education had to do grew likewise. When immigration, attracted by the prospects of the young nation, set in with a force almost appalling, and while it brought new hands to labor, brought also new brains to inform and new lives to transform, no single institution appeared so capable of bearing the shock as the common school. To this, indeed, it was due that there was no shock, nothing that overthrew, or even suspended, the national progress. To this, at the present hour, we owe the calmness with which we contemplate the daily landing of emigrants, who in their best estate must be put on probation, and in their worst be sent to the almshouse or the penitentiary. A yet greater strain has come in our day with the emancipation of the slave, throwing upon us at once four millions of blacks, to say nothing of some millions of whites whom slavery had debased, — millions whom it is a matter of vital importance to train to their proper place within our institutions. To do it we resort instinctively to schools. On them the Freedmen's Bureau spends its best energies; on them the associations and individuals, whose care of the Southern population has given war a new aspect and peace a new object, rely in their wholly unprecedented enterprise; on them the whole nation leans, as upon the best of merely human means, to carry out the purposes which it reverently recognizes as Divine.

The work of the common school is twofold. It takes charge of children, trains them in habits of order, teaches them the use of speech and the pen, together with the elements of

language and numbers, disciplining the intellect and giving it the power of acquiring knowledge; and here its direct work ceases. Its indirect work is to help the mind to grow out of school as well as in it, enlightening the life, opening its relations with other lives, and revealing the laws above them all. Whatever influences besides its own affect its pupils, whatever they learn from the home, from society, and from the Church, the school is the source from which they draw much, often the greater part, of what they know, and, consequently, of what they are.

The common school, like everything human, is imperfect. Even where it has done, and is still doing, so great a work as is ascribed to it among ourselves, we can see that its work might be still greater. "I would point," says an Ohio representative, "to the schools of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, and other cities of the State, if I desired a stranger to see the glory of Ohio. I would point to the thirteen thousand school-houses and the seven hundred thousand pupils in the schools of Ohio." "The returns," says the Ohio School Commissioner, "reveal the humiliating fact that there were six hundred and eighteen townships and special districts in the State in each of which the schools were in session, on an average, less than twenty-four weeks — one hundred and twenty days — during the year. But this is not all; three hundred and forty townships sustained their schools less than twenty weeks; two hundred and three less than sixteen weeks; and forty-five less than twelve weeks." The colors of the two pictures need blending to show our schools as they are and as they should be.

The volume whose title stands at the head of this article is one of the most valuable contributions ever made towards the formation of a correct opinion concerning the common schools of the United States. A foreigner's impressions are always worth having, not because they are certain to be right, but because they are almost certain to be different from our own, and therefore to give us a point of comparison to which ours may be referred.

> "'Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?'
> 'No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself
> But by reflection, by some other things.'"

The value of such means to see ourselves and our institutions is greatly enhanced when the foreign critic is, as in the present instance, a man of principle, good-will, and intelligence.

The Rev. James Fraser, Rector of Upton, Reading, is an active clergyman of the English Church. He came to the United States, under an appointment described on his title-page, in the spring, and went back in the autumn of 1865, spending most of his time in this country, and the rest in Canada. His Report was written within a few months after his return, but not made public for more than a year. It is a blue book of four hundred and thirty pages, of which all but a hundred and twenty relate to the United States, and it is to this portion of the Report that we propose to confine ourselves.

The Report is, throughout, distinguished by its manly and liberal religious tone. It makes no professions, but from first to last its standard is the faith and duty of a Christian. The earnestness of the writer is evident, his sincerity unquestionable.

The kindliness of his spirit is not less manifest. Strong as are his convictions, they are modestly expressed, and with the plain purpose of doing good to all whom they concern. Candor and charitableness dwell in these pages, and draw us towards their author with a personal interest that blue books are not wont to inspire. From judgments so temperate and so considerate as his we ought to derive some benefit, nor can we fail to do so, if we take them up in the same spirit in which they are brought forward.

Mr. Fraser says many pleasant things about us and our schools. "It is no flattery or exaggeration," he remarks, "to say that it [the American people] is, if not the most highly educated, yet certainly the most generally educated and intelligent people on the earth." * "I cannot disguise from myself," he confesses, "that the average American, and particularly the average American of the mechanic or laboring class, stands on a vantage-ground, in respect both of knowledge and intelligence, as compared with the average Englishman." † He is much impressed with the national interest in education, especially at such

* Page 203. † Page 172.

a time as that of the recent war. "Never before," he observes, "were realized so strongly the national blessings of education, and the necessity of democratic institutions resting for a foundation upon the intelligence and public spirit of the people. Never before, therefore, were more liberal appropriations voted by the townships for the support of schools; never before were private benefactions more frequent or munificent; never before was there displayed a more universal determination to uphold in all its integrity, and if possible to carry onward to a still higher degree of efficiency, the education of the people." * The repute of the teacher's profession appears remarkable. "The teacher of the humblest district school," says Mr. Fraser, "occupies a far higher social position than the teacher of an elementary school in England. Opinion and sentiment upon a matter of this kind are formed in the two countries by two entirely different influences. . . . . As far as his [the teacher's] profession is concerned, he is on a level with anybody." † Warm terms are used in describing the natural aptitude of Americans, particularly of American women, for teaching. "They certainly have the gift of turning what they know to the best account; they are self-possessed, energetic, fearless; they are admirable disciplinarians, firm without severity, patient without weakness; their manner of teaching is lively, and fertile in illustration; classes are not likely to fall asleep in their hands. They are proud of their position, and fired with a laudable ambition to maintain the credit of their school; a little too anxious, perhaps, to parade its best side and screen its defects; a little too sensitive of blame, a little too greedy of praise; but still, as I judged them from the samples which I saw, and in spite of numerous instances to the contrary which I read of, but did not see, a very fine and capable body of workers in a noble cause. . . . . I know not the country in which the natural material out of which to shape the very best of teachers is produced in such abundance as in the United States." ‡

These are general tributes. Of the more particular testimonies in favor of our schools we have space to cite but one,

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* Page 11. † Pages 84, 85. ‡ Pages 71–75.

and that one the strongest. Mr. Fraser speaks of the English High School at Boston as "a school which I should have liked, if possible, to put under a glass case, and bring to England for exhibition as a type of a thoroughly useful middle-class school." * Further on he repeats his commendation. "I have already mentioned the English High School at Boston as the one above all others that I visited in America which I should like the Commissioners to have seen at work as I myself saw it at work on the 10th of last June, — the very type of a school for the middle classes of this country, managed in the most admirable spirit, and attended by just the sort of boys one would desire to see in such a school. . . . . It was not the programme of study (in which my own judgment would dispose me to make several alterations) that elicited my admiration of this school, — indeed, I have learnt to attach very little weight either to programmes or systems, — but the excellent spirit that seemed to pervade it, the healthy, honest, thorough way in which all the work on the part both of masters and pupils seemed to be done. . . . . In a word, everything is done to sustain the intellectual tone of the school at a high pitch, yet without straining; while there was an honesty, a frankness, and an absence of restraint in the 'rapports' between the teacher and the taught which indicated that the moral atmosphere of the school was as healthy and bracing as the intellectual. Taking it for all in all, and as accomplishing the end at which it professes to aim, the English High School at Boston struck me as the model school of the United States. I wish we had a hundred such in England." †

These citations are quite enough to prove the readiness with which Mr. Fraser acknowledges the merits of our common-school system. Its defects are stated with corresponding frankness.

First in order of importance, the very head and front of our failing, comes the want of high culture. Mr. Fraser falls back on De Tocqueville to sustain his judgment, but it needs no other support in American eyes than that which Americans themselves are prepared to give. We know, too well, that the great necessity of our common school is the same as that of all our

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* Page 129. † Pages 140 - 142.

educational, all our intellectual interests, and that nothing will supply it but the increase of thorough scholarship and thorough scholars. Whether new organizations are needed is a point on which we may not agree, but we are of one mind that the old organizations need a new inspiration.

"Till the world is brought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

High culture is to the intellectual life what a pure atmosphere is to the physical; and just as it fails or abounds, the school will struggle or flourish.

Mr. Fraser remarks upon the frequent want of local interest — it may be said, of local capability, — with regard to our schools. Dependent as they are on State or district organizations, "local self-government" being, as Mr. Fraser observes, "the main-spring of the American school system," if this works badly, they cannot possibly work well. The district system is much objected to in this Report, as it is in many of our own publications, but there does not seem to be anything in it intrinsically wrong. A dull or stingy centralization would be worse, for its evil effects would spread everywhere, while those of the district system are within bounds. But there can be no question that the schools often suffer, and suffer terribly, from the failure of the community, through a short-sighted regard for a nominal economy, or through indifference to the cause of education, to afford them a liberal and intelligent support.

A large part of the Report is occupied with our teachers. Their natural capacities, as we have seen, are rated very high; but their training seems to Mr. Fraser exceedingly imperfect. He contrasts the English course of nine years — "five years as pupil-teachers, two years at the Normal School, and two years under probation" — with the American way of teaching without having learned to teach, sometimes, it must be confessed, though he does not say so, without having learned to learn. "More than five hundred persons," says the Connecticut Superintendent of Schools, "each year begin their experience in teaching in the common schools of the State." Normal Schools are few and far between, wholly insufficient to supply the demand, even such as it is, for trained teachers. "During the last two years" (1865, 1866), says the Principal of the

Bridgewater Normal School in Massachusetts, "the number of applications for teachers which I have received is by actual count nearly five times the number of graduates for this time." * Even if the quantity were sufficient, we fear that the quality might not be the best, at least so far as training is concerned; for the Normal courses are but brief at the best, and many pupils leave them uncompleted. Of practical instruction there is altogether too little, although we can hardly credit the statement that but one Normal School — that at Boston — includes an experimental department.

The social position of American teachers makes it difficult for Mr. Fraser to understand why they are poorly paid. The explanation he hits upon is, that the simplest means to keep down the cost of education is to keep down the teachers' salaries. Other reasons will readily suggest themselves. But however we account for the evil, its existence is a fact, and its removal a necessity. We must pay our teachers well, or we shall have none worth paying; none will be trained as they ought to be, none, whether trained or untrained, will continue in a calling with which poverty walks hand in hand. One of the troubles with which our schools have to contend is the readiness of teachers to change their places, or to give up teaching altogether. An Ohio report observes that "the rapid withdrawal of the more enterprising from the profession is crippling the schools." It is not only crippling them, but blinding them, making them deaf and mute and senseless; for if a school has eye or speech or sense, it is through its teachers: they are its organs, and their loss is greater than it can bear. The wind of parsimony that has blown so long is not altogether ill, for it has thrown open many a school door to female teachers whom committees have condescended to take at a low rate, but whose work has turned out as valuable as if it had been highly paid. A School Commissioner of Rhode Island regards women as equal to men in teaching, and superior to them in forming the tastes and manners of their pupils. But so long as the teacher is paid, not according to the value of his or her services, but at the lowest rate at which any one can be found

* Thirteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education (Mass.), p. 95.

to do the required work, the administration of our schools is as unjust as it is unwise. Man or woman, the teacher earns a liberal compensation, and when it is given, the school, instead of costing more, really costs less than when it is not given; for in the one case, generally speaking, there is a good school, in the other a bad one.

Mr. Fraser thinks the want of inspection a very serious one in our system. Only the larger cities and more active towns provide superintendents for their schools; and though there is but one opinion as to the service rendered by these officers, their number does not multiply, nor would their increase, all over the country, unless they were associated and placed under some general supervision, constitute a system of inspection like that of the European states. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his Report on Popular Education in France, thus describes the French inspection:* "The primary inspectors are the very life of the school system; their inspection is a reality, because made when not expected; the Nancy inspector, who went round the schools of that town with me, had a pass-key by which he let himself into any one of them when he pleased, and he told me that he entered every public school in the town fifty times in the year. The academy inspectors, receiving the reports of the primary inspectors, and themselves in connection with the sixteen academies of France, supply local centres for dealing with the mass of details received from the primary inspectors, and thus relieve the central office in Paris. The four inspectors-general, in personal communication with the school authorities, the primary inspectors, and the minister preserve the latter from the danger of falling a victim to the routine of his own bureau, while he also obtains from four picked and superior men a unity of appreciation of school matters which he would seek for in vain from the two hundred and seventy-five primary inspectors." If there is too much centralization in this system, there is not a grain too much of inspection to be adapted, under necessary modifications, to our own school system. We have, at last, something to suggest a Ministry of Public Education in the Bureau re-

* Page 95.

cently established by Congress, and much may be hoped from the long experience and unwavering enthusiasm of Mr. Commissioner Barnard. He will collect and diffuse information, as the act of Congress prescribes, to the great advantage, doubtless, of educational institutions and activities. But he is not an inspector-general, nor has he inspectors under him to reach a single school, or to provide the inspection from which, whether national or local, every school in the land would be the gainer. Besides all the advantages of detail to be derived from inspection, there is the general advantage, hardly to be over-estimated in our country, resulting from the substitution of the practised judgment of an inspector in place of the haphazard votes of a committee, or the unreflecting applauses of a popular assemblage.

Inspection would soon lessen, if it did not entirely remove, another evil on which Mr. Fraser remarks, — the use, or rather abuse, of text-books. He takes particular exception to the grammars and text-books of the classical courses, as "fatal to anything like thorough grounding and intelligent progress," — the grammars, because of their inordinate details; and the text-books, because of their notes and ready-made translations. There are very few text-books in any course which do not offend against simplicity, of all qualities the one to which they should universally adhere. Like the sheep's head, which the Scotchman was eating to the Englishman's astonishment, the text-book of the American schools has "a deal o' confused feedin' aboot it." But, unlike the Scotch dish, it excites no enthusiasm in its uncertain consumers. A good book may be a hindrance, if it is too much relied upon; how much more a bad book, whose mistakes are beyond the teacher's reach, and therefore crowded pell-mell into the pupil's brain. Mr. Fraser quotes a burst of fine writing from a Cincinnati report: "The Genius of Education sits like Niobe in our schools, weeping over the maltreatment of the fresh and beautiful minds which she would endow with so many charms; and Memory, the deity to whom all this incense is offered, falls at last, and rejects the profuse sacrifice." Niobe might shed a tear for many a parent, likewise, whose slender purse is drawn upon by frequent changes of text-books, the result

of competition, and, it must be confessed, of jobbery among the publishers.

"Americans do all their work," says Mr. Fraser, "with an intensity which has no parallel among us more phlegmatic Englishmen; to use a common and expressive phrase, they 'take twice as much out of themselves,' in the same time, as an ordinary English school-boy or school-girl would do. The result is exciting serious apprehensions in many far-seeing minds." * To put a school of unforeseeing and unresisting children under high-pressure, and drive them on to danger, perhaps to death, is an offence not only against their youth, but against the powers that are to last when youth is no more. Of course it is perpetrated only in the minority of schools throughout the country; but were no more than a single school injured by it, it should be stopped, once and for all.

One happy result from stopping it would be a check to what Mr. Fraser calls "speechification." A public-school platform, as we all have reason to know, is too much like a stand at a race-course, where every voice is raised to goad on those contending for the prize. The speakers at the school, to be sure, are themselves goaded to their office. "A few remarks," whispers the teacher; "A few remarks," ask the committee; and a few follow, then a few more, and a gust of words sweeps through the room. "The staple of most that I heard," says Mr. Fraser, "was the well-worn theme of the infinite career that lay before them, and the possibility of every boy who listened to the speaker becoming President of the United States." † That a drag should be put on this ever-rolling wheel of oratory is almost too much to hope for, did not hope spring eternal.

Thus far we have followed Mr. Fraser, confessing the faults he finds, and wishing that criticism so thoughtful and so kind as his may help us to correct them. From other opinions, equally unfavorable, which he forms concerning our schools, we venture to differ, for reasons that may be very briefly presented.

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* Page 114. † Page 180.

He considers the discipline of the schools too mechanical. Mechanical it must be, though it ought to be something more; but even if nothing more, we need not acknowledge that "it is purchased at the price of the repression of those high animal spirits which delight in athletic exercises." * Evidently Mr. Fraser did not get acquainted with many American boys. It is rather droll, by the by, to hear an Englishman say that our school discipline "is of a kind of which it would be hopeless to attempt to get five hundred English boys of the upper or middle class to submit." American nature is not so rebellious after all.

"The grand defect of all which I should venture to signalize in the American system," remarks Mr. Fraser, "is, that it ignores, if it does not smother, individuality." By individuality he says he means "the development of individual abilities and character." With all due deference, not only to Mr. Fraser, but to others who say the same thing about schools, here and elsewhere, we doubt its significance. It means, in all probability, not that the individual is left untaught, but that he is taught with others, instead of being taught by himself; consequently, that his tastes or capacities cannot be regarded to the exclusion of his fellow-pupils. The common school teaches by classes: how can it teach otherwise? but to teach a class, it must teach the members of the class, and every one of them. Each, therefore, as he proceeds in his studies, finds himself growing in knowledge, and in the power to acquire knowledge; and this is at least one of the most effective means for the development of latent individuality. The pupil that needs more must go to a private school, perhaps to a private tutor; and even then, unless his teacher is gifted with unusual insight into his nature, or unusual responsiveness to its wants, his individuality will suffer. But it is not the office of any teacher or of any school, exclusively, to develop individual ability or individual character. That is the work of home as well as school, and of parent yet more than teacher, — the work, it may be said, of life itself, and of the influences under which life passes.

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* Page 171.

From the school comes intellectual training; from the home, and from the life beginning there, comes the training of body and soul, in which individual character finds opportunity of development a hundred-fold greater than that which the training of the mind alone supplies.

But, Mr. Fraser would say, it is not the mind alone that should be trained at school. "The one thing lacking in the American method," he observes, is "sound and substantial grounding in the principles of the Christian religion." * On a point so momentous he must be fully heard: —

"The tone of an American school, — the *nescio quid* so hard to be described, but so easily recognized by the experienced eye, so soon felt by the quick perceptions of the heart, — if not unsatisfactory, is yet incomplete. It is true that the work of the day commences with the reading of the Word of God, generally followed by prayer. It is true that decorous if not reverent attention is paid during both these exercises; but the decorum struck me as rather a result or a part of discipline than as a result of spiritual impressions; there was no 'face as it had been the face of an angel'; no appearance of kindled hearts. The intellectual tone of the schools is high; the moral tone, though perhaps a little too self-conscious, is not unhealthy; but another tone, which can only be vaguely described in words, but of which one feels one's self in the presence when it is really there, and which, for want of a better name, I must call the 'religious' tone, one misses, and misses with regret." † "I do not like to call the American system of education, or to hear it called, *irreligious*. It is perhaps even going too far to say that it is *non-religious*, or purely secular. If the cultivation of some of the choicest intellectual gifts bestowed by God on man, the perceptions, memory, taste, judgment, reason; if the exaction of habits of punctuality, attention, industry, and 'good behavior'; if the respect which is required and which is paid during the reading of a daily portion of God's holy Word and the daily saying of Christ's universal prayer, — are all to be set down as only so many contrivances for producing 'clever devils,' it would be vain to argue against such a prejudice." ‡ "Sorry as I should be, with all its imperfections, to give up the denominational principle of education, because I believe it to be the best possible for *us here*, I should consider myself to be tendering a most fatal piece of advice if, with all its advantages, I recommended its adoption *there*. The safer hope is that American Chris-

* Page 172, note. † Page 179. ‡ Page 183.

tians, less trammelled by articles, confessions, subscriptions, rubrics, formularies, than we Christians of the Old World, may be brought to take larger, broader views than they now do of their common faith; may dismiss from their minds that ever-recurring and unworthy suspicion of sectarianism; may believe that religion may be taught in schools without the aim of making proselytes; and that 'all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity' may unite in one earnest endeavor to bestow upon their schools the one thing lacking, and permit the morality which they profess to teach and desire to promote to be built upon the one only sure foundation, — the truths, the principles, the sanctions of the Gospel." *

There is no arguing against the spirit, or much of the letter, of these passages. In our judgment, they do the writer the highest credit as a religious, a charitable, and an earnest man. But as to the one thing lacking in our schools, if it is the teaching of religion, we have to take the other side. Let there be no misunderstanding; it is not the observation or the reverence of religion, but the teaching of it, — not the indirect teaching of it, by example or by religious use of all the opportunities of school, but the direct teaching that consists in doctrinal or practical religious instruction, the grounding, as Mr. Fraser terms it, in the principles of religion, — which we have no wish to introduce into our system, so long as the divisions of the Christian Church, or the habits of thought and action characteristic of the American people, continue as they are.

And why not? Because the common school is not the place for teaching religion. Because the teachers of the common school are not the persons to teach religion. Because the office of the common school, in moulding the various elements of the nation, and thus preserving and developing our nationality, — an office which no other institution or power among us seems able at present to perform, — is one with which the teaching of religion would so far interfere, especially with one large class not needing to be named, as to diminish, if not altogether prevent, its success. Because, for these three reasons, to allege no more, religion itself would suffer, while other interests, less important indeed, but still important, would suffer even more.

* Page 185.

The common school will continue, we trust, to teach religiously, but it will not undertake, we also trust, to teach religion.

Space fails us for meeting other criticisms of Mr. Fraser's. There are parts of his Report which might be criticised in turn, either as to structure or as to statement. There is some confusion and a good deal of repetition in the arrangement, as if the author were writing hurriedly. There are also a few misapprehensions, such as that "in all cities the wealthier class, indeed, all who can afford to do so, almost without exception, send their children to private schools"; * or that "this temper [restlessness] more than any other . . . . is the motive power which sustains the schools"; † or that "the Roman matron of the old Republic is, perhaps, the type of female excellence." ‡ Mr. Fraser was too short a time among us to become thoroughly acquainted with our institutions or our ideals. The wonder is that he learned so much, and that he has done justice, so generally, to the common school, of all our characteristic institutions the one perhaps most difficult for a stranger to understand.

The Report touches but slightly on one subject, which it may be well to consider more at length. Mr. Fraser points out "the admitted increase of the twin evils, absenteeism and truancy"; says that both the percentage and period of attendance are hardly so good as in England; quotes several gloomy passages from American reports; and, citing the Massachusetts and Connecticut laws which make education compulsory, declares that public sentiment is not with them, and that they are therefore almost dead letters. § Here is evidently a great evil, but we are not quite so helpless under it as might be inferred from Mr. Fraser's statements.

The evil arises almost entirely from emigration. A very small proportion of absentees or truants are of American parentage. The class is recruited from abroad, and in this respect, as so many others, the habits of the Old World continue in the New. Mere poverty is seldom the cause of absenteeism or truancy. Here and there a child needs clothing, or his parents, generally his widowed mother, require all he can do or beg for a struggling household. In manufac-

* Page 99. † Page 168. ‡ Page 195. § Page 39.

turing towns, parents are tempted to think themselves in want of their children's wages, by the great facility with which they find employment. But, taking town and country together, it is not poverty so much as intemperance or immorality which keeps children from school, — victims of their parents' faults rather than their parents' misfortunes.

The common-school system, therefore, must be put to the test, whether it is capable of coping, not only with the child, but with his parents. It cannot afford to let absenteeism or truancy go on ; the very class most in need of its offices would not receive them, and its work for the nation would be left undone. What, then, can it do ?

In the first place, it can make its schools attractive. It can give them so kindly an aspect as to draw children, even children of degradation, and to keep them within its walls. If it cannot change human nature, so that the whining school-boy will no more creep unwillingly to school, it can change itself, so that the school-boy, when once in school, will prefer to stay there instead of running away. In the next place, it can reach out beyond the school, to the home. There lies the root of the evil ; there are the ignorance and the wickedness which develop it ; there, after all, it is to be eradicated. In this teachers and committees must be aided, either by officials of some sort, or by volunteers from the same class which labors in mission chapels or Sunday schools. The work is missionary rather than educational, but not the less suited to be done in connection with the school.

In calling upon parents to send their children, and upon the children to come, there should be a spice of consideration. Concessions may be made to individuals or classes, and at certain seasons the pressure may be generally relaxed, as it is in many European states where education is compulsory.* Let not ours be as compulsory as if it were the work of

> " Too busy senates, who with over-care
> To make us better than our kind can bear, ...
> And straining up too high, have spoiled the cause."

* In the canton of Friburg, Switzerland, the inspector may excuse such children as are absolutely needed at home. In the canton of Vaud, children above twelve, whose services are required by their parents, may be excused. — *Mr. M. Arnold's Report*, p. 125. In some manufacturing towns in Germany children are obliged to attend only noon or evening schools. — *The Rev. M. Pattison's Report*, p. 195.

Only in the last place, when efforts and concessions alike have failed, is the law to be invoked. As yet there is no general law upon the subject. In some States of the Union no law has been proposed; in others it has been advocated; in one or two it has been adopted; in one alone it has been both framed and executed. Massachusetts was a Colony in her teens, when, in 1642, she ordered "that the selectmen of every town in the several precincts and quarters where they dwell shall have a vigilant eye over their brothers and neighbors, to see, first, that none of them shall suffer so much barbarism in any of their families as not to endeavor to teach, by themselves or others, their children and apprentices so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capital laws, upon penalty of twenty shillings for each neglect therein." This, if we mistake not, was the first statute of compulsory education.* Almost two centuries had passed, emigration had begun its work, and New England manufactories theirs, when Massachusetts, in 1836, again raised her voice in the Factory Act, which, as amended in 1866, provides that no child under ten years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing establishment, and that no child under fourteen shall be employed unless he has attended school for six months in the year preceding his employment, and continues at school for six months in each year during his employment, under penalties for which the owner, agent, or superintendent of the establishment, as well as the parent or guardian of the child, is liable. A law to reach truants and absentees, passed in 1850 and amended at various dates until 1862,† obliges every city and town to make provision concerning truant and vagrant children between the ages of five

* "The compulsory school attendance [of Germany] dates from the earliest period of the Reformation, and was a recognized religious duty long before it became a law of the state. . . . . If the consistorial edicts which were issued to this effect (e. g. that for the Mark of Brandenburg, 1573) were issued in the name of the prince, they were not the less Church ordinances. When, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, Friedrich Wilhelm began to issue royal ordinances for the regulation and improvement of elementary schools," etc. — *The Rev. M. Pattison's Report*, pp. 204, 205.

† The story of its struggles into efficient shape is well told by Mr. J. D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Schools, in his valuable Reports on Truancy and Compulsory Education in the City of Boston.

and sixteen, and to bring them under certain penalties, a fine not exceeding twenty dollars, or committal to a house of reformation or other suitable institution for a period not exceeding two years. Massachusetts has thus fully committed herself to compulsory education. Whatever the cause, — the death or degradation of the parent, the helplessness or wilfulness of the child, — there can be neither truancy nor absenteeism, unless the city or town connive at them, except at the risk of fine or imprisonment.

To this system Boston has lately added a finishing touch. Among her boys, long her hope and pride, there grew up a class whose present condition no one could behold without pity, and to whose future none could look forward without alarm. News-boys, boot-blacks, and pedlers, to the number of five hundred or more, were spending their days in the streets, and many of them their nights at the theatres or far more dangerous places. The first exertion for their instruction was individual; then followed associated effort, of which we should be glad to relate the history, did we not feel that those engaged in it prefer to pursue their labors undisturbed; until, within the last few months, a city ordinance was framed, according to which no minor is to be licensed as a pedler or boot-black except upon his parent's or guardian's application, and none is to retain his license unless he attends "some school designated for this purpose by the school committee" for two hours daily. It is to be hoped that this wise and salutary ordinance will be fully executed in Boston, and as fully adopted wherever there exists even a handful of news-boys to be snatched from actual ignorance or possible crime.

The execution of the Massachusetts statutes is left to municipal authority. As a general rule, a town * appoints one or more of the police to act as truant officers, and they proceed much as one of their number in Boston describes. "In cases," says Officer Reed, "where I fail to check the habit of truancy, and the child becomes an habitual truant, I make a complaint

* According to the last Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, ninety-eight cities and towns of the State have appointed truant officers.

before one of the justices of the Police Court; a warrant is granted, made returnable at the justice's private room in the Court-House; I arrest the child, and summon the teacher to appear at the time and place named in the warrant. I likewise notify the parents, that they may be present and heard. If the child is found guilty by the court, a sentence of one or two years in the House of Reformation is passed; and in other instances the cases are continued from time to time, in order that the truants may have an opportunity to reform." *

In commenting upon the Massachusetts system, the first point to raise is, whether the child ought to be held responsible for truancy or absenteeism. If it is the parent who keeps the child from school, or makes no sort of exertion to send him to school, then the parent, as it seems, rather than the child, deserves to be punished. So he is, indeed, if the child is fined and the parent pays the fine; but if the child goes to the reformatory or the jail, and the parent goes free, it does not look like even-handed justice. In four of the Swiss cantons where compulsory education is established, — Vaud, Friburg, Neufchâtel, and the Valais, — and it is the same in Germany, the parent is liable to fine or imprisonment. He is liable under the Factory Act of Massachusetts; why should he not be under the Truant Act?

Suppose, however, that the fault is with the child, the Massachusetts mode of treating him is not above objection. There is nothing gained by dealing with young lives, even when turned towards evil, as if positively hardened. The German mode of proceeding is much better. At Berlin they have a commission of unpaid members, to visit the parent in private, before an official admonition is given. An unexcused absence occurring within a month after the admonition brings out a warning that the parent is liable to punishment. If another unexcused absence occurs within a month, the case is transferred to the school board, under which the commission acts, and the board give it into the hands of a committee, who, upon inquiry, assess a fine, and order the payment within eight days, during which time an appeal may be had to the civil authority. Our system,

* Mr. Philbrick's First Report, p. 45.

if less complicated, is much less considerate. "I believe," says Officer Cole of Boston, "in using all other means to reform truants before bringing them before the court; my experience has been, that a judicious use of the lock-up is one of the most effectual methods of checking truancy." *

Even if he must come to sentence and an imprisonment, the child should not be sent invariably to a House of Reformation. "What we want," says the School Committee of Concord, "is a home, a farm-school, which shall inflict no stigma on the character, and where there are no older sinners to teach every vile habit, and where unruly youth can be sent to receive a wise and saving discipline." † This is an admirable suggestion, and one that might be pushed further, so as to propose the treatment of truants in families rather than in any schools or institutions. In our day, at the university, the student corresponding to the school truant was liable to be rusticated; but, instead of going into purgatory with others, he went alone, under the guidance of some angelic Alumnus, who would read Juvenal with him, and refit him for the academic sphere. If the truant cannot expect so soft a fall as this, it need not be so hard as to cripple him for life. At all events, he should not be thrown in among others worse than himself, or even as bad as himself, unless his punishment is the first object and his reformation the second. No straggler gets back to his regiment by being incorporated with a mass of other men as much out of line as he is. Moreover, the child, once placed under restraint, should be allowed, we think, to shorten his term by good behavior. A scale of marks, like those of the Irish prisons, would be a ready means of proving his disposition; and if it were favorable, he should be encouraged by the hope of earning a release within the period for which he was sentenced. It ought to be his effort, as well as the effort of those who have him in charge, to obtain his restoration to school; just as it should be the purpose, in punishing any offence, to restore the offender to the place where he belongs, and not to cut him off from it for life.

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* Mr. Philbrick's Second Report, p. 39.

† Thirteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education (Mass.), School Committees' Reports, p. 72.

Compulsory education has its opponents everywhere. They dwell upon the rights of the father, insisting that to compel him to send his child to school is to break up his authority as the head of his family, and therefore to break up the family itself, and thus destroy the corner-stone of society. They pronounce the system contrary to free institutions, a violation of the *laissez-faire* principle which is their essence, a substitution of force for reason, which is their safeguard, and, as M. Guizot writes in explanation of his not adopting it during his Ministry of Public Instruction, one of "those rules which bear the mark of the convent or the barrack." * They declare it to have been the creature of centralization, as of Sparta in ancient times or of Louis XIV. in modern times, and that to adopt it, where the individual is not already swallowed up in the state, will insure his being speedily devoured. Many of these points were made at a session of the International Social Science Congress, consisting of delegates from all parts of Europe, and meeting at London in 1862. The majority of the Congress decided against compulsory education.

Against this decision may be set that of another Congress, the International Workingmen's, assembled a few months ago at Lausanne. Representing the class which suffers, if any does, from the infraction of parental and popular rights involved, as is said, in compulsory education, the Congress, after a discussion of considerable heat, committed itself to the system with but one reservation, that the education should be national, not denominational. It is a long step forward towards the general establishment of the system when such a body declares in its favor; for should their constituents follow their lead, the ground of opposition would be gone. The late gathering of the British Social Science Association at Belfast took up the question, and, if we are rightly informed, generally approved the arguments in behalf of compulsory education. Such we may judge to be the current of opinion among the educated still more than among the uneducated classes of Europe. Whether there is any opinion among ourselves strong enough to create a prevailing current in the same direction is doubtful; the popular prepossessions against it are

* Mém. pour Servir à l'Hist. de Mon Temps, Tome III. p. 61.

very evident. As for the history of the system, on which its opponents rely a good deal, the facts are on the side of its advocates. It began in Europe with the Reformation; in America, thirty-five years after the English occupation, with the first Colony whose charter gave power to introduce it; on both sides the ocean, therefore, it is associated with the growth of liberty. One of the blows dealt against the ancient *régime* by the French Revolution was the establishment of compulsory education; and though the sweep of the Revolution may have been but a *déluge de mots*, as it has been called, its surges show what was thought liberal by those to whom liberalism was a matter of life and death. Its liberal character is still more fully supported by the recent development of the system in Massachusetts, where centralization and its train are not supposed to be making much headway. The child, it is to be further noted, has his rights, and, as far as they relate to education, the system of compulsion protects them. The father has his duties, and, as far as they relate to education, the system enforces them. To enforce the father's duties is not, we take it, to invade his rights, not to undermine the family, not to undermine society, not, in fine, to bring about any of the evils conjured up by the opponents of compulsory education. On the contrary, it would seem that the system, instead of being an assault upon the individual, or upon the family, or upon society, is, to the extent of its influence, a defence of all the three.*

All education is a development, an opening through the ignorances and errors that lie between us and the life before us. It begins within, but works outwardly, and leads us forth from encompassing obstructions to broader ground and clearer skies. Compulsory education does the same, in breaking a way for children or for classes whose training is obstructed, and setting them fast in the direction of light and truth.

SAMUEL ELIOT.

* Mr. Fraser (p. 41, note) quotes from the report of the Superintendent of Connecticut Schools as follows: "It is a question . . . . whether the safety of the State and the best interests of society do not require that some measures shall be adopted which shall insure the attendance of all of school age not justifiably absent. The services of the older children may be of some value to the parent or employer now, but it is not a wise arrangement, or one just to the child or the State, which robs one of his birthright under a free, intelligent government, or the other of the power, security, and wealth which educated minds bring."

ART. VI. — 1. *Progress of the Working Class.* 1832–1867. By J. M. LUDLOW and LLOYD JONES. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.

2. *Les Associations Ouvrières de Consommation, de Crédit, et de Production en Angleterre, en Allemagne, et en France.* Par EUGÈNE VERON. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1865.

3. *Le Mouvement Coopératif à Lyon, et dans le Midi de la France.* Par EUGÈNE FLOTARD. Paris: Librairie des Sciences Sociales. Noirot et Cie. 1867.

4. *Les Sociétés Coopératives en Allemagne, et le Projet de loi Français.* Par FRÉDÉRIC REITLINGER. Paris: E. Dentu. 1867.

5. *Le Mouvement Coopératif International. Étude Thèorique et Pratique sur les Differentes Formes de l'Association.* Par EUGÈNE PELLETIER. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie. 1867.

6. *Co-operative Stores. Their History, Organization, and Management; based on the recent German Work of* EUGENE RICHTER. *Specially adapted for Use in the United States.* New York: Leypdolt and Holt. 1867.

7. *The History of Co-operation in Rochdale.* By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. Sixth Edition. "London Book Store." 1867.

8. *Co-operation in its different Branches. Tracts of Chambers's Social Science Series.* London and Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers. 1861.

9. *Trades Unions and the Commission thereon.* By HENRY D. LE MARCHANT, Barrister at Law. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.

10. *The Co-operator: a Fortnightly Record of Co-operative Progress by Workingmen.* London: F. Pitman. 1867.

11. *The Friendly Societies' Journal and Co-operative Guide.* Published Monthly. London: James Horsey. 1867.

12. *La Cooperation. Journal du Progrès Social.* Paris: Abel Davaud. 1867.

THE press, in England, France, and Germany, has during the past seven years teemed with books and pamphlets upon the co-operative movement. It has been treated from nearly every point of view by lecturers and writers on political

economy. It has in each of these countries periodical publications of its own, entirely devoted to reports and explanations of its working, and to the elucidation of its principles. It has, moreover, engaged the attention of a large body of reformers who are not specially connected with the working classes. It has excited amongst them an amount of interest such as no other movement of modern times has called forth, and with their assistance and encouragement it is effecting a social revolution of the first magnitude. There were in Great Britain, at the end of the year 1866, seven hundred co-operative societies of one sort or other, containing nearly two hundred thousand members. During the same year the amount received on shares by these societies was upwards of $3,000,000, while the total amount invested in them since the beginning of their operations is estimated at $6,700,000. These sums are of course in gold. It must be borne in mind, too, that the returns made to the Registrar of Friendly Societies are somewhat imperfect. Numbers of small associations exist all over the country, which, through ignorance or carelessness, make no return at all, so that the above estimate is certainly below the mark. In Germany, where the movement has shown itself mainly in the establishment of co-operative banks, there is a Central Bureau, forming a sort of federal head of all the associations throughout the country. From the returns of this office, which are also imperfect, — for the same reason that the English registrar's returns are imperfect, — we learn that there were, at the close of 1865, over one thousand associations known to be in existence. Of these five hundred and fifteen had made formal returns to the bureau, showing the number of members to be one hundred and seventy-three thousand five hundred and eleven ; the total amount of capital owned by them, $3,750,000 ; while that held by them on deposit or as loans was no less than $13,811,559. It must be remembered that these are only the co-operative banks. There are no accurate returns of the others, which are of all sorts, but they are supposed to number about three hundred and fifty. Of these about two hundred are co-operative stores, containing about thirty-nine thousand members. We doubt if any full returns of the French societies are to be had. The movement in France is still in its

infancy, owing to difficulties to be mentioned hereafter. We learn, however, of about forty societies in Paris, and perhaps nearly a hundred in the Southern departments, mostly associations of producers, and their number is increasing, and is likely to increase still more rapidly when they have been placed on a sound basis before the law.

Of course, all that has as yet been done is but very little compared to what has still to be done; but enough has been accomplished to prove the principle of the movement a sound one, and to make its success, in raising the great body of the working classes from the condition of hirelings into that of independent producers, at least very probable. It is difficult, therefore, considering the interest which the condition of this class has been exciting during the last twenty years, considering the deep disturbance in the relations of labor and capital which its growing discontent has been creating, to account for the ignorance about co-operation or indifference to it which prevails in all other classes of society. By many it is still regarded as an offshoot of communism, or phalansterism, hostile to property and therefore dangerous to civilization; by others, simply as an expression of political discontent, part of a great levelling process which will end in something very destructive, they cannot exactly say what. There are very intelligent men amongst ourselves, such as Mr. Wade of Ohio, who look on it as a wild invention of Horace Greeley's. For the most part, however, it is little known. It may be good or bad, permanent or transient, but only very few know anything about it, — very few even of those on whom what has been happily called the "enthusiasm of humanity" has taken strongest hold, — who are most afflicted by the spectacle of human misery.

The causes of this ignorance or indifference, on the part of persons interested in social reforms, are of course various. The great cause we take to be the prevalence and strength of the idea that what may be called the *régime* of wages, that is, the dissociation of labor from capital, is a fundamental principle of the social organization; that, as a general rule, the owners of capital and the owners of labor must form two separate and distinct classes. Of course, it is readily admitted

that there are exceptions to this rule, but only in the case of operations on a small scale; the small farmer and the artisan working himself for customers are familiar illustrations of the combination of the capitalist and laborer in the same person; but what is said is, that the moment you attempt to carry on operations on a great scale, to use more capital in your business than you yourself can work, the division begins; the laborer falls into the rank of the hired man, and the owner of the capital assumes the position of employer and superintendent. Out of this position, too, there is, according to the received theory, no road for the laborer. Considering what his wages must be, the most he can hope to save from them is a provision for sickness or old age; considering what his facilities for education are, the highest degree of mental culture he can expect to reach is one which will keep him out of the grog-shop, and cause him to appreciate the society of his wife and family in the evening. This theory is, in the main, as so many other social theories are, the product of an association of ideas. Those who possessed most brute power, or most of the knowledge which dominates brute power, were the first capitalists, and naturally assumed the task of superintendence. The ignorant or weak man naturally became the laborer. From long familiarity with this state of things, the doctrine gradually grew up that the bulk of workers were born to be hired and serve, while a small and select few were born to hire and superintend them; and, as is usual, a code of morality was framed to support this doctrine, and was blindly accepted. In this code the employer assumed the rank, not simply of a social, but also of a moral superior, with no duty towards his *employés* but that of mercy and consideration; the employed assumed the position of a moral inferior, whose whole faculties of mind and body were due to his employer, and who was living his highest life when he was serving him to the full extent of his ability, both physical and mental. It was this code which produced the faithful retainers and servants and apprentices so common down to the last century, and over whose almost total disappearance we hear and read so many lamentations.

Under this code there prevailed, all over the civilized world,

down to the French Revolution, the most frightful misery amongst the laboring classes, but the laboring classes were nearly all in the country. The towns were small, and peopled by guilds or close corporations of artisans, which only admitted new members after they had passed through a long and elaborate system of education, and which of course kept their numbers small and their earnings high. Over the face of the country the peasants toiled, either in an open or virtual serfdom to the great landed proprietors, or wandered about as vagabonds or beggars, which, owing to the absence of police and defectiveness of means of communication, they were enabled to do with impunity. But the discontent of a country population has rarely proved formidable. Peasants have always been too scattered, too little used to unity of action, and too slow-minded, to initiate any reform in their own condition, or to make these sufferings a source of serious danger to the state. In spite of the horrible misery of the French peasantry from the fourteenth century to the Revolution, they exercised little influence on the government, and the final outburst which overturned it came from the population of the great towns, who had least to complain of. The application of steam to manufactures and locomotion, at the beginning of the present century, by creating a demand for labor in the great towns, and at the same time enabling the laborers to meet it, first gave the physical and moral condition of the working classes real importance in the eyes of those above them. The misery of men in masses — their squalor, their vices, their passions — are always revolting or alarming. Moreover, when laborers became crowded together, they rapidly acquired unity of feeling, the habit of discussing, of grumbling in concert, and developed that quickness of mind which most strongly distinguishes the artisan from the agricultural laborer. We accordingly find that the condition of the working classes, as a great political and social problem, first began to occupy the attention of the upper classes and of governments contemporaneously with the development of the cotton and woollen manufactures. There was plenty of charity before then towards individual cases of suffering, but the idea that the working classes as such were entitled to special care and

attention, and that the amelioration of their condition was a matter of political concern, if it existed at all before the growth of what are called the "great centres of industry," was confined to individual philanthropists. Moreover, it was not before the working classes became massed together that they became fully sensible of their own social degradation, and showed any disposition to engage themselves in a positive and united effort for its amelioration. The great factories and workshops then became centres of agitation, in which all the circumstances of the workingman's condition, and of his relations to the rest of society, and the possibility of improvement, were canvassed day by day, — at first, no doubt, with a very small amount of either knowledge or discretion, but always with great and increasing acuteness, and increasing indisposition to accept the social theories of the classes above them.

One of the first objects of their distrust and hostility was the current politico-economical theory of the nature of wages. Wages will be found defined in all the books as the workingman's share of the product of labor and capital, which is quite correct. It will also be found laid down that the amount of this share is to be ascertained by the law of supply and demand; that is, that if there be an abundance of capital seeking profit, and little labor seeking employment, labor will be high; so also that if there be little capital and much labor, although profits may be high, the laborer's share of them will be small. It would require a treatise in itself to set forth in full the causes of the workingman's dissatisfaction with this theory. We must confine ourselves to saying that, in practice, the ignorance and poverty of the owners of labor have been found to be, in most countries, so great as to deprive the hiring of laborers by capitalists of the essential features of a contract. In practice, labor has not been a commodity, sold like any other commodity in open market for a price fixed by general competition. The laborer, standing alone, has been too miserable to wait in order to test the accuracy of the capitalist's bid. Moreover, the quantity of labor in the market has always been artificially swelled by the laborer's ignorance, which confined him to one place, while the capitalist has generally been able

to rove freely in search of hands; so that the price of labor in any one locality has rarely been an exact indication of the proportion borne by the whole capital of a country to the whole of its labor.

Moreover, the workingman very soon discovered that another very important proposition of the economists, "that the interests of labor and capital are identical," although laid down in the books as absolute, is in practice subject to one important modification. The interests of labor and capital *are* identical, but only in the long run. They are *not* identical in any given week or month or year, and this to the workingman is the important point. Laborers and capitalists are both paid out of profits, but in many of the most important branches of business, in all businesses, in fact, requiring large buildings and expensive and complicated machinery, capital may for two or three years at a time secure an enormous increase of profits, without making any addition to the wages of the laborer. How this may occur hardly needs illustration; but still, as it is not an obvious, and certainly not the received view of the matter, we may mention that, as industrial operations are now carried on, capital does not rush into a business readily, under the stimulus of high profits. Mills, forges, and manufactories of all kinds take time and consideration, and considerable certainty as to the future, for their construction. Therefore, under the influence of crises like the late war, or a sudden and pressing demand for goods, for any cause, many of the greatest employers of labor might make enormous profits for a limited period, with complete immunity against competition; and in these increased profits the laborer would have no share, as the demand for labor would not undergo any sensible increase. Therefore, the interests of labor and capital are not always identical. On any given day or week or month, it is the interest of the capitalist to get labor for as little as possible. In the end this would, no doubt, be good for the laborer, as it would increase the amount of capital available for the employment of labor; but the effect of this increase in raising wages might not be felt for years; in certain contingencies it might never be felt.

Of course, if the laborer could wait and hold out, as other dealers do, he would inevitably force the capitalist in the end to pay

him the price which the state of the market and the amount of his profits justified; but he cannot hold out. He may know that his employer is making one hundred per cent on capital, while paying him as if he were making only ten per cent; and he may feel that abstract justice, as well as a prudent regard for his own future and that of his family, demand that he should insist on having a share in this sudden prosperity; but he cannot insist on it. If he ask for it, and support his demand by a refusal to work, he runs the risk of starving and seeing his children starve.

It is this inability of the individual laborer to bargain with the capitalist on equal terms which has led to the formation of the Trades Unions. The Trades Unions — a combination of great bodies of laborers, acting in concert — have in reality put the laborer and capitalist for the first time on equal terms, economically considered. We are not now defending or eulogizing these organizations. Many of their effects on trade and on the character of the working classes are most pernicious; but they have rendered, and are rendering, to the working classes one essential service, — by enabling them for the first time in their history to contract with the masters as free agents, and on equal terms, and therefore to force the masters to base the rate of wages on profits, and not on the laborer's ignorance or necessities. They are, in fact, slowly converting the practice of at once proportioning wages to profits into an established usage, and they answer all objections to the legitimacy of this process, economically considered, by pointing to the example of clergymen, lawyers, brokers, and divers other professions, in which the rate of wages is determined by usage and not by competition.

There is, however, diffused through the working classes a repugnance, which we wish were more deeply seated, — though we have little doubt that it is increasing in intensity, — to the whole system of payment by wages, that is, by a fixed sum per day. We will give first the workingman's objection to it, and then we will give our own. The workingman's objection we gather from the expressions of the opinion of the workmen in France, where this objection is stronger and has found a wider expression in literature, and where it has been more vigorously

combated by economists than it has been in either England or America. It is this: that the receipt of wages, however legitimate a mode of sharing in profits it may be, is regarded by the world as a badge of dependence, of social and moral inferiority. It is not looked upon in any country as simply the portion of the results of production, due to one of the two great agents in production. The hired *employé* is not simply a man who has contracted to furnish a certain amount of labor for a certain sum of money. He is a servant, in the old sense of the word, — a person who has surrendered a certain portion of his social independence, who has become dependent for his comfort, or even, to use the popular phrase, "for his bread and butter," on another person's approval. He does not stand to his employer even in the relation of a dealer to a customer: he stands in the relation of an inferior to a superior. It is not the workingmen only who think so: the employers think so; society thinks so. Nor can it be said that the workingman's inferiority in the social scale to his employer is due to difference in habits, manners, and education. The distinction between the employer and employed runs through every walk of life. It divides the merchant from his clerks, just as sharply as it divides the factory owner from "his hands." In truth, the recognition of the fact that there is a certain stigma attaching to the receipt of a salary in payment for labor, except from governments or associations, finds popular recognition in the almost universal anxiety of young men to get "into business for themselves," as it is called, even if they are sure to be no better off pecuniarily than when working for others. This feeling is no doubt largely conventional, but that it has a certain basis in nature might, we believe, be easily shown. The anxiety of the working classes to escape from the wages system, especially in countries such as France, in which, while the feeling of human equality and of personal dignity are highly developed, social position is still largely determined by the nature of a man's occupation, is therefore readily understood. That this feeling is not stronger in England may be accounted for by the fact that class distinctions are there still accepted to a great degree as part of the natural order of society; and that it is not stronger in this country is probably due to the absence

of class distinctions, to the facility with which various happy circumstances enable men to pass from the ranks of employed into those of the employers, and to the almost complete absence of connection, except perhaps in the large cities, between social position and occupation.

The objections which ordinary social and political inquirers may naturally feel to the subjection of so large a portion of the population of every civilized country as now live under it to the *régime* of wages are very similar to those which may be alleged against the exclusion of a large proportion of the population from participation in the work of government. Whatever circumstance in a man's life narrows the circle of his interest and observation has undoubtedly a dwarfing and deteriorating influence on his character, and hinders his mental and moral development; and there could scarcely be any surer mode, consistent with his personal freedom, of narrowing the circle of a man's interest and observation, than condemning him to live from year to year, as the working classes live, by weekly wages. In the first place, wages are hardly ever large enough to make it possible for a workingman, especially if married, to look forward to any material improvement in his condition through saving. That the working classes do save largely in the aggregate, savings-bank statistics show, but they do not save, on the whole, more than enough to provide for sickness, or death, or seasons of business depression. No great and general change in the condition of the working classes can be looked for from this source, at the present rate of interest on money. The utmost that wages do for the working classes in any country at present is to enable them, with great sobriety, economy, and self-restraint, to live with decency. Now, hopelessness as to the possibility of effecting any great change in one's condition through saving is well known to be one of the greatest promoters of extravagance; and the working class are, on the whole, reckless and extravagant in their use of money. Much of this is, no doubt, due to want of moral and mental training; but the greater part of their improvidence, I think, is due to the comparative fruitlessness of saving. Men would be more than human if the prospect of having a hundred dollars

in the savings bank, at a low rate of interest, as the result of ten years of scrimping and screwing, acted as a powerful motive to economy.

In the second place, the motives by which the life of a man working for wages are generally governed are in themselves in the highest degree belittling and debasing. They are, first, the desire of giving the least possible amount of work for the largest possible amount of money; and this leads of course to the most demoralizing of all habits, the habit of intentional idleness, of intentional slurring over work, and intentional imperfection in the performance of work, of deliberate suppression of all natural pride in skill and strength and industry. We fear that the influence of the Trades Unions in cultivating this habit of mind is deplorably great. Secondly, the fear of offending his employer, an individual for whom he has no moral respect, and whose approval he covets simply for its pecuniary value, and which, therefore, is an insufficient inducement to doing one's best. It is, however, no longer of great importance to the members of Trades Unions to stand well with their employers, so that one great source of deception and hypocrisy, of shamming, in short, is removed. On the other hand, under the action of the Trades Unions, no motive whatever to the display of extraordinary skill and diligence is left. The evil effects of this, if co-operation be not speedily brought about, it would be difficult to exaggerate.

There is one other objection to the wages system, which we have reserved to the last, because we consider it, on the whole, the weightiest. Industry — by which we mean the work of producing and exchanging — has come to occupy a very large portion of modern life. It is absorbing the greater portion of the energies of every civilized nation, and is affecting national character and national progress to a degree of which people a hundred years ago never dreamed. It is conducted on an enormous scale; the operations of great manufacturers and great merchants now cover the whole earth; and on the principles on which these operations are conducted the happiness and progress of the masses are in a great degree — every day in a greater degree — dependent. The great commercial problems of our time require for their solution an amount of judgment,

foresight, grasp, and comprehension of details, such as only statesmen in the last century were called upon to display. The laws of trade may, as feudal usages and traditions lose their power, be said to be the laws of modern society. Now, to have the larger portion of the population of every country, as the working classes now are, prevented by the circumstances of their lives from taking any interest in, or attempting the solution of, the problems presented by these laws cannot but be regarded as a great loss and misfortune.

Until the working classes take an intelligent and active part, that is, participate with their heads as well as their hands, in the industrial operations of the day, our social condition must be pronounced unsound. No amount of book-learning they can possibly acquire can complete their social training. In industry as in politics, practical acquaintance with its workings, and the habit of solving its difficulties, are essential to a correct understanding of it. Non-electors are generally poor politicians, and are apt to have few of the qualities which make a man an intelligent citizen; so also hired men are apt to be very indifferent "business men," and have a very vague conception of the course of conduct which will best promote their interests, and of the remote consequences of their acts, and of the relations of their interests to those of society. You may deliver lectures on political economy to the working classes as much as you please: they will perhaps listen to you, but they will always either misunderstand you or distrust you, till they have themselves had practical experience of its working; and this they cannot have as long as their part in life consists simply in spending a certain number of hours every day in a factory, as a means of drawing a fixed sum of money at the end of every week. At present the great industrial operations in which they physically participate are directed by the great employers of labor; and although the workman's bread is dependent on the master's prudence and ability, he knows nothing about either one or other; and when the master's recklessness or dishonesty bring on a financial crash, the working classes, on whom the heaviest burden of the woe falls, meet their fate in blind and helpless ignorance of its causes. They learn no lesson from it, and when they begin over again they have neither the

knowledge nor power to prevent a repetition of the catastrophe. Nobody can consider this a healthy condition of society. Modern society will never be sound until the heads as well as hands of all its members are engaged in its operations and laboring for its prosperity, until all the springs of human activity are brought into play for its benefit.

The manner in which workingmen secure an increase in their wages seems to us very much more important than the increase itself, for it is lamentably true that high wages are not always, not even generally, accompanied or followed by great economy or sobriety or industry. In other words, morality and self-restraint do not increase in the ratio of wages. It is found in England, in fact, that drunkenness, with all its attendant misery, is more prevalent in the more highly paid trades than in the lower. The English iron-puddlers, who are amongst the most highly paid, are greatly given to drink, and live in squalor. Mr. Chadwick, in a paper read two years ago before the English Social Science Association, mentioned the case of a coal-dealer near Manchester, who refused to give credit to any man who earned more than twenty-four shillings a week, because he found from experience that if he did he never got paid. We ought to add, however, that competent observers testify that, generally, the trades in which drunkenness is most prevalent are those in which the labor is most exhausting. Still, it is nevertheless true that character does not depend on the rate of wages. In other words, the important question for reformers is, not whether workingmen cannot obtain more money, but whether they cannot obtain more money in a better way, — in a way which will bring more of their faculties into exercise, and supply them with a higher class of motives of conduct than those by which they are now animated. This question the co-operative movement seems likely to solve, and we know of nothing else that seems likely to do so. We should be sorry to depreciate, or appear to depreciate, the power of even that amount of school education the man who has to work for a living with his hands can expect to receive ; but I do not believe that it can ever, until science has done vastly more than it has yet done to lighten his labors, do very much for him, apart

from practical acquaintance with the business of life. This he has not got, and, as a hired man, he cannot get. The Trades Unions, by giving him affairs to manage, by giving him practice in organization, by making him familiar with the difficulties which human nature, human prejudices, human weaknesses, social traditions, throw in the way of the practical realization of social theories, have done much towards making him what is called a "business man," but very little compared with what remains to be done. We all know what a business man is, what are the peculiarities of his character and of his faculties; and although the predominance of his peculiarities is not to be considered a desirable thing in a community, it is safe to say that no sound progress is possible in any community in which these qualities are not generally diffused. If they are confined to the capitalist class, there must always be an enormous deal of work left for government to do; and a large portion of it must be ill done, and a large amount of energy wasted in simply keeping ignorance and delusion from working mischief.

The varying shape which the co-operative movement has taken, in the countries in which it may be said to flourish, has been strikingly illustrative either of social and industrial condition or of working-class character, — a fact which lends it a good deal of its interest, and proves its claim to be considered a real social revolution. In Germany, for instance, where it has reached, as we have already mentioned, enormous dimensions, manufacturing industry cannot as yet be said to be conducted on a great scale. There are few great industrial cities, such as are found in France and England and this country, in which capital and labor are both concentrated, and in which the working classes are to be found in masses. The workingmen there, instead of being crowded in great factories and workshops, do most of their work in their own homes. Traces of the guild system, too, still exist amongst them, doing much to repress enterprise and initiative. Accordingly, as might have been expected *a priori*, if what we have said as to the influence of the great manufacturing towns in developing the mental activity of the workingmen be true, the co-operative movement in Germany has not come from the workingmen. It has originated, not below, but above. It may be said to owe its existence

in the main to one man, a member of the middle class, a Prussian magistrate, M. Schultze-Delitsch. His interest in the working classes, previous to 1848, exposed him to the suspicion of the government after the outbreak of that unfortunate year, and he was relegated to a remote post on the borders of Russia, where, however, his humane enterprise did not flag. He soon after resigned his office, and has ever since devoted his whole life and whole energies to the diffusion of co-operative banks, with a patience, a perseverance, an enthusiasm, and at the same time a comprehension of the nature of the difficulties with which he had to contend, which have had few if any parallels in the history of philanthropy. At the outset of his labors, too, he had to contend with an adversary (M. Lasalle) whose zeal was as great as his own, and whose eloquence was greater, and who presented himself to the workingman armed with the most specious and dangerous of all doctrines, — a doctrine, too, which workingmen in all countries, in the present state of their economical knowledge, find very attractive, — that improvement in their condition must be worked by the state; and that, if they need credit, the government ought to supply it. The debates between the two adversaries were long, and the result often doubtful. M. Lasalle showed easily that government loans would come at once; that the growth of co-operative banks would necessarily be slow, their establishment would exact long and painful sacrifices, and their success be doubtful. All this M. Schultze-Delitsch could not deny; all he could say was, that co-operative banks would be the workmen's own; and that in establishing them they would cultivate the virtues of prudence, order, self-denial, and self-reliance; and, to the honor of human nature be it said, he carried the day. M. Lasalle was beaten out of the field. All claim to, or expectation of, government assistance was given up; the co-operative banks spread, and have proved a splendid success; and there is not one of them which is not the result of the voluntary saving. A year ago, the workingmen of the various associations raised in Germany a large sum ($ 20,000) by subscription, and presented it to M. Schultze, in testimony of their gratitude and esteem. He retained $ 5,000 for the purchase of a small country place, and handed

the rest over to the associations, to be expended for the common recreation or improvement of the members.

The Schultze-Delitsch system is based on the theory, which the facts in Germany justified, that what the workingman most needs is credit, — some means of getting money to provide himself with tools and materials, or to pay his rent, or to carry him over periods of sickness, without forcing him to sell his goods, when the only security he had to offer was what no other moneyed institutions in existence would accept, — his character. The capital stock was to be made up in part by the savings of members of the association, partly by loans from the general public. In other words, the aim of this system is to supply individual workmen with capital.

The process as actually in operation is this: Every member is obliged to make a certain weekly payment into the common stock. As soon as it reaches a certain sum, he is allowed to raise a loan, exceeding his share in the inverse ratio of the amount of his deposit. For instance, after he has deposited one dollar, he is allowed to borrow five or six; but if he had deposited twenty dollars, he is allowed only to borrow thirty. The security he is compelled to offer is his own and that of two other members of the association, who become jointly and severally liable. He may have no assets whatever beyond the amount of his deposits, nor may his guarantors; the bank relies simply on the character of the three, and the two securities rely on the character of their principal; and the remarkable fact is, that the security has been found sufficient, that the interest of the men in the institutions, and the fear of the opinion of their fellows, has produced a display of honesty and punctuality such as perhaps is not to be found in the history of any other banking institutions. Such is the confidence inspired by these institutions, that they hold on deposit or as loans from third parties an amount exceeding by more than three fourths the total amount of their own capital. The monthly contribution of the members may be as low as ten cents; but the amount which each member is allowed to have in some banks is not more than seven or eight dollars, in none more than three hundred dollars. He has a right to borrow to the full amount of his deposit, without giving

security; if he desires to borrow a larger sum, he must furnish security in the manner we have described. The liability of the members is unlimited. The plan of limiting the liability to the amount of the capital deposited was tried at first; but it inspired no confidence, and the enterprise did not succeed till every member was made generally liable. Each member on entering is obliged to pay a small fee, which goes towards forming or maintaining a reserve fund, apart from the active capital. The profits are derived from the interest paid by borrowers, which amounts to from eight to ten per cent, — which may not sound very large in our ears, but in Germany is very high. Not over five per cent is paid on capital borrowed from outsiders. All profits are distributed in dividends amongst the members of the association, in the proportion of the amount of their deposits, after the payment of the expenses of management, of course, and the apportionment of a certain percentage to the reserve fund. Every member, as we have said, has a right to borrow to the extent of his deposit without security; but then if he seeks to borrow more, whether he shall obtain any loan, and if so, how large a one, is decided by the board of management, who are guided in making their decision, just as all bank officers are, by a consideration of the circumstances of the bank as well as of those of the borrower. All the affairs of the association are discussed and decided in the last resort by a general assembly composed of all the members.

In France, the condition of industry, and of the workingman's mind, has given a different character to the origin of the movement. The French workman frets under what he considers the social degradation of the wages system, and he is full of fraternal feeling. He feels deeply for his class, is ready to sacrifice himself for it with enthusiasm, and is ruled by ideas to a degree unknown in any other country. Before 1848 he was a Communist, but a political communist; he expected his regeneration to come from the government, and was convinced that it was the duty of the state to find work for all who needed it, exacting from each, according to the received formula of the sect, according to his capacity, and giving him according to his wants. The failure of Louis

Blanc's national workshops in 1848 was a cruel blow to thousands, but it served the purpose of a lesson, and it proved an invaluable lesson. It utterly destroyed the workingman's reliance on the state, and taught him that, if he was to quit the condition of a hireling at all, it must be through his own exertions. A large number of co-operative associations were formed during the first year of the Republic, and a sum of three millions of francs was voted by the Constituent Assembly to start them in business; but it is a remarkable fact that not one of them succeeded. The state aid acted like a curse to them; and there is not a single association now in existence which did not originate in the combination of a few poor and friendless men, with capital created by contributions of a few francs each, and which was not upheld through weary months, and often through weary years, at the cost almost of starvation to its members. There was one very successful co-operative store in operation at Lyons, at the time of the *coup d'état* in 1851; but all associations of workingmen after that event excited the suspicion of the government, and this one, the first and most successful of its kind, was summarily suppressed by General Castellane, then in command of the district. A touching letter of remonstrance, forwarded to him by the association, was returned to the writers unopened, and he refused to receive a deputation which waited for some days at his head-quarters. After the dictatorial fever had subsided, it was enabled to resume operations; and several co-operative stores are now in operation in the South of France, and are generally successful. But the co-operative stores do not seem to have spread widely in France as yet. The co-operative store is, after all, only a means of enabling the workingman to save from his wages. The French workman wants to get rid of wages altogether, — to be his own master, and to change completely the social status of the class to which he belongs. Consequently, the majority of the French societies are, and have been from the outset, manufacturing associations. Nobody who follows their history can avoid seeing that, as might have been expected on *a priori* grounds, the great difficulty of all the associations is the difficulty of management. In order to insure success, there has to be at

the head of affairs a shrewd and capable man of business, and he has to be supported by members with more or less business experience. Now the business of production is the most difficult kind of business. Raw materials have to be bought at the lowest price, worked up with economy, and sold at the right time, in order to keep the concern agoing; and this requires a combination of qualities which are as yet not readily found amongst workingmen.

The opening of co-operative stores, as the form of co-operation needing least business skill and experience, is what the shrewder friends of the movement have, ever since the success of the now famous Rochdale Pioneers, recommended as the most desirable form to commence with. The risk is small, the sphere of operations limited, and, beyond accuracy in keeping accounts, few qualities are needed which members of the working classes do not possess in abundance. The members of most of the successful producing associations now in existence in England received their training in the management of co-operative stores started simply for the purpose of supplying cheap and good provisions to the members. But it was not because they were considered likely to furnish experience for higher and more complicated operations that these stores were first established in England. The real reason, we take it, was that the English workingman is more sober-minded, more practical, more prosaic, less influenced by ideas, less possessed by "the enthusiasm of humanity," than the Frenchman. The English began with stores, because it was the easiest thing to do, and because they wanted cheap flour and bacon; the success of the principle, and its capabilities as since revealed, have probably astonished nobody so much as the pioneers themselves. But the results have been magnificent; and the experience of the English co-operators proves, we think conclusively, that, as a general rule, the proper and only sure path of progress is from co-operation for consumption to co-operation for production. The virtues needed for the vast and complicated work of production and distribution are best acquired in this way; and as soon as the workingmen have shown the power, as they have both in England and Germany, of creating capital by their savings, and using it in suc-

cessful competition in nearly every field of manufacturing industry, there is nothing for which they may not co-operate. There are now in these two countries co-operative lecture and music halls, gymnasiums, libraries, gardens; and, in fact, there is hardly any comfort or luxury enjoyed by the wealthier classes which co-operation is not rapidly placing within the reach of workingmen. The movement, too, is spreading with great rapidity, but, as might be expected, somewhat more rapidly than the intelligence or self-restraint of the working classes will justify. A large number of associations are every year formed which do not last over a few months. The hearts of the projectors or their organizing power fail them, and the enterprise dies.

Of co-operation in America we are sorry to have little to say. In fact, the co-operative movement can hardly be said to exist here, although there is plenty of discontent amongst the working classes. There are one or two associations for production in New York, but they are in an inchoate condition. There is, we believe, a very successful Hatters' Association in Newark, New Jersey, but they keep their affairs to themselves, and seem to be in no way anxious for the diffusion of the movement. The same thing may be said of the Associated Founders in Troy. The system has made little progress in the West. Some general conclusions which may be drawn from the history of the co-operative movement in Europe will throw some light both on the cause of its tardy growth in this country and on its future.

The first thought of discontented workmen in all countries is, that the remedy for their grievances must be found in legislation, that the state must mend their condition. Therefore the first thing they do when they get discontented is to agitate for government interference, either by shortening their hours of labor, or by fixing a minimum of wages, or by lending them capital to go into business on their own account. The English workmen passed through this phase in the Chartist agitation of 1848 and the ten preceding years; the French, in the Communist movement of the same period. The German workmen escaped it, mainly owing to the fact, already mentioned, that their first attempt at co-operation did not originate

with themselves, but with a wise and enlightened member of the middle class, under whose guidance they happily continued to act. We see the counterpart of all this in the eight-hour agitation here, and in the wild talk indulged in at what are called Labor Congresses.

The next stage is the Trades Unions. The great body of the workingmen in England and here are still in this stage. This is a form of co-operation, but it is co-operation for intimidation and coercion; and, although some of these combinations are conducted with great skill, and, considering their power, with great moderation, they have, beyond furnishing the workingman with a little experience in co-operation, rendered him only one service, — that of enabling him to bargain with his employer on equal terms; but they have produced, and are producing, evils which far more than counterbalance their services. If we did not believe that they, too, are only a passing phase of working-class progress, and will disappear before the increase of knowledge and self-restraint, we should regard their existence as a great misfortune, as one of the most ingenious means of debasing the workingman's character ever invented. They unquestionably promote insubordination, want of punctuality, sluggishness, and indifference, and systematically repress excellence and ambition. We do not believe they will last very long in their present form: but it is to them that the thoughts of the American workman are now turned; and as long as he is satisfied — as we trust he will not continue to be — with simply getting high wages for little and bad work, he will not look elsewhere. He will probably, however, find out soon that the abuse of the Trades Unions, by lessening production, lessens wages.

The small amount of interest in the general diffusion and progress of the movement displayed by the few co-operative associations now in existence is doubtless due, in great measure, to the small amount of class feeling which exists in this country. There is little or none of that sense of isolation from the rest of the community which pervades the working classes in Europe, and which, as it were, forces them into harmony, and infuses into them a veritable *esprit de corps*, and a veritable loyalty to their class as a class. The suc-

cessful Newark hatters, therefore, probably do not in the least look on themselves as pioneers or evangelists. They probably think they are simply a party of citizens who have hit on a good plan of doing business, which they would be very sorry to have widely known; and regard their association as simply a new kind of joint-stock company. This is, however, simply speculation, and we may be doing them injustice. We offer this view as an explanation of a somewhat striking phenomenon; and it derives some support from the fact that there has already appeared among the more successful associations in France and England a strong tendency to capitalist feeling and exclusiveness. The practice of refusing all share in profits to newcomers, and employing them simply as hired workmen at wages, has shown itself in more than one association; but this practice is generally denounced as treason to the order and to the movement, and has in many cases been abandoned.

The movement will spread, we think, in the ratio of the spread of education and sobriety amongst workingmen. A great promoter of intelligence and virtue, it needs, from the start, like republican government, a certain amount of virtue and intelligence to work it. If the progress of the main body should be slow, and the movement should remain where it is at present, — in the hands of the *élite* of the whole body, — there is some danger that its success may prove its ruin; that the growth of the existing associations in wealth and power may convert them simply into money-making corporations, without moral character or moral aims. But we do not fear this very much, although, as we have pointed out, there are some symptoms of it. The spectacle of the success of each association of course exercises an educating influence on those who do not belong to it as well as on those who do.

However, the mass of the capital of the world being in the hands of individuals, — and being, in the nature of things, likely for the present to remain there, let the success of the co-operative movement be what it may, — capitalists will always continue to play a leading part in industry. They will perhaps, in many cases, lend money to co-operators; but the services of a great body of them as superintendents of labor will be too valuable to be dispensed with, and it seems there-

fore likely that "industrial partnerships," as they are called, — that is, the admission of the laborer to a certain share in the employer's profits, either in lieu of fixed wages or in addition to fixed wages, — which have been in many cases tried in England with remarkable success, will spread more rapidly than co-operative associations, and will, for a long time to come, possess attractions for the less enterprising or less economical workmen, such as co-operative associations will be unable to offer. But it is to be observed that the formation of partnerships of this sort will always be much easier and simpler in branches of industry such as mines, in which the labor bears a large proportion to the capital, than in great mills, where the capital invested is enormous, and the amount paid in wages very trifling. But whatever the form which the movement may next take, it is, beyond question, the most important movement of the age.

How to raise the working classes nearer to the level of the rest of the community, in comfort, intelligence, and self-restraint, is now the great problem both of political and social science. As long as it is not solved, nothing is solved, nothing is settled, nothing can be called sure or lasting.

It only remains to notice two objections, which have been recently made to co-operation by economists in this country. We pass by the suggestion that workingmen have not sufficient intelligence and self-restraint either to co-operate amongst themselves or co-operate with their employers by taking a share of profits in lieu of wages. The answer to this is, that the thing has been done, and is now in actual working in so many places that doubts about its possibility, even if based on a hundred failures, are of no more force than doubts about the possibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam, based on the various cases of shipwreck which have occurred since it began. But an idea seems to prevail, and found expression at the recent meeting of the Social Science Association in New York, that co-operation is in some way intended to strike a blow at the principle of competition, and to introduce some new method of determining the rate of wages and price of commodities, and that therefore economists of the strict *laissez-faire* school are justified in pronouncing it visionary. But there could hardly be a greater mistake.

There is nothing, either in the principle on which the co-operative associations are founded or in their practical working, which infringes in the smallest degree on any well-settled economical law. A co-operative association is simply a partnership, in which the partners not only furnish the capital, but the labor. To this there is absolutely no objection whatever to be found in any economical system. It no more involves a repudiation of the principle of competition than the formation of any joint-stock company. Of course, when a certain number of men enter into partnership for the purpose of selling goods or running a stage, instead of each opening a store or running a stage of his own, they give up competition as between themselves, but they do not give it up as regards the rest of the world. The same thing may be said of the co-operative associations. In fact, if co-operative associations are economically unsound, so is every partnership and joint-stock company in existence. Political economy does not require that every individual should compete with every other; it requires simply that each commercial unit, whether that unit be one man or a copartnership or company, shall compete with all the others; or, to speak more correctly, it points this out as the law by which Providence secures the progress of the human race. It is not a law of political economy simply; it is a law of human nature, and the folly of the Communists and Socialists has consisted in the delusion that they could get rid of this law, and substitute one of their own, under which the needful amount of effort would be extracted from the race by simply appealing to the individual interest in the general weal. But no communistic association has ever lived by this theory. Even the Oneida Community, who glory in having everything in common, even wives and children, are very keen traders, and compete with the world outside in the sale of tops and jam, as energetically as any dealer in New York or Boston. Co-operative associations, even if they had absorbed the whole working class and the whole capital of the country, would still be subject to the *régime* of competition. They would have to compete with each other, and their success would depend on the extent to which they could surpass other manufacturers or dealers in skill, industry, and enterprise.

They would still have to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; the good old rule, that the less there is produced the less there will be to divide amongst the producers, would still prevail. What workingmen do in co-operating is to endeavor to be as economical, as industrious, as self-reliant, and as fair-minded as possible; and although we may believe that they will not be economical enough, industrious enough, or self-reliant enough for their purpose, we cannot tell them that they are injuring society or violating the laws of political economy in trying to be so.

The other objection is, that the system is not suited to America. One cannot help thinking that this objection has its root in the feeling, so widely spread, and productive of so much mischief, that America is, in some mysterious manner, an exception to all economical rules, and that therefore lessons drawn from the experience of other countries are of no use to it. Much of the twaddle talked in Congress on financial subjects is due to the prevalence of this theory, and so are many of the blunders and abuses which we witness both in legislation and in administration. The economical difference between this country and Europe consists simply in the fact that the laws of political economy have here freer play than in Europe, but they are the same laws in both. Wherever production is the result of labor and capital, and labor a necessity of existence, and property a fundamental institution, and men love to accumulate it and fear to lose it, the laws of political economy remain the same, for they are in reality the laws of human nature. Moreover, the condition of the workman in this country differs from the condition of the workman in Europe solely in his greater independence of his employer. His relations to his employer are the same in kind. Therefore, to be strictly accurate, we ought to say, not that the co-operative system is not suited to America, but that it is not so necessary in America as in Europe. That its establishment here is desirable, and highly desirable, is proved by the fact that the relations of labor and capital are notoriously in an unsatisfactory condition; that, what with strikes and Trades Unions, the losses in all branches of business every year is enormous; that the proportion of production to labor is every year decreasing in all trades in which machinery

is not used; and that the workingmen are being steadily demoralized by the means to which they have resorted to enable themselves to extract from their employers what they think their fair share of profits, and that their attempts to embody their delusions in legislation threaten to produce, not only great political, but great economical derangement. In fact, nothing is clearer than that the wages system, — the complete separation of labor and capital, — has not really succeeded here any better than in Europe. That it should seem to succeed better is simply due to the fact that the scarcity of labor and the abundance of waste land enable workmen to escape from it, or make their own terms under it somewhat more readily.

That co-operation would have greater difficulties to contend with here than in Europe we readily grant. The union, harmony, and self-sacrifice which it requires would not be enforced here by the sanctions of suffering and dependence and hopelessness outside of it, by which they are enforced in Europe. Workingmen here would submit to its needful restraints less readily than in Europe, for the same reason that they submit to all restraints less readily. Associations, too, would run a risk of being converted into political clubs, which in Europe they do not run, or run only in a less degree. But, on the other hand, the habit of association is stronger here than it is in Europe. Intelligence and self-reliance are more widely diffused; hope, too, is more powerful, and social ambition more of a living force amongst the working classes. Therefore, although co-operative associations may be less needed here than in the Old World, and have some difficulties to contend with here which they do not meet with there, they have also advantages here which they have not there. Whatever claim to consideration they derive from the general disturbance of the relation of wages to capital, they possess in nearly as strong a degree here as abroad, as any one may satisfy himself by asking employers of labor in any of the great fields of industry — such as shipbuilding, mining, iron-foundries, and building — what their experience of the wages system has been during the last seven years.

Edwin L. Godkin.

ART. VII. — 1. *Salem Witchcraft, with an Account of Salem Village, and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and Kindred Subjects.* By CHARLES W. UPHAM. Boston: Wiggin and Lunt. 1867. 2 vols.

2. IOANNIS WIERI *de praestigiis daemonum, et incantationibus ac veneficiis libri sex, postrema editione sexta aucti et recogniti. Accessit liber apologeticus et pseudomonarchia daemonum. Cum rerum et verborum copioso indice.* Cum Caes. Maiest. Regisq; Galliarum gratia et privelegio. Basiliæ ex officina Oporiniani, 1583.

3. SCOT'S *Discovery of Witchcraft: proving the common opinions of Witches contracting with Divels, Spirits, or Familiars; and their power to kill, torment, and consume the bodies of men, women, and children, or other creatures by diseases or otherwise; their flying in the Air, &c.; To be but imaginary Erronious conceptions and novelties; Wherein also the lewde, unchristian practises of Witchmongers, upon aged, melancholy, ignorant and superstitious people in extorting confessions by inhumane terrors and Tortures, is notably detected. Also The knavery and confederacy of Conjurors. The impious blasphemy of Inchanters. The imposture of Soothsayers, and infidelity of Atheists. The delusion of Pythonists, Figure-casters, Astrologers, and vanity of Dreamers. The fruitlesse beggarly art of Alchimistry. The horrible art of Poisoning and all the tricks and conveyances of juggling and liegerdemain are fully deciphered. With many other things opened that have long lain hidden: though very necessary to be known for the undeceiving of Judges, Justices, and Juries, and for the preservation of poor, aged, deformed, ignorant people; frequently taken, arraigned, condemned and executed for Witches, when according to a right understanding, and a good conscience, Physick, Food, and necessaries should be administered to them. Whereunto is added a treatise upon the nature and substance of Spirits and Divels &c. all written and published in Anno* 1584. By REGINALD SCOT, Esquire. Printed by R. C. and are to be sold by Giles Calvert dwelling at the Black Spread-Eagle, at the West-End of Pauls, 1651.

4. *De la Demonomanie des Sorciers.* A MONSEIGNEUR M.

Chrestofe de Thou, Chevalier, Seigneur de Cœli, premier President en la Cour de Parlement et Conseiller du Roy en son privé Conseil. Reveu, Corrigé, et augmenté d'une grande partie. Par I. Bodin Angevin. A Paris: Chez Iacques Du Puys, Libraire Iuré, à la Samaritaine. M.D.LXXXVII. Avec privilege du Roy.

5. *Magica, seu mirabilium historiarum de Spectris et Apparitionibus spirituum: Item, de magicis et diabolicis incantationibus. De Miraculis, Oraculis, Vaticiniis, Divinationibus, Prædictionibus, Revelationibus et aliis eiusmodi multis ac varijs præstigijs, ludibrijs et imposturis malorum Dæmonum.* Libri II. Ex probatis et fide dignis historiarum scriptoribus diligenter collecti. Islebiæ, cura, Typis et sumptibus Henningi Grossij Bibl. Lipo. 1597. Cum privilegio.
6. *The displaying of supposed Witchcraft wherein is affirmed that there are many sorts of Deceivers and Impostors, and divers persons under a passive Delusion of Melancholy and Fancy. But that there is a corporeal league made betwixt the Devil and the Witch, or that he sucks on the Witchis body, has carnal copulation, or that Witches are turned into Cats, Dogs, raise Tempests or the like is utterly denied and disproved. Wherein is also handled, The existence of Angels and Spirits, the truth of Apparitions, the Nature of Astral and Sydereal Spirits, the force of Charms and Philters; with other abstruse matters.* By John Webster, Practitioner in Physick. *Falsa etenim opiniones Hominum non solum surdos sed et cœcos faciunt, ita ut videre nequeant quæ aliis perspicua apparent.* Galen. lib. 8, de Comp. Med. London: Printed by I. M. and are be sold by the booksellers in London. 1677.
7. *Sadducismus Triumphatus: or Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions. In two Parts. The First treating of their Possibility; the Second of their Real Existence.* By Joseph Glanvil, late Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society. The third edition. The advantages whereof above the former, the Reader may understand out of Dr H. More's Account prefixed thereunto. With two Authentick, but wonderful Stories of certain Swedish Witches. Done into English by A. Horneck DD. London, Printed for S. L. and are to be sold by Anth.

Baskerville at the Bible, the corner of Essex-street, without Temple-Bar. M.DCLXXXIX.

8. *Demonologie ou Traitte des Demons et Sorciers : De leur puissance et impuissance :* Par Fr. Perraud. Ensemble L'Antidemon de Mascon, ou Histoire Veritable de ce qu'un Demon a fait et dit, il y a quelques années en la maison dudit Sr Perreaud à Mascon. I. Jacques iv. 7, 8. *Resistez au Diable, et il s'enfuira de vous. Approchez vous de Dieu, et il s'approchera de vous.* A Geneve, chez Pierre Aubert. M,DC,LIII.

9. *The Wonders of the Invisible World. Being an account of the tryals of several witches lately executed in New-England.* By Cotton Mather, D. D. *To which is added a farther account of the tryals of the New England Witches.* By Increase Mather, D. D., President of Harvard College. London : John Russell Smith, Soho Square. 1862. (First printed in Boston, 1692.)

10. I. N. D. N. J. C. *Dissertatio Juridica de Lamiis earumque processu criminali,* Von Hexen und dem peinl. Prozeß wider dieſelben. *Quam, auxiliante Divina Gratia, Consensu et Authoritate Magnifici JCtorum Ordinis in illustribus Athenis Salanis sub præsidio Magnifici, Nobilissimi, Amplissimi, Consultissimi, atque Excellentissimi.* Dn Ernesti Frider. Schröter hereditarii in Wickerſtädt, JCti et Antecessoris hujus Salanæ Famigeratissimi, Consiliarii Saxonici, Curiæ Provincialis, Facultatis Juridicæ, et Scabinatus Assessoris longe Gravissimi, Domini Patroni, Præceptoris et Promotoris sui nullo non honoris et observantiæ cultu sanctè devenerandi, colendi, publicæ Eruditorum censuræ subjicit Michael Paris Walburger, Grœbzigâ Anhaltinus, in Acroaterio JCtorum ad diem 1. Maj. A. 1670. Editio Tertia. Jenæ, Typis Pauli Ehrichii. 1707.

11. *Histoire de Diables de Loudun, ou de la Possession des Religieuses Ursulines, et de la condemnation et du suplice d' Urbain Grandier, Curé de la même ville. Cruels effets de la Vengeance du Cardinal de Richelieu.* A Amsterdam Aux depens de la Compagnie. M.DCC.LII.

12. *A view of the Invisible World, or General History of Apparitions. Collected from the best Authorities, both Antient and Modern, and attested by Authors of the highest Reputation and*

Credit. Illustrated with a Variety of Notes and parallel Cases; in which some Account of the Nature and Cause of Departed Spirits visiting their former Stations by returning again into the present World, is treated in a Manner different to the prevailing Opinions of Mankind. And an Attempt is made from Rational Principles to account for the Species of such supernatural Appearances, when they may be suppos'd consistent with the Divine Appointment in the Government of the World. With the sentiments of Monsieur Le Clerc, *Mr.* Locke, *Mr.* Addison, *and Others on this important Subject. In which some humorous and diverting instances are remark'd, in order to divert that Gloom of Melancholy that naturally arises in the Human Mind, from reading or meditating on such Subjects.* Illustrated with suitable Cuts. London: Printed in the year M,DCC,LII. [Mainly from DeFoe's "History of Apparitions."]

13. *Satan; Invisible World discovered; or, a choice Collection of Modern Relations, proving evidently, against the Atheists of this present Age, that there are Devils, Spirits, Witches and Apparitions, from Authentic Records, Attestations of Witnesses, and undoubted Verity. To which is added that marvellous History of Major Weir and his Sister, the Witches of Balgarran, Pittenweem and Calder, &c.* By George Sinclair, late Professor of Philosophy in Glasgow. *No man should be vain that he can injure the merit of a Book; for the meanest rogue may burn a City or kill a Hero; whereas he could never build the one, or equal the other.* Sir George M'Kenzie. Edinburgh: Sold by P. Anderson, Parliament Square. M.DCC.LXXX.

14. *La Magie et l'Astrologie dans l'Antiquité et au Moyen Age, ou Étude sur les superstitions païennes qui se sont perpétuées jusqu'à nos jours.* Par L. F. Alfred Maury. Troisième Edition revue et corrigée. Paris: Didier. 1864.

Credulity, as a mental and moral phenomenon, manifests itself in widely different ways, according as it chances to be the daughter of fancy or terror. The one lies warm about the heart as Folk-love, fills moonlit dells with dancing fairies, sets out a meal for the Brownie, hears the tinkle of airy bridle-bells

as Tamlane rides away with the Queen of Dreams, changes Pluto and Proserpine into Oberon and Titania, and makes friends with unseen powers as Good Folk; the other is a bird of night, whose shadow sends a chill among the roots of the hair: it sucks with the vampire, gorges with the ghoule, is choked by the night-hag, pines away under the witch's charm, and commits uncleanness with the embodied Principle of Evil, giving up the fair realm of innocent belief to a murky throng from the slums and stews of the debauched brain. Both have vanished from among educated men, and such superstition as comes to the surface now-a-days is the harmless Jacobitism of sentiment, pleasing itself with the fiction all the more because there is no exacting reality behind it to impose a duty or demand a sacrifice. And as Jacobitism survived the Stuarts, so this has outlived the dynasty to which it professes an after-dinner allegiance. It nails a horseshoe over the door, but keeps a rattle by its bedside to summon a more substantial watchman; it hangs a crape on the beehives to get a taste of ideal sweetness, but obeys the teaching of the latest bee-book for material and marketable honey. This is the æsthetic variety of the malady, or rather, perhaps, it is only the old complaint robbed of all its pain and lapped in waking dreams by the narcotism of an age of science. To the world at large it is not undelightful to see the poetical instincts of friends and neighbors finding some other vent than that of verse. But there has been a superstition of very different fibre, of more intense and practical validity, the deformed child of faith, peopling the midnight of the mind with fearful shapes and phrenetic suggestions, a monstrous brood of its own begetting, and making even good men ferocious in imagined self-defence.

Imagination has always been, and still is, in a narrower sense, the great mythologizer; but both its mode of manifestation and the force with which it reacts on the mind are one thing in its crude form of childlike wonder, and another thing after it has been more or less consciously manipulated by the poetic faculty. A mythology that broods over us in our cradles, that mingles with the lullaby of the nurse and the winter-evening legends of the chimney-corner, that brightens day with the

possibility of divine encounters, and darkens night with intimations of demonic ambushes, is of other substance than one which we take down from our bookcase, sapless as the shelf it stood on, and remote from all present sympathy with man or nature as a town history. It is something like the difference between live metaphor and dead personification. Primarily, the action of the imagination is the same in the mythologizer and the poet, that is, it forces its own consciousness on the objects of the senses, and compels them to sympathize with its own momentary impressions. When Shakespeare in his "Lucrece" makes

"The threshold grate the door to have him heard,"

his mind is acting under the same impulse that first endowed with human feeling and then with human shape all the invisible forces of nature, and called into being those

"Fair humanities of old religion,"

whose loss the poets mourn. So also Shakespeare no doubt projected himself in his own creations; but those creations never became so perfectly disengaged from him, so objective, or, as they used to say, extrinsecal, to him, as to react upon him like real and even alien existences. I mean permanently, for momentarily they may and must have done so. But before man's consciousness had wholly disentangled itself from outward objects, all nature was but a many-sided mirror which gave back to him a thousand images more or less beautified or distorted, magnified or diminished, of himself, till his imagination grew to look upon its own incorporations as having an independent being. Thus, by degrees, it became at last passive to its own creations. You may see imaginative children every day anthropomorphizing in this way, and the dupes of that superabundant vitality in themselves, which bestows qualities proper to itself on everything about them. There is a period of development in which grown men are childlike. In such a period the fables which endow beasts with human attributes first grew up; and we luckily read them so early as never to become suspicious of any absurdity in them. The Finnic epos of "Kalewala" is a curious illustration of the same fact. In that everything has the affections,

passions, and consciousness of men. When the mother of Lemminkäinen is seeking her lost son, —

> "Sought she many days the lost one,
> Sought him ever without finding;
> Then the roadways come to meet her,
> And she asks them with beseeching:
> 'Roadways, ye whom God hath shapen,
> Have ye not my son beholden,
> Nowhere seen the golden apple,
> Him, my darling staff of silver?'
> Prudently they gave her answer,
> Thus to her replied the roadways:
> 'For thy son we cannot plague us,
> We have sorrows too, a many,
> Since our own lot is a hard one
> And our fortune is but evil,
> By dog's feet to be run over,
> By the wheel-tire to be wounded,
> And by heavy heels down-trampled.'"

It is in this tendency of the mind under certain conditions to confound the objective with subjective, or rather to mistake the one for the other, that Mr. Tylor, in his "Early History of Mankind," is fain to seek the origin of the supernatural, as we somewhat vaguely call whatever transcends our ordinary experience. And this, no doubt, will in many cases account for the particular shapes assumed by certain phantasmal appearances, though I am inclined to doubt whether it be a sufficient explanation of the abstract phenomenon. It is easy for the arithmetician to make a key to the problems that he has devised to suit himself. An immediate and habitual confusion of the kind spoken of is insanity; and the hypochondriac is tracked by the black dog of his own mind. Disease itself is, of course, in one sense natural, as being the result of natural causes; but if we assume health as the mean representing the normal poise of all the mental faculties, we must be content to call hypochondria subternatural, because the tone of the instrument is lowered, and to designate as supernatural only those ecstasies in which the mind, under intense but not unhealthy excitement, is snatched sometimes above itself, as in poets and other persons of imaginative temperament. In poets this liability to be possessed by the creations of their own

brains is limited and proportioned by the artistic sense, and the imagination thus truly becomes the shaping faculty, while in less regulated or coarser organizations it dwells forever in the *Nifelheim* of phantasmagoria and dream, a thaumaturge half cheat, half dupe. What Mr. Tylor has to say on this matter is ingenious and full of valuable suggestion, and to a certain extent solves our difficulties. Nightmare, for example, will explain the testimony of witnesses in trials for witchcraft, that they had been hag-ridden by the accused. But to prove the possibility, nay, the probability, of this confusion of objective with subjective is not enough. It accounts very well for such apparitions as those which appeared to Dion, to Brutus, and to Curtius Rufus. In such cases the imagination is undoubtedly its own *doppel-gänger*, and sees nothing more than the projection of its own deceit. But I am puzzled, I confess, to explain the appearance of the *first* ghost, especially among men who thought death to be the end-all here below. The thing once conceived of, it is easy, on Mr. Tylor's theory, to account for all after the first. If it was originally believed that only the spirits of those who had died violent deaths were permitted to wander,* the conscience of a remorseful murderer may have been haunted by the memory of his victim, till the imagination, infected in its turn, gave outward reality to the image on the inward eye. After putting to death Boëtius and Symmachus, it is said that Theodoric saw in the head of a fish served at his dinner the face of Symmachus, grinning horribly and with flaming eyes, whereupon he took to his bed and died soon after in great agony of mind. It is not safe, perhaps, to believe all that is reported of an Arian; but, supposing the story to be true, there is but a short step from such a delusion of the senses to the complete ghost of popular legend. But, in some of the most trustworthy stories of apparitions, they have shown themselves not only to persons who had done them no wrong in the flesh, but also to such as had never even known them. The *eidolon* of James Haddock appeared to a man named Taverner, that he might interest himself in recovering a piece of land unjustly kept from the dead man's infant son. If we may trust Defoe, Bishop

* Lucian, in his "Liars," puts this opinion into the mouth of Arignotus.

Jeremy Taylor twice examined Taverner, and was convinced of the truth of his story. In this case, Taverner had formerly known Haddock. But the apparition of an old gentleman which entered the learned Dr. Scott's study, and directed him where to find a missing deed needful in settling what had lately been its estate in the West of England, chose for its attorney in the business an entire stranger, who had never even seen its original in the flesh.

Whatever its origin, a belief in spirits seems to have been common to all the nations of the ancient world who have left us any record of themselves. Ghosts began to walk early, and are walking still, in spite of the shrill cock-crow of *wir haben ja dafgeklärt*. Even the ghost in chains, which one would naturally take to be a fashion peculiar to convicts escaped from purgatory, is older than the belief in that reforming penitentiary. The younger Pliny tells a very good story to this effect: "There was at Athens a large and spacious house which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night a noise resembling the clashing of iron was frequently heared, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains; at first it seemed at a distance, but approached nearer by degrees; immediately afterward a spectre appeared, in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with a long beard and dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. . . . . By this means the house was at last deserted, being judged by everybody to be absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up giving notice that it was either to be let or sold. It happened that the philosopher Athenodorus came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, inquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heared the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged that he was more strongly inclined to hire it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the fore part of the house, and, after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind

might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night passed with usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle; however, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased, and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him; it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers; but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and with the light in his hand followed it. The ghost slowly stalked along, as if encumbered with his chains, and, turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus, being thus deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found; for the body, having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrefied and mouldered away from the fetters. The bones, being collected together, were publicly buried, and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more." * This story has such a modern air as to be absolutely disheartening. Are ghosts, then, as incapable of invention as dramatic authors? But the demeanor of Athenodorus has the grand air of the classical period, of one *qui connaît son monde*, and feels the superiority of a living philosopher to a dead Philistine. How far above all modern armament is his prophylactic against his insubstantial fellow-lodger! Now-a-days men take pistols into haunted houses. Sterne, and after him Novalis, discovered that gunpowder made all men equally tall, but Athenodorus had found out that pen and ink establish a superiority in spiritual stature. As men of this world, we feel our dignity exalted by his keeping

* Pliny's Letters, vii. 27. Melmoth's translation.

an ambassador from the other waiting till he had finished his paragraph. Never surely did authorship appear to greater advantage. Athenodorus seems to have been of Hamlet's mind:

> "I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
> And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
> Being a thing immortal, as itself?" *

A superstition, as its name imports, is something that has been left to stand over, like unfinished business, from one session of the world's *witenagemot* to the next. The vulgar receive it implicitly on the principle of *omne ignotum pro possibili*, a theory acted on by a much larger number than is commonly supposed, and even the enlightened are too apt to consider it, if not proved, at least rendered probable by the hearsay evidence of popular experience. Particular superstitions are sometimes the embodiment by popular imagination of ideas that were at first mere poetic figments, but more commonly the degraded and distorted relics of religious beliefs. Dethroned gods, outlawed by the new dynasty, haunted the borders of their old dominions, lurking in forests and mountains, and venturing to show themselves only after nightfall. Grimm and others have detected old divinities skulking about in strange disguises, and living from hand to mouth on the charity of Gammer Grethel and Mère l'Oie. Cast out from Olympus and Asgard, they were thankful for the hospitality of the chimney-corner, and kept soul and body together by an illicit traffic between this world and the other. While Schiller was lamenting the gods of Greece, some of them were nearer neighbors to him than he dreamed; and Heine had the wit to turn them to delightful account,

* Something like this is the speech of Don Juan, after the statue of Don Gonzales has gone out:

> "Pero todas son ideas
> Que da a la imaginacion
> El temor; y temer muertos
> Es muy villano temor.
> Que si un cuerpo noble, vivo,
> Con potencias y razon
> Y con alma no se tema,
> ¿Quien cuerpos muertos temió?"
>
> *El Burlador de Sevilla*, A. iii. s. 15.

showing himself, perhaps, the wiser of the two in saving what he could from the shipwreck of the past for present use on this prosaic Juan Fernandez of a scientific age, instead of sitting down to bewail it. To make the pagan divinities hateful, they were stigmatized as cacodæmons; and as the human mind finds a pleasure in analogy and system, an infernal hierarchy gradually shaped itself as the convenient antipodes and counterpoise of the celestial one. Perhaps at the bottom of it all there was a kind of unconscious manicheism, and Satan, as Prince of Darkness, or of the Powers of the Air, became at last a sovereign, with his great feudatories and countless vassals, capable of maintaining a not unequal contest with the King of Heaven. He was supposed to have a certain power of bestowing earthly prosperity, but he was really, after all, nothing better than a James II. at St. Germains, who could make Dukes of Perth and confer titular fiefs and garters as much as he liked, without the unpleasant necessity of providing any substance behind his shadows. That there should have been so much loyalty to him, under these disheartening circumstances, seems to me, on the whole, creditable to poor human nature. In this case it is due, at least in part, to that instinct of the poor among the races of the North, where there was a long winter, and too often a scanty harvest, — and the poor have been always and everywhere a majority, — which made a deity of Wish. The *Acheronta-movebo* impulse must have been pardonably strong in old women starving with cold and hunger, and fathers with large families and a small winter stock of provision. Especially in the transition period from the old religion to the new, the temptation must have been great to try one's luck with the discrowned dynasty, when the intruder was deaf and blind to claims that seemed just enough, so long as it was still believed that God personally interfered in the affairs of men. On his death-bed, says Piers Plowman,

> "The poore dare plede and prove by reson
> To have allowance of his lord; by the law he it claimeth;
> . . . . .
> Thanne may beggaris as beestes after boote waiten
> That al hir lif han lyved in langour and in defante
> But God sente hem som tyme som manere joye,
> Outher here or ellis where, kynde wolde it nevere."

He utters the common feeling when he says that it were against nature. But when a man has his choice between here and elsewhere, it may be feared that the other world will seem too desperately far away to be waited for when hungry ruin has him in the wind, and the chance on earth is so temptingly near. Hence the notion of a transfer of allegiance from God to Satan, sometimes by a written compact, sometimes with the ceremony by which homage is done to a feudal superior.

Most of the practices of witchcraft — such as the power to raise storms, to destroy cattle, to assume the shape of beasts by the use of certain ointments, to induce deadly maladies in men by waxen images, or love by means of charms and philtres — were inheritances from ancient paganism. But the theory of a compact was the product of later times, the result, no doubt, of the efforts of the clergy to inspire a horror of any lapse into heathenish rites by making devils of all the old gods. Christianity may be said to have invented the soul as an individual entity to be saved or lost; and thus grosser wits were led to conceive of it as a piece of property that could be transferred by deed of gift or sale, duly signed, sealed, and witnessed. The earliest legend of the kind is that of Theophilus, chancellor of the church of Adana in Cilicia, some time during the sixth century. It is said to have been first written by Eutychianus, who had been a pupil of Theophilus, and who tells the story partly as an eyewitness, partly from the narration of his master. The nun Hroswitha first treated it dramatically in the latter half of the tenth century. Some four hundred years later Rutebeuf made it the theme of a French miracle-play. His treatment of it is not without a certain poetic merit. Theophilus has been deprived by his bishop of a lucrative office. In his despair he meets with Saladin, *qui parloit au deable quant il voloit.* Saladin tempts him to deny God and devote himself to the Devil, who, in return, will give him back all his old prosperity and more. He at last consents, signs and seals the contract required, and is restored to his old place by the bishop. But now remorse and terror come upon him; he calls on the Virgin, who, after some demur, compels Satan to bring back his deed from the infernal muniment-chest (which must have been fire-proof beyond any skill of our modern safe-mak-

ers), and the bishop, having read it aloud to the awe-stricken congregation, Theophilus becomes his own man again. In this play, the theory of the devilish compact is already complete in all its particulars. The paper must be signed with the blood of the grantor, who does feudal homage (*or joing tes mains, et si devien mes hom*), and engages to eschew good and do evil all the days of his life. The Devil, however, does not imprint any stigma upon his new vassal, as in the later stories of witch-compacts. The following passage from the opening speech of Theophilus will illustrate the conception to which I have alluded of God as a liege lord against whom one might seek revenge on sufficient provocation, — and the only revenge possible was to rob him of a subject by going over to the great Suzerain, his deadly foe: —

"'N'est riens que por avoir ne face;
Ne pris riens Dieu et sa manace.
Irai me je noier ou pendre?
Ie ne m'en puis pas à Dieu prendre,
C'on ne puet à lui avenir.
. . . . .
Mès il s'est en si haut lien mis,
Por eschiver ses anemis
C'on n'i puet trere ni lancier.
Se or pooie à lui tancier,
Et combattre et escrimir,
La char li feroie fremir.
Or est là sus en son solaz,
Laz! chetis! et je sui ès laz
De Povreté et de Soufrete." *

During the Middle Ages the story became a favorite topic with preachers, while carvings and painted windows tended still further to popularize it, and to render men's minds familiar with the idea which makes the nexus of its plot. The plastic hands of Calderon shaped it into a dramatic poem not surpassed, perhaps hardly equalled, in subtile imaginative quality by any other of modern times.

In proportion as a belief in the possibility of this damnable merchandising with hell became general, accusations of it grew more numerous. Among others, the memory of Pope

* Théatre Français au Moyen Age (Monmerqué et Michel), pp. 139, 140.

Sylvester II. was blackened with the charge of having thus bargained away his soul. All learning fell under suspicion, till at length the very grammar itself (the last volume in the world, one would say, to conjure with) gave to English the word *gramary* (enchantment), and in French became a book of magic, under the alias of *Grimoire*. It is not at all unlikely that, in an age when the boundary between actual and possible was not very well defined, there were scholars who made experiments in this direction, and signed contracts, though they never had a chance to complete their bargain by an actual delivery. I do not recall any case of witchcraft in which such a document was produced in court as evidence against the accused. Such a one, it is true, was ascribed to Grandier, but was not brought forward at his trial. It should seem that Grandier had been shrewd enough to take a bond to secure the fulfilment of the contract on the other side; for we have the document in fac-simile, signed and sealed by Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan, Elimi, Leviathan, and Astaroth, duly witnessed by Baalberith, Secretary of the Grand Council of Demons. Fancy the competition such a state paper as this would arouse at a sale of autographs! Commonly no security appears to have been given by the other party to these arrangements but the bare word of the Devil, which was considered, no doubt, every whit as good as his bond. In most cases, indeed, he was the loser, and showed a want of capacity for affairs equal to that of an average giant of romance. Never was comedy acted over and over with such sameness of repetition as "The Devil is an Ass." In popular legend he is made the victim of some equivocation so gross that any court of equity would have ruled in his favor. On the other hand, if the story had been dressed up by some mediæval Tract Society, the Virgin appears in person at the right moment *ex machina*, and compels him to give up the property he had honestly paid for. One is tempted to ask, Were there no attorneys, then, in the place he came from, of whom he might have taken advice beforehand? On the whole, he had rather hard measure, and it is a wonder he did not throw up the business in disgust. Sometimes, however, he was more lucky, as with the unhappy Dr. Faust; and even so lately as 1695, he came in the shape of a "tall fellow

with black beard and periwig, respectable looking and well dressed," about two o'clock in the afternoon, to fly away with the Maréchal de Luxembourg, which, on the stroke of five, he punctually did as per contract, taking with him the window and its stone framing into the bargain. The clothes and wig of the involuntary aeronaut were, in the handsomest manner, left upon the bed, as not included in the bill of sale. In this case also we have a copy of the articles of agreement, twenty-eight in number, by the last of which the Maréchal renounces God and devotes himself to the enemy. This clause, sometimes the only one, always the most important in such compacts, seems to show that they first took shape in the imagination, while the struggle between Paganism and Christianity was still going on. As the converted heathen was made to renounce his false gods, none the less real for being false, so the renegade Christian must forswear the true Deity. It is very likely, however, that the whole thing may be more modern than the assumed date of Theophilus would imply, and if so, the idea of feudal allegiance gave the first hint, as it certainly modified the particulars, of the ceremonial.

This notion of a personal and private treaty with the Evil One has something of dignity about it that has made it perennially attractive to the most imaginative minds. It rather flatters than mocks our feeling of the dignity of man. As we come down to the vulgar parody of it in the confessions of wretched old women on the rack, our pity and indignation are mingled with disgust. One of the most particular of these confessions is that of Abel de la Rue, convicted in 1584. The accused was a novice in the Franciscan Convent at Meaux. Having been punished by the master of the novices for stealing some apples and nuts in the convent garden, the Devil appeared to him in the shape of a black dog, promising him his protection, and advising him to leave the convent. Not long after going into the sacristy of the convent, he saw a large volume fastened by a chain, and further secured by bars of iron. The name of this book was *Grimoire*. Thrusting his hands through the bars, he contrived to open it, and having read a sentence (which Bodin carefully suppresses), there suddenly appeared to him a man of middle stature, with a pale and very frightful

countenance, clad in a long black robe of the Italian fashion, and with faces of men like his own on his breast and knees. As for his feet they were like those of cows. He could not have been the most agreeable of companions, *ayant le corps et haleine puante*. This man told him not to be afraid, to take off his habit, to put faith in him, and he would give him whatever he asked. Then laying hold of him below the arms, the unknown transported him under the gallows of Meaux, and then said to him with a trembling and broken voice, and having a visage as pale as that of a man who has been hanged, and a very stinking breath, that he should fear nothing, but have entire confidence in him, that he should never want for anything, that his own name was Maître Rigoux, and that he would like to be his master; to which De la Rue made answer that he would do whatever he commanded, and that he wished to be gone from the Franciscans. Thereupon Rigoux disappeared, but returning between seven and eight in the evening, took him round the waist and carried him back to the sacristy, promising to come again for him the next day. This he accordingly did, and told De la Rue to take off his habit, get him gone from the convent, and meet him near a great tree on the high-road from Meaux to Vaulx-Courtois. Rigoux met him there and took him to a certain Maître Pierre, who, after a few words exchanged in an undertone with Rigoux, sent De la Rue to the stable, after his return whence he saw no more of Rigoux. Thereupon Pierre and his wife made him good cheer, telling him that for the love of Maître Rigoux they would treat him well, and that he must obey the said Rigoux, which he promised to do. About two months after, Maître Pierre, who commonly took him to the fields to watch cattle, said to him there that they must go to the Assembly, because he (Pierre) was out of powders, to which he made answer that he was willing. Three days later, about Christmas eve, 1575, Pierre having sent his wife to sleep out of the house, set a long branch of broom in the chimney-corner, and bade De la Rue go to bed, but not to sleep. About eleven, they heard a great noise as of an impetuous wind and thunder in the chimney; which hearing, Maître Pierre told him to dress himself, for it was time to be gone. Then Pierre took some grease from a little box and

anointed himself under the arm-pits, and De la Rue on the palms of his hands, which incontinently felt as if on fire, and the said grease stank like a cat three weeks or a month dead. Then, Pierre and he bestriding the branch, Maître Rigoux took it by the butt and drew it up chimney as if the wind had lifted them. And, the night being dark, he saw suddenly a torch before them lighting them, and Maître Rigoux was gone unless he had changed himself into the said torch. Arrived at a grassy place some five leagues from Vaulx-Courtois, they found a company of some sixty people of all ages, none of whom he knew, except a certain Pierre of Dampmartin and an old woman who was executed, as he had heard, about five years ago for sorcery at Lagny. Then suddenly he noticed that all (except Rigoux, who was clad as before) were dressed in linen, though they had not changed their clothes. Then, at command of the eldest among them, who seemed about eighty, with a white beard and almost wholly bald, each swept the place in front of himself with his broom. Thereupon Rigoux changed into a great he-goat, black and stinking, around whom they all danced backward with their faces outward and their backs towards the goat. They danced about half an hour, and then his master told him they must adore the goat who was the Devil, *et ce fait et dict, veit que ledict Bouc courba ses deux pieds de deuant et leua son cul en haut, et lors que certaines menues graines grosses comme testes d'espingles, qui se conuertissoient en poudres fort puantes, sentant le soulphre et poudre à canon et chair puant mesleés ensemble seroient tombeés sur plusieurs drappeaux en sept doubles.* Then the oldest, and so the rest in order, went forward on their knees and gathered up their cloths with the powders, but first each *se seroit incliné vers le Diable et iceluy baisé en la partie honteuse de son corps.* They went home on their broom, lighted as before. De la Rue confessed also that he was at another assembly on the eve of St. John Baptist. With the powders they could cause the death of men against whom they had a spite, or their cattle. Rigoux before long began to tempt him to drown himself, and, though he lay down, yet rolled him some distance towards the river. It is plain that the poor fellow was mad or half-witted or both. And yet Bodin, the author of the *De Republica*, reckoned one of the

ablest books of that age, believed all this filthy nonsense, and prefixes it to his *Démonomanie*, as proof conclusive of the existence of sorcerers.

This was in 1587. Just a century later, Glanvil, one of the most eminent men of his day, and Henry More, the Platonist, whose memory is still dear to the lovers of an imaginative mysticism, were perfectly satisfied with evidence like that which follows. Elizabeth Styles confessed, in 1664, "that the Devil about ten years since appeared to her in the shape of a handsome Man, and after of a black Dog. That he promised her Money, and that she should live gallantly, and have the pleasure of the World for twelve years, if she would with her Blood sign his Paper, which was to give her soul to him and observe his Laws and that he might suck her Blood. This after Four Solicitations, the Examinant promised him to do. Upon which he pricked the fourth Finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper Joynt (where the Sign at the Examination remained) and with a Drop or two of her Blood, she signed the Paper with an O. Upon this the Devil gave her sixpence and vanished with the Paper. That since he hath appeared to her in the Shape of a *Man*, and did so on *Wednesday* seven-night past, but more usually he appears in the Likeness of a *Dog*, and *Cat*, and a *Fly* like a Millar, in which last he usually sucks in the Poll about four of the Clock in the Morning, and did so *Jan.* 27, and that it is pain to her to be so suckt. That when she hath a desire to do harm she calls the Spirit by the name of *Robin*, to whom, when he appeareth, she useth these words, *O Sathan, give me my purpose.* She then tells him what she would have done. And that he should so appear to her was part of her Contract with him." The Devil in this case appeared as a black (dark-complexioned) man "in black clothes, with a little band," — a very clerical-looking personage. "Before they are carried to their meetings they anoint their Foreheads and Hand-Wrists with an Oyl the Spirit brings them (which smells raw) and then they are carried in a very short time, using these words as they pass, *Thout, tout a tout, throughout and about.* And when they go off from their Meetings they say, *Rentum, Tormentum.* That at every meeting before the Spirit vanisheth away, he appoints the next meeting place and time, and at his

departure there is a foul smell. At their meeting they have usually Wine or good Beer, Cakes, Meat or the like. They eat and drink really when they meet, in their Bodies, dance also and have some Musick. The Man in black sits at the higher end, and *Anne Bishop* usually next him. He useth some words before meat, and none after; his Voice is audible, but very low. The Man in black sometimes plays on a Pipe or Cittern, and the Company dance. At last the Devil vanisheth, and all are carried to their several homes in a short space. At their parting they say, *A Boy! merry meet, merry part!*" Alice Duke confessed "that Anne Bishop persuaded her to go with her into the Churchyard in the Night-time, and being come thither, to go backward round the Church, which they did three times. In their first round they met a Man in black Cloths who went round the second time with them; and then they met a thing in the Shape of a great black Toad which leapt up against the Examinant's Apron. In their third round they met somewhat in the shape of a Rat, which vanished away." She also received sixpence from the Devil, and "her Familiar did commonly suck her right Breast about seven at night in the shape of a little Cat of a dunnish Colour, which is as Smooth as a Want [mole], and when she is suckt, she is in a kind of Trance." Poor Christian Green got only fourpence half-penny for her soul, but her bargain was made some years later than that of the others, and quotations, as the stock-brokers would say, ranged lower. Her familiar took the shape of a hedgehog. Julian Cox confessed that "she had been often tempted by the Devil to be a Witch, but never consented. That one Evening she walkt about a Mile from her own House and there came riding towards her three Persons upon three Broomstaves, born up about a yard and a half from the ground. Two of them she formerly knew, which was a Witch and a Wizzard that were hanged for Witchcraft several years before. The third person she knew not. He came in the shape of a black Man, and tempted her to give him her Soul, or to that effect, and to express it by pricking her Finger and giving her name in her Blood in token of it." On her trial Judge Archer told the jury, "he had heard that a Witch could not repeat that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, viz. *And lead us not into*

temptation, and having this occasion, he would try the Experiment." The jury "were not in the least measure to guide their Verdict according to it, because it was not legal Evidence." Accordingly it was found that the poor old trot could say only, *Lead us into temptation*, or *Lead us not into no temptation.* Probably she used the latter form first, and, finding she had blundered, corrected herself by leaving out both the negatives. The old English double negation seems never to have been heard of by the court. Janet Douglass, a pretended dumb girl, by whose contrivance five persons had been burned at Paisley, in 1677, for having caused the sickness of Sir George Maxwell by means of waxen and other images, having recovered her speech shortly after, declared that she "had some smattering knowledge of the Lord's prayer, which she had heard the witches repeat, it seems, by her vision, in the presence of the Devil; and, at his desire, which they observed, they added to the word *art* the letter *w*, which made it run, 'Our Father which wart in heaven,' by which means the Devil made the application of the prayer to himself." She also showed on the arm of a woman named Campbell "an *invisible* mark which she had gotten from the Devil." The wife of one Barton confessed that she had engaged "in the Devil's service. She renounced her baptism, and did prostrate her body to the foul spirit, and received his mark, and got a new name from him, and was called *Margaratus*. She was asked if she ever had any pleasure in his company? 'Never much,' says she, 'but one night going to a dancing upon Pentland Hills, in the likeness of a rough tanny [tawny] dog, playing on a pair of pipes; the spring he played,' says she, 'was *The silly bit chicken, gar cast it a pickle, and it will grow meikle.*'"* In 1670, near seventy of both sexes, among them fifteen children were executed for witchcraft at the village of Mohra in Sweden. Thirty-six children between the ages of nine and sixteen were sentenced to be scourged with rods on the palm of their hands, once a week for a year. The evidence in this case against the accused seems to have been mostly that of children. "Being asked

* "There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast,
A towzy tyke, black, grim, an' large,
To gie them music was his charge."

whether they were sure that they were at any time carried away by the Devil, they all declared they were, begging of the Commissioners that they might be freed from that intolerable slavery." They "used to go to a Gravel pit which lay hardby a Cross-way and there they put on a vest over their heads, and then danced round, and after ran to the Cross-way and called the Devil thrice, first with a still Voice, the second time somewhat louder, and the third time very loud, with these words, *Antecessour, come and carry us to Blockula.* Whereupon immediately he used to appear, but in different Habits; but for the most part they saw him in a gray Coat and red and blue Stockings. He had a red Beard, a highcrowned Hat, with linnen of divers Colours wrapt about it, and long Garters upon his Stockings." "They must procure some Scrapings of Altars and Filings of Church-Clocks [bells], and he gives them a Horn with some Salve in it wherewith they do anoint themselves." "Being asked whether they were sure of a real personal Transportation, and whether they were awake when it was done, they all answered in the Affirmative, and that the Devil sometimes laid something down in the Place that was very like them. But one of them confessed that he did only take away her Strength, and her Body lay still upon the Ground. Yet sometimes he took even her Body with him." "Till of late they never had that power to carry away Children, but only this year and the last, and the Devil did at this time force them to it. That heretofore it was sufficient to carry but one of their Children or a Stranger's Child, which yet happened seldom, but now he did plague them and whip them if they did not procure him Children, insomuch that they had no peace or quiet for him; and whereas formerly one Journey a Week would serve their turn from their own town to the place aforesaid, now they were forced to run to other Towns and Places for Children, and that they brought with them some fifteen, some sixteen Children every night. For their journey they made use of all sorts of Instruments, of Beasts, of Men, of Spits, and Posts, according as they had opportunity. If they do ride upon Goats and have many Children with them," they have a way of lengthening the goat with a spit, "and then are anointed with the aforesaid Ointment. A little Girl of Elfdale confessed, That,

naming the name of JESUS, as she was carried away, she fell suddenly upon the Ground and got a great hole in her Side, which the Devil presently healed up again. The first thing they must do at Blockula was that they must deny all and devote themselves Body and Soul to the Devil, and promise to serve him faithfully, and confirm all this with an Oath. Hereupon they cut their Fingers, and with their Bloud writ their Name in his Book. He caused them to be baptized by such Priests as he had there and made them confirm their Baptism with dreadful Oaths and Imprecations. Hereupon the Devil gave them a Purse, wherein their filings of Clocks [bells], with a Stone tied to it, which they threw into the Water, and then they were forced to speak these words: *As these filings of the Clock do never return to the Clock from which they are taken, so may my soul never return to Heaven.* The diet they did use to have there was Broth with Colworts and Bacon in it, Oatmeal-Bread spread with Butter, Milk, and Cheese. Sometimes it tasted very well, sometimes very ill. After Meals, they went to Dancing, and in the mean while Swore and Cursed most dreadfully, and afterward went to fighting one with another. The Devil had Sons and Daughters by them, which he did marry together, and they did couple and brought forth Toads and Serpents. If he hath a mind to be merry with them, he lets them all ride upon Spits before him, takes afterwards the Spits and beats them black and blue, and then laughs at them. They had seen sometimes a very great Devil like a Dragon, with fire about him and bound with an Iron Chain, and the Devil that converses with them tells them that, if they confess anything, he will let that great Devil loose upon them, whereby all *Sweedland* shall come into great danger. The Devil taught them to milk, which was in this wise: they used to stick a knife in the Wall and hang a kind of Label on it, which they drew and stroaked, and as long as this lasted the Persons that they had Power over were miserably plagued, and the Beasts were milked that way till sometimes they died of it. The minister of Elfdale declared that one Night these Witches were to his thinking upon the crown of his Head and that from thence he had had a long-continued Pain of the Head. One of the Witches confessed, too, that the Devil had sent her to torment

the Minister, and that she was ordered to use a Nail and strike it into his Head, but it would not enter very deep. They confessed also that the Devil gives them a Beast about the bigness and shape of a young Cat, which they call a *Carrier*, and that he gives them a Bird too as big as a Raven, but white. And these two Creatures they can send anywhere, and wherever they come they take away all sorts of Victuals they can get. What the Bird brings they may keep for themselves ; but what the Carrier brings they must reserve for the Devil. The Lords Commissioners were indeed very earnest and took great Pains to persuade them to show some of their Tricks, but to no Purpose ; for they did all unanimously confess, that, since they had confessed all, they found that all their Witchcraft was gone, and that the Devil at this time appeared to them very terrible with Claws on his Hands and Feet, and with Horns on his Head and a long Tail behind." At Blockula "the Devil had a Church, such another as in the town of Mohra. When the Commissioners were coming, he told the Witches they should not fear them, for he would certainly kill them all. And they confessed that some of them had attempted to murther the Commissioners, but had not been able to effect it."

In these confessions we find included nearly all the particulars of the popular belief concerning witchcraft, and see the gradual degradation of the once superb Lucifer to the vulgar scarecrow with horns and tail. "The Prince of Darkness *was* a gentleman." From him who had not lost all his original brightness, to this dirty fellow who leaves a stench, sometimes of brimstone, behind him, the descent is a long one. For the dispersion of this foul odor Dr. Henry More gives an odd reason: "The Devil also, as in other stories, leaving an ill smell behind him, seems to imply the reality of the business, those adscititious particles he held together in his visible vehicle being loosened at his vanishing and so offending the nostrils by their floating and diffusing themselves in the open Air." In all the stories vestiges of paganism are not indistinct. The three principal witch gatherings of the year were held on the days of great pagan festivals, which were afterwards adopted by the Church. Maury supposes the witches' Sabbath to be derived from the rites of Bacchus Sabazius, and accounts in this way

for the Devil's taking the shape of a he-goat. But the name was more likely to be given from hatred of the Jews, and the goat may have a much less remote origin. Bodin assumes the identity of the Devil with Pan, and in the popular mythology both of Kelts and Teutons there were certain hairy wood-demons called by the former *Dus* and by the latter *Scrat*. Our common names of *Deuse* and *Old Scratch* are plainly derived from these, and possibly *Old Harry* is a corruption of *Old Hairy*. By Latinization they became Satyrs. Here, at any rate, is the source of the cloven hoof. The belief in the Devil's appearing to his worshippers as a goat is very old. Possibly the fact that this animal was sacred to Thor, the god of thunder, may explain it. Certain it is that the traditions of Vulcan, Thor, and Wayland * converged at last in Satan. Like Vulcan, he was hurled from Heaven, and like him he still limps across the stage in Mephistopheles, though without knowing why. In Germany, he has a horse's and not a cloven foot,† because the horse was a frequent pagan sacrifice, and therefore associated with devil-worship under the new dispensation. Hence the horror of hippophagism which some French gastronomes are striving to overcome. Everybody who has read "Tom Brown," or Wordsworth's Sonnet on a German stove, remembers the Saxon horse sacred to Woden. The raven was also his peculiar bird, and Grimm is inclined to think this the reason why the witch's familiar appears so often in that shape. It is true that our *Old Nick* is derived from *Nikkar*, one of the titles of that divinity, but the association of the Evil One with the raven is older, and most probably owing to the ill-omened character of the bird itself. Already in the apocryphal gospel of the "Infancy," the demoniac Son of the Chief Priest puts on his head one of the swaddling-clothes of Christ which Mary has hung out to dry, and forthwith "the devils began to come out of his mouth and to fly away as *crows* and serpents."

It will be noticed that the witches underwent a form of baptism. As the system gradually perfected itself among the least imaginative of men, as the superstitious are apt to be, they could

* Hence, perhaps, the name Valant applied to the Devil, about the origin of which Grimm is in doubt.

† One foot of the Greek Empusa was an ass's hoof.

do nothing better than describe Satan's world as in all respects the reverse of that which had been conceived by the orthodox intellect as Divine. Have you an illustrated Bible of the last century? Very good. Turn it upside down, and you find the prints on the whole about as near nature as ever, and yet pretending to be something new by a simple device that saves the fancy a good deal of trouble. For, while it is true that the poetic fancy plays, yet the faculty which goes by that pseudonym in prosaic minds (and it was by such that the details of this Satanic commerce were pieced together) is hard put to it for invention, and only too thankful for any labor-saving contrivance whatsoever. Accordingly, all it need take the trouble to do was to reverse the ideas of sacred things already engraved on its surface, and behold, a kingdom of hell with all the merit and none of the difficulty of originality! "Uti olim Deus populo suo Hierosolymis Synagogas erexit ut in iis ignarus legis divinæ populus erudiretur, voluntatemque Dei placitam ex verbo in iis prædicato hauriret; ita et Diabolus in omnibus omnino suis actionibus simiam Dei agens, gregi suo acherontico conventus et synagogas, quas satanica sabbata vocant, indicit. . . . . Atque de hisce Conventibus et Synagogis Lamiarum nullus Antorum quos quidem evolvi, imo nec ipse Lamiarum Patronus [here he glances at Wierus] scilicet ne dubiolum quidem movit. Adeo ut tuto affirmari liceat conventus a diabolo certo institui. Quos vel ipse, tanquam præses collegii, vel per dæmonem, qui ad cujuslibet sagæ custodiam constitutus est, ... vel per alios Magos aut sagas per unum aut duos dies antequam fiat congregatio denunciat. . . . . Loci in quibus solent a dæmone cœtus et conventicula malefica institui plerumque sunt sylvestres, occulti, subterranei, et ab hominum conversatione remoti. . . . . Evocatæ hoc modo et tempore Lamiæ, ... dæmon illis persuadet eas non posse conventiculis interesse nisi nudum corpus unguento ex corpusculis infantum ante baptismum necatorum præparato illinant, idque propterea solum illis persuadet ut ad quam plurimas infantum insontium cædes eas alliciat. . . . . Unctionis ritu peracto, abiturientes, ne forte a maritis in lectis desiderantur, vel per incantationem somnum, aurem nimirum vellicando dextra manu prius prædicto unguine illita, conciliant maritis ex quo non facile possunt

excitari; vel dæmones personas quasdam dormientibus adumbrant, quas, si contigeret expergisci, suas uxores esse putarent; vel interea alius dæmon in forma succubi ad latus maritorum adjungitur qui loco uxoris est. . . . . Et ita sine omni remora insidentes baculo, furcæ, scopis, aut arundini vel tauro, equo, sui, hirco, aut cani, *quorum omnium exempla prodidit Remig.* L. I. c. 14, devehuntur a dæmone ad loca destinata. . . . . Ibi dæmon præses conventus in solio sedet magnifico, forma terrifica, ut plurimum hirci vel canis. Ad quem advenientes viri juxta ac mulieres accedunt reverentiæ exhibendæ et adorandi gratia, non tamen uno eodemque modo. Interdum complicatis genubus supplices; interdum obverso incedentes tergo et modo retrogrado, in oppositum directo illi reverentiæ quam nos præstare solemus. In signum homagii (sit honor castis auribus) Principem suum hircum in [obscænissimo quodam corporis loco] summa cum reverentia sacrilego ore osculantur. Quo facto, sacrificia dæmoni faciunt multis modis. Sæpe liberos suos ipsi offerunt. Sæpe communione sumpta benedictam hostiam in ore asservatam et extractam (horreo dicere) dæmoni oblatam coram eo pede conculcant. His et similibus flagitiis et abominationibus execrandis commissis, incipiunt mensis assidere et convivari de cibis insipidis, insulsis,* furtivis, quos dæmon suppeditat, vel quos singulæ attulere, inderdum tripudiant ante convivium, interdum post illud. . . . . Nec mensæ sua deest benedictio cœtu hoc digna, verbis constans plane blasphemis quibus ipsum Beelzebub et creatorem et datorem et conservatorem omnium profitentur. Eadem sententia est gratiarum actionis. Post convivium, dorsis invicem obversis . . . . choreas ducere et cantare fescenninos in honorem dæmonis obscænissimos, vel ad tympanum fistulamve sedentis alicujus in bifida arbore saltare . . . . tum suis amasüs dæmonibus fœdissime commisceri. Ultimo pulveribus (quos aliqui scribunt esse cineres hirci illis quem dæmon assumpserat et quem adorant subito coram illius flamma absumpti) vel venenis aliis acceptis, sæpe etiam cuique indicto nocendi penso, et pronunciato Pseudothei dæmonis decreto, ULCISCAMINI VOS, ALIOQUI MORIEMINI. Duabus aut tribus horis in hisce ludis exactis circa Gallicinium dæmon

* Salt was forbidden at these witch-feasts.

convivas suas dimittit." * Sometimes they were baptized anew. Sometimes they renounced the Virgin, whom they called in their rites *extensam mulierem*. If the Ave Mary bell should ring while the demon is conveying home his witch, he lets her drop. In the confession of Agnes Simpson the meeting place was North Berwick Kirk. "The Devil started up himself in the pulpit, like a meikle black man, and calling the row [roll] every one answered, *Here*. At his command they opened up three graves and cutted off from the dead corpses the joints of their fingers, toes, and nose, and parted them amongst them, and the said Agnes Simpson got for her part a winding-sheet and two joints. The Devil commanded them to keep the joints upon them while [till] they were dry, and then to make a powder of them to do evil withal." This confession is sadly memorable, for it was made before James I., then king of Scots, and is said to have convinced him of the reality of witch-craft. Hence the act passed in the first year of his reign in England, and not repealed till 1736, under which, perhaps in consequence of which, so many suffered.

The notion of these witch-gatherings was first suggested, there can be little doubt, by secret conventicles of persisting or relapsed pagans, or of heretics. Both, perhaps, contributed their share. Sometimes a mountain, as in Germany the Blocksberg,† sometimes a conspicuous oak or linden, and there were many such among both Gauls and Germans sacred of old to pagan rites, and later a lonely heath, a place where two roads crossed each other, a cavern, gravel-pit, or quarry, the gallows, or the churchyard, was the place appointed for their diabolic orgies. That the witch could be conveyed bodily to these meetings was at first admitted without any question. But as the husbands of accused persons sometimes testified that their wives had not left their beds on the alleged night of meeting, the witchmongers were put to strange shifts by way of account-

* De Lamiis, p. 59 *et seq.*

† If the *Blokula* of the Swedish witches be a reminiscence of this, it would seem to point back to remote times and heathen ceremonies. But it is so impossible to distinguish what was put into the mind of those who confessed by their examining torturers from what may have been there before, the result of a common superstition, that perhaps, after all, the meeting on mountains may have been suggested by what Pliny says of the dances of Satyrs on Mount Atlas.

ing for it. Sometimes the Devil imposed on the husband by a *deceptio visus;* sometimes a demon took the place of the wife; sometimes the body was left and the spirit only transported. But the more orthodox opinion was in favor of corporeal deportation. Bodin appeals triumphantly to the cases of Habbakuk (now in the Apocrypha, but once making a part of the Book of Daniel), and of Philip in the Acts of the Apostles. "I find," he says, "this ecstatic ravishment they talk of much more wonderful than bodily transport. And if the Devil has this power, as they confess, of ravishing the spirit out of the body, is it not more easy to carry body and soul without separation or division of the reasonable part, than to withdraw and divide the one from the other without death?" The author of *De Lamiis* argues for the corporeal theory. "The evil Angels have the same superiority of natural power as the good, since by the Fall they lost none of the gifts of nature, but only those of grace." Now, as we know that good angels can thus transport men in the twinkling of an eye, it follows that evil ones may do the same. He fortifies his position by a recent example from secular history. "No one doubts about John Faust, who dwelt at Wittenberg, in the time of the sainted Luther, and who, seating himself on his cloak with his companions, was conveyed away and borne by the Devil through the air to distant kingdoms."* Glanvil inclines rather to the spiritual than the material hypothesis, and suggests "that the Witch's anointing herself before she takes her flight may perhaps serve to keep the body tenantable and in fit disposition to receive the spirit at its return." Aubrey, whose "Miscellanies" were published in 1696, had no doubts whatever as to the physical asportation of the witch. He says that a gentleman of his acquaintance "was in Portugal *anno* 1655, when one was burnt by the inquisition for being brought thither from Goa, in East India, in the air, in an incredible short time." As to the conveyance of witches through crevices, keyholes, chimneys, and the like, Herr Walburger discusses the question with such comical gravity that we must give his argument in the undi-

* Wierus, whose book was published not long after Faust's death, apparently doubted the whole story, for he alludes to it with an *ut fertur*, and plainly looked on him as a mountebank.

minished splendor of its jurisconsult latinity. The first sentence is worthy of Magister Bartholomæus Kuckuk. "Hæc realis delatio trahit me quoque ad illam vulgo agitatam quæstionem: *An diabolus Lamias corpore per angusta foramina parietum, fenestrarum, portarum aut per cavernas igniſluas ferre queant?*" (Surely if *tace* be good Latin for a candle, *caverna igniflua* should be flattering to a chimney). "Resp. Lamiæ prædicto modo sæpius fatentur sese a diabolo per caminum aut alia loca angustiora scopis insidentes per ærem ad montem Bructerorum deferri. Verum deluduntur a Satana istæc mulieres hoc casu egregie nec revera rimulas istas penetrant, sed solummodo dæmon præcedens latenter aperit et claudit januas vel fenestras corporis earum capaces, per quas eas intromittit quæ putant se formam animalculi parvi, mustelæ, catti, locustæ, et aliorum induisse. At si forte contingat ut per parietem se delatam confiteatur Saga, tunc, si non totum hoc præstigiosum est, dæmonem tamen maxima celeritate tot quot sufficiunt lapides eximere et sustinere aliosne ruant, et postea eadem celeritate iterum eos in suum locum reponere, existimo: cum hominum adspectus hanc tartarei latomi fraudem nequeat deprendere. Idem quoque judicium esse potest de translatione per caminum. Siquidem si caverna igniflua justæ amplitudinis est ut nullo impedimento et hæsitatione corpus humanum eam perrepere possit, diabolo impossibile non esse per eam eas educere. Si vero per inproportionatum (ut ita loquar) corporibus spatium eas educit tunc meras illusiones præstigiosas esse censeo, nec a diabolo hoc unquam effici posse. Ratio est, quoniam diabolus essentiam creaturæ seu lamiæ immutare non potest, multo minus efficere ut majus corpus penetret per spatium inproportionatum, alioquin corporum penetratio esset admittenda quod contra naturam et omne Physicorum principium est." This is fine reasoning, and the *ut ita loquar* thrown in so carelessly, as if with a deprecatory wave of the hand for using a less classical locution than usual, strikes me as a very delicate touch indeed.

Grimm tells us that he does not know when broomsticks, spits, and similar utensils were first assumed to be the canonical instruments of this nocturnal equitation. He thinks it comparatively modern, but I suspect it is as old as the first

child that ever bestrode his father's staff, and fancied it into a courser shod with wind, like those of Pindar. Alas for the poverty of human invention! It cannot afford a hippogriff for an every-day occasion. The poor old crones, badgered by inquisitors into confessing they had been where they never were, were involved in the further necessity of explaining how the devil they got there. The only steed their parents had ever been rich enough to keep had been of this domestic sort, and they no doubt had ridden in this inexpensive fashion, imagining themselves the grand dames they saw sometimes flash by, in the happy days of childhood, now so far away. Forced to give a *how*, and unable to conceive of mounting in the air without something to sustain them, their bewildered wits naturally took refuge in some such simple subterfuge, and the broom-stave, which might make part of the poorest house's furniture, was the nearest at hand. If youth and good spirits could put such life into a dead stick once, why not age and evil spirits now? Moreover, what so likely as an *emeritus* implement of this sort to become the staff of a withered beldame, and thus to be naturally associated with her image? I remember very well a poor half-crazed creature, who always wore a scarlet cloak and leaned on such a stay, cursing and banning after a fashion that would infallibly have burned her two hundred years ago. But apart from any adventitious associations of later growth, it is certain that a very ancient belief gave to magic the power of imparting life, or the semblance of it, to inanimate things, and thus sometimes making servants of them. The wands of the Egyptian magicians were turned to serpents. Still nearer to the purpose is the capital story of Lucian, out of which Goethe made his *Zauberlehrling*, of the stick turned water-carrier. The classical theory of the witch's flight was driven to no such vulgar expedients, the ointment turning her into a bird for the nonce, as in Lucian and Apuleius. In those days, too, there was nothing known of any camp-meeting of witches and wizards, but each sorceress transformed herself that she might fly to her paramour. According to some of the Scotch stories, the witch, after bestriding her broomstick, must repeat the magic formula, *Horse and Hattock!* The flitting of these ill-omened night-birds, like

nearly all the general superstitions relating to witchcraft, mingles itself and is lost in a throng of figures more august.* Diana, Bertha, Holda, Abundia, Befana, once beautiful and divine, the bringers of blessings while men slept, became demons haunting the drear of darkness with terror and ominous suggestion. The process of disenchantment must have been a long one, and none can say how soon it became complete. Perhaps we may take Heine's word for it, that

> "Genau bei Weibern
> Weiss man niemals wo der Engel
> Aufhört und der Teufel aufängt."

Once goblinized, Herodias joins them, doomed still to bear about the Baptist's head; and Woden, who, first losing his identity in the Wild Huntsman, sinks by degrees into the mere *spook* of a Suabian baron, sinfully fond of field-sports, and therefore punished with an eternal phantasm of them, "the hunter and the deer a shade." More and more vulgarized, the infernal train snatches up and sweeps along with it every lawless shape and wild conjecture of distempered fancy, streaming away at last into a comet's tail of wild-haired hags, eager with unnatural hate and more unnatural lust, the nightmare breed of some exorcist's or inquisitor's surfeit, whose own lie has turned upon him in sleep.

As it is painfully interesting to trace the gradual degeneration of a poetic faith into the ritual of unimaginative Tupperism, so it is amusing to see pedantry clinging faithfully to the traditions of its prosaic nature, and holding sacred the dead shells that once housed a moral symbol. What a divine thing the *out*side always has been and continues to be! And how the cast clothes of the mind continue always to be in fashion! We turn our coats without changing the cut of them. But was it possible for a man to change not only his skin but his nature? Were there such things as *versipelles*, *lycanthropi*, *werwolfs*, and *loupgarous?* In the earliest ages science was poetry, as in the later poetry has become science. The phenomena of nature, imaginatively represented, were not long in becoming myths. These the primal poets reproduced again as symbols, no longer of physical, but of moral truths. By and by

* See Grimm's D. M., under *Hexenfart*, *Wütendes Heer*, &c.

the professional poets, in search of a subject, are struck by the fund of picturesque material lying unused in them, and work them up once more as narratives, with appropriate personages and decorations. Thence they take the further downward step into legend, and from that to superstition. How many metamorphoses between the elder Edda and the Nibelungen, between Arcturus and the "Idyls of the King"! Let a good, thorough-paced proser get hold of one of these stories, and he carefully desiccates them of whatever fancy may be left, till he has reduced them to the proper dryness of fact. King Lycaon, grandson by the spindleside of Oceanus, after passing through all the stages I have mentioned, becomes the ancestor of the werwolf. Ovid is put upon the stand as a witness, and testifies to the undoubted fact of the poor monarch's own metamorphosis: —

> "Territus ipse fugit, nactusque silentia ruris
> Exululat, frustraque loqui conatur."

Does any one still doubt that men may be changed into beasts? Call Lucian, call Apuleius, call Homer, whose story of the companions of Ulysses made swine of by Circe, says Bodin, *n'est pas fable*. If that arch-patron of sorcerers, Wierus, is still unconvinced, and pronounces the whole thing a delusion of diseased imagination, what does he say to Nebuchadnezzar? Nay, let St. Austin be subpœnaed, who declares that "in his time among the Alps sorceresses were common, who, by making travellers eat of a certain cheese, changed them into beasts of burden and then back again into men." Too confiding tourist, beware of *Gruyère*, especially at supper! Then there was the Philosopher Ammonius, whose lectures were constantly attended by an ass, — a phenomenon not without parallel in more recent times, and all the more credible to Bodin, who had been professor of civil law.

In one case we have fortunately the evidence of the ass himself. In Germany, two witches who kept an inn made an ass of a young actor, — not always a very prodigious transformation it will be thought by those familiar with the stage. In his new shape he drew customers by his amusing tricks, — *voluptates mille viatoribus exhibebat*. But one day making his escape (having overheard the secret from his mistresses),

he plunged into the water and was disasinized to the extent of recovering his original shape. "Id Petrus Damianus, vir sua ætate inter primos numerandus, cum rem sciscitatus est diligentissime ex hero, *ex asino*, ex mulieribus sagis confessis factum, Leoni VII. Papæ narravit, et postquan diu in utranque partem coram Papa fuit disputatum, hoc tandem posse fieri fuit constitum." Bodin must have been delighted with this story, though perhaps as a Protestant he might have vilipended the infallible decision of the Pope in its favor. As for lycanthropy, that was too common in his own time to need any confirmation. It was notorious to all men. "In Livonia, during the latter part of December, a villain goes about summoning the sorcerers to meet at a certain place, and if they fail, the Devil scourges them thither with an iron rod, and that so sharply that the marks of it remain upon them. Their captain goes before; and they, to the number of several thousands, follow him across a river, which passed, they change into wolves, and, casting themselves upon men and flocks, do all manner of damage." This we have on the authority of Melancthon's son-in-law, Gaspar Peucerus. Moreover, many books published in Germany affirm "that one of the greatest kings in Christendom, not long since dead, was often changed into a wolf." But what need of words? The conclusive proof remains, that many in our own day, being put to the torture, have confessed the fact, and been burned alive accordingly. The maintainers of the reality of witchcraft in the next century seem to have dropped the *werwolf* by common consent, though supported by the same kind of evidence they relied on in other matters, namely, that of ocular witnesses, the confession of the accused, and general notoriety. So lately as 1765 the French peasants believed the "wild beast of the Gevaudan" to be a *loupgarou*, and that, I think, is his last appearance.

The particulars of the concubinage of witches with their familiars were discussed with a relish and a filthy minuteness worthy of Sanchez. Could children be born of these devilish amours? Of course they could, said one party; are there not plenty of cases in authentic history? Who was the father of Romulus and Remus? nay, not so very long ago, of Merlin? Another party denied the possibility of the thing al-

together. Among these was Luther, who declared the children either to be supposititious, or else mere imps, disguised as innocent sucklings, and known as *Wechselkinder*, or changelings, who were common enough, as everybody must be aware. Of the intercourse itself Luther had no doubts.* A third party took a middle ground, and believed that vermin and toads might be the offspring of such amours. But how did the Demon, a mere spiritual essence, contrive himself a body? Some would have it that he entered into dead bodies, by preference, of course, those of sorcerers. It is plain, from the confession of De la Rue, that this was the theory of his examiners. This also had historical evidence in its favor. There was the well-known leading case of the Bride of Corinth, for example. And but yesterday, as it were, at Crossen in Silesia, did not Christopher Monig, an apothecary's servant, come back after being buried, and do duty, as if nothing particular had happened, putting up prescriptions as usual, and "pounding drugs in the mortar with a mighty noise"? Apothecaries seem to have been special victims of these Satanic pranks, for another appeared at Reichenbach not long before, affirming that "he had poisoned several men with his drugs," which certainly gives an air of truth to the story. Accordingly the Devil is represented as being unpleasantly cold to the touch. "Caietan escrit qu'une sorciere demanda un iour au diable pourquoy il ne se rechauffoit, qui fist response qu'il faisoit ce qu'il pouuoit." Poor Devil! But there are cases in which the demon is represented as so hot that his grasp left a seared spot as black as charcoal. Perhaps some of them came from the torrid zone of their broad empire, and others from the thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice. Those who were not satisfied with the dead-body theory contented themselves, like Dr. More, with that of "adscititious particles," which has, to be sure, a more metaphysical and scholastic flavor about it. That the demons really came, either corporeally or through some diabolic illusion that amounted to the same thing, and that the witch devoted herself to him body and soul, scarce any-

* Some Catholics, indeed, affirmed that he himself was the son of a demon who lodged in his father's house under the semblance of a merchant. Wierus says that a bishop preached to that effect in 1565, and gravely refutes the story.

body was bold enough to doubt. To these familiars their venerable paramours gave endearing nicknames, such as My little Master, or My dear Martin, — the latter, probably, after the heresy of Luther, and when the rack was popish. The famous witch-finder Hopkins enables us to lengthen the list considerably. One witch whom he convicted, after being "kept from sleep two or three nights," called in five of her devilish servitors. The first was "*Holt*, who came in like a white kitling"; the second, "*Jarmara*, like a fat spaniel without any legs at all"; the third, "*Vinegar Tom*, who was like a long-tailed greyhound with an head like an oxe, with a long tail and broad eyes, who, when this discoverer spoke to and bade him go to the place provided for him and his angells, immediately transformed himself into the shape of a child of foure yeares old, without a head, and gave half a dozen turnes about the house and vanished at the doore"; the fourth, "*Sack and Sugar*, like a black rabbet"; the fifth, "*News*, like a polcat." Other names of his finding were Elemauzer, Pywacket, Peck-in-the-Crown, Grizzel, and Greedygut, "which," he adds, "no mortal could invent." The name of *Robin*, which we met with in the confession of Alice Duke, has, perhaps, wider associations than the woman herself dreamed of; for, through Robin des Bios and Robin Hood, it may be another of those scattered traces that lead us back to Woden. Probably, however, it is only our old friend Robin Goodfellow, whose namesake Knecht Ruprecht makes such a figure in the German fairy mythology. Possessed persons called in higher agencies, — Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Powers; and among the witnesses against Urbain Grandier we find the names of Leviathan, Behemoth, Isaacarum, Belaam, Asmodeus, and Beherit, who spoke French very well, but were remarkably poor Latinists, knowing, indeed, almost as little of the language as if their youth had been spent in writing Latin verses.* A shrewd Scotch physician tried them with Gaelic, but they could make nothing of it.

It was only when scepticism had begun to make itself un-

* Melancthon, however, used to tell of a possessed girl in Italy who knew no Latin, but the Devil in her, being asked by Bonamico, a Bolognese professor, what was the best verse in Virgil, answered at once: —

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos," —

a somewhat remarkable concession on the part of a fallen angel.

comfortably inquisitive, that the Devil had any difficulty in making himself visible and even palpable. In simpler times, demons would almost seem to have made no inconsiderable part of the population. Trithemius tells of one who served as cook to the Bishop of Hildesheim (one shudders to think of the school where he had graduated as *Cordon bleu*), and who delectebatur esse cum hominibus, loquens, interrogans, respondens familiariter omnibus, aliquando visibiliter, aliquando invisibiliter apparens. This last feat of "appearing invisibly" would have been worth seeing. In 1554, the Devil came of a Christmas eve to Lawrence Doner, a parish priest in Saxony, and asked to be confessed. "Admissus, horrendas adversus Christum filium Dei blasphemias evomuit. Verum cum virtute verbi Dei a parocho victus esset, intolerabili post se relicto fœtore abiit." Splendidly dressed, with two companions, he frequented an honest man's house at Rothenberg. He brought with him a piper or fiddler, and contrived feasts and dances under pretext of wooing the goodman's daughter. He boasted that he was a foreign nobleman of immense wealth, and, for a time, was as successful as an Italian courier has been known to be at one of our fashionable watering-places. But the importunity of the guest and his friends at length displicuit patrifamilias, who accordingly one evening invited a minister of the word to meet them at supper, and entered upon pious discourse with him from the word of God. Wherefore, seeking other matter of conversation, they said that there were many facetious things more suitable to exhilarate the supper-table than the interpretation of Holy Writ, and begged that they might be no longer bored with Scripture. Thoroughly satisfied by their singular way of thinking that his guests were diabolical, paterfamilias cries out in Latin worthy of Father Tom, "Apagite, vos scelerati nebulones!" This said, the tartarean impostor and his companions at once vanished with a great tumult, leaving behind them a most unpleasant fœtor and the bodies of three men who had been hanged. Perhaps if the clergyman-cure were faithfully tried upon the next fortune-hunting count with a large real estate in whiskers and imaginary one in Barataria, he also might vanish, leaving a strong smell of barber's-shop, and taking with him a body that will come to the

gallows in due time. It were worth trying. Luther tells of a demon who served as *famulus* in a monastery, fetching beer for the monks, and always insisting on honest measure for his money. There is one case on record where the Devil appealed to the courts for protection in his rights. A monk, going to visit his mistress, fell dead as he was passing a bridge. The good and bad angel came to litigation about his soul. The case was referred by agreement to Richard, Duke of Normandy, who decided that the monk's body should be carried back to the bridge, and his soul restored to it by the claimants. If he persevered in keeping his assignation, the Devil was to have him, if not, then the Angel. The monk, thus put upon his guard, turns back and saves his soul, such as it was.* Perhaps the most impudent thing the Devil ever did was to open a school of magic in Toledo. The ceremony of graduation in this institution was peculiar. The senior class had all to run through a narrow cavern, and the venerable president was entitled to the hindmost, if he could catch him. Sometimes it happened that he caught only his shadow, and in that case the man who had been nimble enough to do what Goethe pronounces impossible, became the most profound magician of his year. Hence our proverb of *the Devil take the hindmost*, and Chamisso's story of Peter Schlemihl.

There is no end to such stories. They were repeated and believed by the gravest and wisest men down to the end of the sixteenth century; they were received undoubtingly by the great majority down to the end of the seventeenth. The Devil was an easy way of accounting for what was beyond men's comprehension. He was the simple and satisfactory answer to all the conundrums of Nature. And what the Devil had not time to bestow his personal attention upon, the witch was always ready to do for him. Was a doctor at a loss about a

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* This story seems mediæval and Gothic enough, but is hardly more so than bringing the case of the Furies *v.* Orestes before the Areopagus, and putting Apollo in the witness-box, as Æschylus has done. The classics, to be sure, are always so classic! In the *Eumenides*, Apollo takes the place of the good angel. And why not? For though a demon, and a lying one, he has crept in to the calendar under his other name of Helios as St. Helias. Could any of his oracles have foretold this?

case? How could he save his credit more cheaply than by pronouncing it witchcraft, and turning it over to the parson to be exorcised? Did a man's cow die suddenly, or his horse fall lame? Witchcraft! Did one of those writers of controversial quartos, heavy as the stone of Diomed, feel a pain in the small of his back? Witchcraft! Unhappily there were always ugly old women; and if you crossed them in any way, or did them a wrong, they were given to scolding and banning. If, within a year or two after, anything should happen to you or yours, why, of course, old Mother Bombie or Goody Blake must be at the bottom of it. For it was perfectly well known that there were witches, (does not God's law say expressly, "Suffer not a *witch* to live?") and that they could cast a spell by the mere glance of their eyes, could cause you to pine away by melting a waxen image, could give you a pain wherever they liked by sticking pins into the same, could bring sickness into your house or into your barn by hiding a Devil's powder under the threshold; and who knows what else? Worst of all, they could send a demon into your body, who would cause you to vomit pins, hair, pebbles, knives, — indeed, almost anything short of a cathedral, — without any fault of yours, utter through you the most impertinent things *verbi ministro*, and, in short, make you the most important personage in the parish for the time being. Meanwhile, you were an object of condolence and contribution to the whole neighborhood. What wonder if a lazy apprentice or servant-maid (Bekker gives several instances of the kind detected by him) should prefer being possessed, with its attendant perquisites, to drudging from morning till night? And to any one who has observed how common a thing in certain states of mind self-connivance is, and how near it is to self-deception, it will not be surprising that some were, to all intents and purposes, really possessed. Who has never felt an almost irresistible temptation, and seemingly not self-originated, to let himself go? to let his mind gallop and kick and curvet and roll like a horse turned loose? in short, as we Yankees say, "to speak out in meeting"? Who never had it suggested to him by the fiend to break in at a funeral with a real character of the deceased, instead of that Mrs. Grundyfied view of him which the clergyman is so pain-

fully elaborating in his prayer? Remove the pendulum of conventional routine, and the mental machinery runs on with a whir that gives a delightful excitement to sluggish temperaments, and is, perhaps, the natural relief of highly nervous organizations. The tyrant Will is dethroned, and the sceptre snatched by his frolic sister Whim. This state of things, if continued, must become either insanity or imposture. But who can say precisely where consciousness ceases and a kind of automatic movement begins, the result of over-excitement? The subjects of these strange disturbances have been almost always young women or girls at a critical period of their development. Many of the most remarkable cases have occurred in convents, and both there and elsewhere, as in other kinds of temporary nervous derangement, have proved contagious. Sometimes, as in the affair of the nuns of Loudon, there seems every reason to suspect a conspiracy; but I am not quite ready to say that Grandier was the only victim, and that some of the energumens were not unconscious tools in the hands of priestcraft and revenge. One thing is certain: that in the dioceses of humanely sceptical prelates the cases of possession were sporadic only, and either cured, or at least hindered from becoming epidemic, by episcopal mandate. Cardinal Mazarin, when Papal vice-legate at Avignon, made an end of the trade of exorcism within his government.

But scepticism, down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, was the exception. Undoubting and often fanatical belief was the rule. It is easy enough to be astonished at it, still easier to misapprehend it. How could sane men have been deceived by such nursery-tales? Still more, how could they have suffered themselves, on what seems to us such puerile evidence, to consent to such atrocious cruelties, nay, to urge them on? As to the belief, we should remember that the human mind, when it sails by *dead reckoning*, without the possibility of a fresh observation, perhaps without the instruments necessary to take one, will sometimes bring up in very strange latitudes. Do we of the nineteenth century, then, always strike out boldly into the unlandmarked deep of speculation and shape our courses by the stars, or do we not sometimes con our voyage by what seem to us the firm and familiar

headlands of truth, planted by God himself, but which may, after all, be no more than an insubstantial mockery of cloud or airy juggle of mirage? The refraction of our own atmosphere has by no means made an end of its tricks with the appearances of things in our little world of thought. The men of that day believed what they saw, or, as our generation would put it, what they *thought* they saw. Very good. The vast majority of men believe, and always will believe, on the same terms. When one comes along who can partly distinguish the thing seen from that travesty or distortion of it which the thousand disturbing influences within him and without him would *make* him see, we call him a great philosopher. All our intellectual charts are engraved according to his observations, and we steer contentedly by them till some man whose brain rests on a still more unmovable basis corrects them still further by eliminating what his predecessor thought *he* saw. We must account for many former aberrations in the moral world by the presence of more or less nebulous bodies of a certain gravity which modified the actual position of truth in its relation to the mind, and which, if they have now vanished, have made way, perhaps, for others whose influence will in like manner be allowed for posterity in their estimate of us. In matters of faith astrology has by no means yet given place to astronomy, nor alchymy become chemistry, which knows what to seek for and how to find it. In the days of witchcraft all science was still in the condition of *May-be;* it is only just bringing itself to find a higher satisfaction in the imperturbable *Must-be* of law. We should remember that what we call *natural* may have a very different meaning to one generation from that which it has to the next. The boundary between the "other" world and this ran till very lately, and at some points runs still, through a vast tract of unexplored border-land of very uncertain tenure. Even now the territory which Reason holds firmly as Lord Warden of the marches during daylight, is subject to sudden raids of Imagination by night. But physical darkness is not the only one that lends opportunity to such incursions; and in midsummer 1692, when Ebenezer Bapson, looking out of the fort at Gloucester in broad day, saw shapes of men, sometimes in blue coats like Indians, sometimes in white waistcoats like

Frenchmen, it seemed *more* natural to most men that they should be spectres than men of flesh and blood. Granting the assumed premises, as nearly every one did, the syllogism was perfect.

So much for the apparent reasonableness of the belief, since every man's logic is satisfied with a legitimate deduction from his own postulates. Causes for the cruelty to which the belief led are not further to seek. Toward no crime have men shown themselves so cold-bloodedly cruel as in punishing difference of belief, and the first systematic persecutions for witchcraft began with the inquisitors in the South of France in the thirteenth century. It was then and there that the charge of sexual uncleanness with demons was first devised. Persecuted heretics would naturally meet in darkness and secret, and it was easy to blacken such meetings with the accusation of deeds so foul as to shun the light of day and the eyes of men. They met to renounce God and worship the Devil. But this was not enough. To excite popular hatred and keep it fiercely alive, fear must be mingled with it; and this end was reached by making the heretic also a sorcerer, who, by the Devil's help, could and would work all manner of fiendish mischief. When by this means the belief in a league between witch and demon had become firmly established, witchcraft grew into a well-defined crime, hateful enough in itself to furnish pastime for the torturer and food for the fagot. In the fifteenth century witches were burned by thousands, and it may well be doubted if all paganism together was ever guilty of so many human sacrifices in the same space of time. In the sixteenth, these holocausts were appealed to as conclusive evidence of the reality of the crime, terror was again aroused, the more vindictive that its sources were so vague and intangible, and cruelty was the natural consequence. Nothing but an abject panic, in which the whole use of reason, except as a mill to grind out syllogisms, was altogether lost, will account for some chapters in Bodin's *Démonomanie*. Men were surrounded by a forever-renewed conspiracy whose ramifications they could not trace, though they might now and then lay hold on one of its associates. Protestant and Catholic might agree in nothing else, but they were unanimous in their dread of this invisible enemy. If fright could turn civilized

Englishmen into savage Iroquois during the imagined negro plots of New York in 1741 and of Jamaica in 1865, if the same invisible omnipresence of Fenianism shall be able to work the same miracle, as it probably will, next year in England itself, why should we be astonished that the blows should have fallen upon many an innocent head when men were striking wildly in self-defence, as they supposed, against the unindictable Powers of Darkness, against a plot which could be carried on by human agents, but with invisible accessories and by supernatural means? In the seventeenth century an element was added which pretty well supplied the place of heresy as a sharpener of hatred and an awakener of indefinable suspicion. Scepticism had been born into the world, almost more hateful than heresy, because it had the manners of good society and contented itself with a smile, a shrug, an almost imperceptible lift of the eyebrow, — a kind of reasoning especially exasperating to disputants of the old school, who still cared about victory, even when they did not about the principles involved in the debate.

The Puritan emigration to New England took place at a time when the belief in diabolic agency had been hardly called in question, much less shaken. They brought it with them to a country in every way fitted, not only to keep it alive, but to feed it into greater vigor. The solitude of the wilderness (and solitude alone, by dis-furnishing the brain of its commonplace associations, makes it an apt theatre for the delusions of imagination), the nightly forest noises, the glimpse, perhaps, through the leaves, of a painted savage face, uncertain whether of redman or Devil, but more likely of the latter, above all, that measureless mystery of the unknown and conjectural stretching away illimitable on all sides and vexing the mind, somewhat as physical darkness does, with intimation and misgiving, — under all these influences, whatever seeds of superstition had in any way got over from the Old World would find an only too congenial soil in the New. The leaders of that emigration believed and taught that demons loved to dwell in waste and wooded places, that the Indians did homage to the bodily presence of the Devil, and that he was especially enraged against those who had planted an outpost of the true faith upon

this continent, hitherto all his own. In the third generation of the settlement, in proportion as living faith decayed, the clergy insisted all the more strongly on the traditions of the elders, and as they all placed the sources of goodness and religion in some inaccessible Other World rather than in the soul of man himself, they clung to every shred of the supernatural as proof of the existence of that Other World, and of its interest in the affairs of this. They had the countenance of all the great theologians, Catholic as well as Protestant, of the leaders of the Reformation, and in their own day of such men as More and Glanvil and Baxter.* If to all these causes, more or less operative in 1692, we add the harassing excitement of an Indian war (urged on by Satan in his hatred of the churches), with its daily and nightly apprehensions and alarms, we shall be less astonished that the delusion in Salem Village rose so high than that it subsided so soon.

I have already said that it was religious antipathy or clerical interest that first made heresy and witchcraft identical and cast them into the same expiatory fire. The invention was a Catholic one, but it is plain that Protestants soon learned its value and were not slow in making it a plague to the inventor. It was not till after the Reformation that there was any systematic hunting out of witches in England. Then, no doubt, the innocent charms and rhyming prayers of the old religion were regarded as incantations, and twisted into evidence against miserable beldames who mumbled over in their dotage what they had learned at their mother's knee. It is plain, at least, that this was one of Agnes Simpson's crimes.

But as respects the frivolity of the proof adduced, there was nothing to choose between Catholic and Protestant. Out of civil and canon law a net was woven through whose meshes

* Mr. Leckie, in his admirable chapter on Witchcraft, gives a little more credit to the enlightenment of the Church of England in this matter than it would seem fairly to deserve. More and Glanvil were faithful sons of the Church; and if the persecution of witches was especially rife during the ascendency of the Puritans, it was because they happened to be in power while there was a reaction against Sadducism. All the convictions were under the statute of James I., who was no Puritan. After the restoration, the reaction was the other way, and Hobbism became the fashion. It is more philosophical to say that the age believes this and that, than that the particular men who live in it do so.

there was no escape, and into it the victims were driven by popular clamor. Suspicion of witchcraft was justified by general report, by the ill-looks of the suspected, by being silent when accused, by her mother's having been a witch, by flight, by exclaiming when arrested, *I am lost!* by a habit of using imprecations, by the evidence of two witnesses, by the accusation of a man on his death-bed, by a habit of being away from home at night, by fifty other things equally grave. Anybody might be an accuser, — a personal enemy, an infamous person, a child, parent, brother, or sister. Once accused, the culprit was not to be allowed to touch the ground on the way to prison, was not to be left alone there lest she have interviews with the Devil and get from him the means of being insensible under torture, was to be stripped and shaved in order to prevent her concealing some charm, or to facilitate the finding of witch-marks. Her right thumb tied to her left great-toe, and *vice versa*, she was thrown into the water. If she floated, she was a witch; if she sank and was drowned, she was lucky. This trial, as old as the days of Pliny the Elder, was gone out of fashion, the author of *De Lamiis* assures us, in his day everywhere but in Westphalia. "On halfproof or strong presumption," says Bodin, the judge may proceed to torture. If the witch did not shed tears under the rack, it was almost conclusive of guilt. On this topic of torture he grows eloquent. The rack does very well, but to thrust splinters between the nails and flesh of hands and feet "is the most excellent gehenna of all, and practised in Turkey." That of Florence, where they seat the criminal in a hanging chair so contrived that if he drop asleep it overturns and leaves him hanging by a rope which wrenches his arms backwards, is perhaps even better, "for the limbs are not broken, and without trouble or labor one gets out the truth." It is well in carrying the accused to the chamber of torture to cause some in the next room to shriek fearfully as if on the rack, that they may be terrified into confession. It is proper to tell them that their accomplices have confessed and accused them ("though they have done no such thing") that they may do the same out of revenge. The judge may also with a good conscience lie to the prisoner and tell her that if she admit her guilt, she may

be pardoned. This is Bodin's opinion, but Walburger, writing a century later, concludes that the judge may go to any extent *citra mendacium*, this side of lying. He may tell the witch that he will be favorable, meaning to the Commonwealth; that he will see that she has a new house built for her, that is, a wooden one to burn her in; that her confession will be most useful in saving her life, to wit, her life eternal. There seems little difference between the German's white lies and the Frenchman's black ones. As to punishment, Bodin is fierce for burning. Though a Protestant, he quotes with evident satisfaction a decision of the magistrates that one "who had eaten flesh on a Friday should be burned alive unless he repented, and if he repented, yet he was hanged out of compassion." A child under twelve who will not confess meeting with the Devil should be put to death if convicted of the fact, though Bodin allows that Satan made no express compact with those who had not arrived at puberty. This he learned from the examination of Jeanne Harvillier, who deposed, "that, though her mother dedicated her to Satan so soon as she was born, yet she was not married to him, nor did he demand that, or her renunciation of God, till she had attained the age of twelve."

There is no more painful reading than this, except the trials of the witches themselves. These awaken, by turns pity, indignation, disgust, and dread, — dread at the thought of what the human mind may be brought to believe not only probable, but proven. But it is well to be put upon our guard by lessons of this kind, for the wisest man is in some respects little better than a madman in a strait-waistcoat of habit, public opinion, prudence, or the like. Scepticism began at length to make itself felt, but it spread slowly and was shy of proclaiming itself. The orthodox party was not backward to charge with sorcery whoever doubted their facts or pitied their victims. Bodin says that it is good cause of suspicion against a judge if he turn the matter into ridicule, or incline toward mercy. The mob, as it always is, was orthodox. It was dangerous to doubt, it might be fatal to deny. In 1453 Guillaume de Lure was burned at Poitiers on his own confession of a compact with Satan, by which he agreed "to preach and did preach that

everything told of sorcerers was mere fable, and that it was cruelly done to condemn them to death." This contract was found among his papers signed "with the Devil's own claw," as Howell says speaking of a similar case. It is not to be wondered at that the earlier doubters were cautious. There was literally a reign of terror, and during such *régimes* men are commonly found more eager to be informers and accusers than of counsel for the defence. Peter of Abano is reckoned among the earliest unbelievers who declared himself openly.* Chaucer was certainly a sceptic, as appears by the opening of the Wife of Bath's tale. Wierus, a German physician, was the first to undertake (1563) a refutation of the facts and assumptions on which the prosecutions for witchcraft were based. His explanation of the phenomena is mainly physiological. Mr. Leckie hardly states his position correctly, in saying "that he never dreamed of restricting the sphere of the supernatural." Wierus went as far as he dared. No one can read his book without feeling that he insinuates much more than he positively affirms or denies. He would have weakened his cause if he had seemed to disbelieve in demoniacal possession, since that had the supposed warrant of Scripture; but it may be questioned whether he uses the words *Satan* and *Demon* in any other way than that in which many people still use the word *Nature*. He was forced to accept certain premises of his opponents by the line of his argument. When he recites incredible stories without comment, it is not that he believes them, but that he thinks their absurdity obvious. That he wrote under a certain restraint is plain from the Colophon of his book, where he says: "Nihil autem hic ita assertum volo, quod æquiori judicio Catholicæ Christi Ecclesiæ non omnino submittam, palinodia mox spontanea emendaturus, si erroris alicubi convincar." A great deal of latent and timid scepticism seems to have been brought to the surface by his work. Many eminent persons wrote to him in gratitude and commendation. In the Preface to his

* I have no means of ascertaining whether he did or not. He was more probably charged with it by the inquisitors. Mr. Leckie seems to write of him only upon hearsay, for he calls him Peter "of Apono," apparently translating a French translation of the Latin "Aponus." The only book attributed to him that I have ever seen is itself a kind of manual of magic.

shorter treatise *De Lamiis* (which is a mere abridgment), he thanks God that his labors had "in many places caused the cruelty against innocent blood to slacken," and that "some more distinguished judges treat more mildly and even absolve from capital punishment the wretched old women branded with the odious name of witches by the populace." In the *Pseudomonarchia Dæmonum*, he gives a kind of census of the diabolic kingdom,* but evidently with secret intention of making the whole thing ridiculous, or it would not have so stirred the bile of Bodin. Wierus was saluted by many contemporaries as a Hercules who destroyed monsters, and himself not immodestly claimed the civic wreath for having saved the lives of fellow-citizens. Posterity should not forget a man who really did an honest life's work for humanity and the liberation of thought. From one of the letters appended to his book we learn that Jacobus Savagius, a physician of Antwerp, had twenty years before written a treatise with the same design, but confining himself to the medical argument exclusively. He was, however, prevented from publishing it by death. It is pleasant to learn from Bodin that Alciato, the famous lawyer and emblematist, was one of those who "laughed and made others laugh at the evidence relied on at the trials, insisting that witchcraft was a thing impossible and fabulous, and so softened the hearts of judges (in spite of the fact that an inquisitor had caused to burn more than a hundred sorcerers in Piedmont), that all the accused escaped." In England, Reginald Scot was the first to enter the lists in behalf of those who had no champion. His book, published in 1584, is full of manly sense and spirit, above all, of a tender humanity that gives it a warmth which we miss in every other written on the same side. In the dedication to Sir Roger Manwood he says: "I renounce all protection and despise all friendship that might serve towards the suppressing or supplanting of truth." To his kinsman, Sir Thomas Scot, he writes: "My greatest adversaries are *young ignorance* and *old custom;* for what folly soever tract of time hath fostered, it is

* "With the names and surnames," says Bodin, indignantly, "of seventy-two princes, and of seven million four hundred and five thousand nine hundred and twenty-six devils, *errors excepted.*"

so superstitiously pursued of some, as though no error could be acquainted with custom." And in his Preface he thus states his motives: "God that knoweth my heart is witness, and you that read my book shall see, that my drift and purpose in this enterprise tendeth only to these respects. First, that the glory and power of God be not so abridged and abased as to be thrust into the hand or lip of a lewd old woman, whereby the work of the Creator should be attributed to the power of a creature. Secondly, that the religion of the Gospel may be seen to stand without such peevish trumpery. Thirdly, that lawful favor and Christian compassion be rather used towards these poor souls than rigor and extremity. Because they which are commonly accused of witchcraft are the least sufficient of all other persons to speak for themselves, as having the most base and simple education of all others, the extremity of their age giving them leave to dote, their poverty to beg, their wrongs to chide and threaten (as being void of any other way of revenge), their humor melancholical to be full of imaginations, from whence chiefly proceedeth the vanity of their confessions. . . . . And for so much as the mighty help themselves together, and the poor widow's cry, though it reach to Heaven, is scarce heard here upon earth, I thought good (according to my poor ability) to make intercession that some part of common rigor and some points of hasty judgment may be advised upon." . . . . The case is nowhere put with more point or urged with more sense and eloquence than by Scot, whose book contains also more curious matter, in the way of charms, incantations, exorcisms, and feats of legerdemain than any other of the kind.

Other books followed on the same side, of which Bekker's, published about a century later, was the most important. It is well reasoned, learned, and tedious to a masterly degree. But though the belief in witchcraft might be shaken, it still had the advantage of being on the whole orthodox and respectable. Wise men, as usual, insisted on regarding superstition as of one substance with faith, and objected to any scouring of the shield of religion, lest, like that of Cornelius Scriblerus, it should suddenly turn out to be nothing more than "a paltry old sconce with the nozzle broke off." The Devil continued to

be the only recognized Minister Resident of God upon earth. When we remember that one man's accusation on his death-bed was enough to constitute grave presumption of witchcraft, it might seem singular that dying testimonies were so long of no avail against the common credulity. But it should be remembered that men are mentally no less than corporeally gregarious, and that public opinion, the fetish even of the nineteenth century, makes men, whether for good or ill, into a mob, which either hurries the individual judgment along with it, or runs over and tramples it into insensibility. Those who are so fortunate as to occupy the philosophical position of spectators *ab extra* are very few in any generation.

There were exceptions, it is true, but the old cruelties went on. In 1610 a case came before the tribunal of the *Tourelle*, and when the counsel for the accused argued at some length that sorcery was ineffectual, and that the Devil could not destroy life, President Séguier told him that he might spare his breath, since the court had long been convinced on those points. And yet two years later the grand-vicars of the Bishop of Beauvais solemnly summoned Beelzebuth, Satan, Motelu, and Briffaut, with the four legions under their charge, to appear and sign an agreement never again to enter the bodies of reasonable or other creatures, under pain of excommunication! If they refused, they were to be given over to "the power of hell to be tormented and tortured more than was customary, three thousand years after the judgment." Under this proclamation they all came in, like reconstructed rebels, and signed whatever document was put before them. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century, the safe thing was still to believe, or at any rate to profess belief. Sir Thomas Browne, though he had written an exposure of "Vulgar Errors," testified in court to his faith in the possibility of witchcraft. Sir Kenelm Digby, in his "Observations on the Religio Medici," takes, perhaps, as advanced ground as any, when he says: "Neither do I deny there are witches; I only reserve my assent till I meet with stronger motives to carry it." The position of even enlightened men of the world in that age might be called semi-sceptical. La Bruyère, no doubt, expresses the average of opinion: "Que penser de la magie et du sortilége? La théorie en est

obscurcie, les principes vagues, incertains, et qui approchent du visionnaire ; mais il y a des faits embarrassants, affirmés par des hommes graves qui les ont vus ; les admettre tous, ou les nier tous, paraît un égal inconvénient, et j'ose dire qu'en cela comme en toutes les choses extraordinaires et qui sortent des communes règles, il y a un parti à trouver entre les âmes crédules et les esprits forts." * Montaigne, to be sure, had long before declared his entire disbelief, and yet the Parliament of Bourdeaux, his own city, condemned a man to be burned as a *noüeur d'aiguillettes* so lately as 1718. Indeed, it was not, says Maury, till the first quarter of the eighteenth century that one might safely publish his incredulity in France. In Scotland witches were burned for the last time in 1722. Garinet cites the case of a girl near Amiens possessed by three demons, — Mimi, Zozo, and Crapoulet, — in 1816.

The two beautiful volumes of Mr. Upham are, so far as I know, unique in their kind. It is, in some respects, a clinical lecture on human nature, as well as on the special epidemical disease under which the patient is laboring. He has written not merely a history of the so-called Salem Witchcraft, but has made it intelligible by a minute account of the place where the delusion took its rise, the persons concerned in it, whether as actors or sufferers, and the circumstances which led to it. By deeds, wills, and the records of courts and churches, by plans, maps, and drawings, he has re-created Salem Village as it was two hundred years ago, so that we seem wellnigh to talk with its people and walk over its fields, or through its cart-tracks and bridle-roads. We are made partners in parish and village feuds, we share in the chimney-corner gossip, and learn for the first time how many mean and merely human motives, whether consciously or unconsciously, gave impulse and intensity to the passions of the actors in that memorable tragedy which dealt the death-blow in this country to the belief in Satanic compacts. Mr. Upham's minute details, which give us something like a photographic picture of the in-door and out-door scenery that surrounded the events he narrates, help us materially to understand their origin and the course they inevitably took. In this respect his book is original and full of new interest. To know

* Cited by Maury, p. 221, note 4.

the kind of life these people led, the kind of place they dwelt in, and the tenor of their thought, makes much real to us that was conjectural before. The influences of outward nature, of remoteness from the main highways of the world's thought, of seclusion, as the foster-mother of traditionary beliefs, of a hard life and unwholesome diet in exciting or obscuring the brain through the nerves and stomach, have been hitherto commonly overlooked in accounting for the phenomena of witchcraft. The great persecutions for this imaginary crime have always taken place in lonely places, among the poor, the ignorant, and, above all, the ill-fed.

One of the best things in Mr. Upham's book is the portrait of Parris, the minister of Salem Village, in whose household the children who, under the assumed possession of evil spirits, became accusers and witnesses, began their tricks. He is shown to us pedantic and something of a martinet in church discipline and ceremony, somewhat inclined to magnify his office, fond of controversy as he was skilful and rather unscrupulous in the conduct of it, and glad of any occasion to make himself prominent. Was he the unconscious agent of his own superstition, or did he take advantage of the superstition of others for purposes of his own? The question is not an easy one to answer. Men will sacrifice everything, sometimes even themselves, to their pride of logic and their love of victory. Bodin loses sight of humanity altogether in his eagerness to make out his case, and display his learning in the canon and civil law. He does not scruple to exaggerate, to misquote, to charge his antagonists with atheism, sorcery, and insidious designs against religion and society, that he may persuade the jury of Europe to bring in a verdict of guilty.* Yet there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his belief. Was Parris equally sincere? On the whole, I think it likely that he was. But if we acquit Parris, what shall we say of the demoniacal girls? The probability seems to be that those who began in harmless deceit found themselves at length involved so deeply, that dread of shame and punishment drove them to an extremity where their only choice was between sacrificing them-

* There is a kind of compensation in the fact that he himself lived to be accused of sorcery and Judaism.

selves, or others to save themselves. It is not unlikely that some of the younger girls were so far carried along by imitation or imaginative sympathy as in some degree to "credit their own lie." Any one who has watched or made experiments in animal magnetism knows how easy it is to persuade young women of nervous temperaments that they are doing that by the will of another which they really do by an obscure volition of their own, under the influence of an imagination adroitly guided by the magnetizer. The marvellous is so fascinating, that nine persons in ten, if once persuaded that a thing is possible, are eager to believe it probable, and at last cunning in convincing themselves that it is proven. But it is impossible to believe that the possessed girls in this case did not know how the pins they vomited got into their mouths. Mr. Upham has shown, in the case of Anne Putnam, Jr., an hereditary tendency to hallucination, if not insanity. One of her uncles had seen the Devil by broad daylight in the novel disguise of a blue boar, in which shape, as a tavern sign, he had doubtless proved more seductive than in his more ordinary transfigurations. A great deal of light is let in upon the question of whether there was deliberate imposture or no, by the narrative of Rev. Mr. Turell of Medford, written in 1728, which gives us all the particulars of a case of pretended possession in Littleton, eight years before. The eldest of three sisters began the game, and found herself before long obliged to take the next in age into her confidence. By and by the youngest, finding her sisters pitied and caressed on account of their supposed sufferings while she was neglected, began to play off the same tricks. The usual phenomena followed. They were convulsed, they fell into swoons, they were pinched and bruised, they were found in the water, on the top of a tree or of the barn. To these places they said they were conveyed through the air, and there were those who had seen them flying, which shows how strong is the impulse which prompts men to conspire with their own delusion, where the marvellous is concerned. The girls did whatever they had heard or read that was common in such cases. They even accused a respectable neighbor as the cause of their torments. There were some doubters, but "so far as I can

learn," says Turell, "the greater number believed and said they were under the evil hand, or possessed by Satan." But the most interesting fact of all is supplied by the confession of the elder sister, made eight years later under stress of remorse. Having once begun, they found returning more tedious than going o'er. To keep up their cheat made life a burden to them, but they could not stop. Thirty years earlier, their juggling might have proved as disastrous as that at Salem Village. There, parish and boundary feuds had set enmity between neighbors, and the girls, called on to say who troubled them, cried out upon those whom they had been wont to hear called by hard names at home. They probably had no notion what a frightful ending their comedy was to have; but at any rate they were powerless, for the reins had passed out of their hands into the sterner grasp of minister and magistrate. They were dragged deeper and deeper, as men always are by their own lie.

The proceedings at the Salem trials are sometimes spoken of as if they were exceptionally cruel. But, in fact, if compared with others of the same kind, they were exceptionally humane. At a time when Baxter could tell with satisfaction of a "*reading* parson" eighty years old, who, after being kept awake five days and nights, confessed his dealings with the Devil, it is rather wonderful that no mode of torture other than mental was tried at Salem. Nor were the magistrates more besotted or unfair than usual in dealing with the evidence. Now and then, it is true, a man more sceptical or intelligent than common had exposed some pretended demoniac. The Bishop of Orléans, in 1598, read aloud to Martha Brossier the story of the Ephesian Widow, and the girl, hearing Latin, and taking it for Scripture, went forthwith into convulsions. He found also that the Devil who possessed her could not distinguish holy from profane water. But that there were deceptions did not shake the general belief in the reality of possession. The proof in such cases could not and ought not to be subjected to the ordinary tests. "If many natural things," says Bodin, "are incredible and some of them incomprehensible, *a fortiori* the power of supernatural intelligences and the doings of spirits are incomprehensible. But error has risen to its height in this, that those who

have denied the power of spirits and the doings of sorcerers have wished to dispute physically concerning supernatural or metaphysical things, which is a notable incongruity." That the girls were really possessed seemed to Stoughton and his colleagues the most rational theory, — a theory in harmony with the rest of their creed, and sustained by the unanimous consent of pious men as well as the evidence of that most cunning and least suspected of all sorcerers, the Past, — and how confront or cross-examine invisible witnesses, especially witnesses whom it was a kind of impiety to doubt? Evidence that would have been convincing in ordinary cases was of no weight against the general prepossession. In 1659 the house of a man in Brightling, Sussex, was troubled by a demon, who set it on fire at various times, and was continually throwing things about. The clergy of the neighborhood held a day of fasting and prayer in consequence. A maid-servant was afterwards detected as the cause of the missiles. But this did not in the least stagger Mr. Bennet, minister of the parish, who merely says: "There was a *seeming blur* cast, though not on the whole, yet upon some part of it, for their servant-girl was at last found throwing some things," and goes off into a eulogium on the "efficacy of prayer."

In one respect, to which Mr. Upham first gives the importance it deserves, the Salem trials were distinguished from all others. Though some of the accused had been terrified into confession, yet not one persevered in it, but all died protesting their innocence, and with unshaken constancy, though an acknowledgment of guilt would have saved the lives of all. This martyr proof of the efficacy of Puritanism in the character and conscience may be allowed to outweigh a great many sneers at Puritan fanaticism. It is at least a testimony to the courage and constancy which a profound religious sentiment had made common among the people of whom these sufferers were average representatives. The accused also were not, as was commonly the case, abandoned by their friends. In all the trials of this kind there is nothing so pathetic as the picture of Jonathan Cary holding up the weary arms of his wife during her trial, and wiping away the sweat from her brow and the tears from her face. Another remarkable fact is this, that while in other

countries the delusion was extinguished by the incredulity of the upper classes and the interference of authority, here the reaction took place among the people themselves, and here only was an attempt made at some legislative restitution, however inadequate. Mr. Upham's sincere and honest narrative, while it never condescends to a formal plea, is the best vindication possible of a community which was itself the greatest sufferer by the persecution which its credulity engendered.

If any lesson may be drawn from the tragical and too often disgustful history of witchcraft, it is not one of exultation at our superior enlightenment or shame at the shortcomings of the human intellect. It is rather one of charity and self-distrust. When we see what inhuman absurdities men in other respects wise and good have clung to as the corner-stone of their faith in immortality and a divine ordering of the world, may we not suspect that those who now maintain political or other doctrines which seem to us barbarous and unenlightened, may be, for all that, in the main as virtuous and clear-sighted as ourselves? While we maintain our own side with an honest ardor of conviction, let us not forget to allow for mortal incompetence in the other. And if there are men who regret the Good Old Times, without too clear a notion of what they were, they should at least be thankful that we are rid of that misguided energy of faith which justified conscience in making men unrelentingly cruel. Even Mr. Leckie softens a little at the thought of the many innocent and beautiful beliefs of which a growing scepticism has robbed us in the decay of supernaturalism. But we need not despair; for, after all, scepticism is first cousin of credulity, and we are not surprised to see the tough doubter Montaigne hanging up his offerings in the shrine of our Lady of Loreto. Scepticism commonly takes up the room left by defect of imagination, and is the very quality of mind most likely to seek for sensual proof of supersensual things. If one came from the dead, it could not believe; and yet it longs for such a witness, and will put up with a very dubious one. So long as night is left and the helplessness of dream, the wonderful will not cease from among men. While we are the solitary prisoners of darkness, the witch seats herself at the loom of thought, and weaves strange figures into

the web that looks so familiar and ordinary in the dry light of every-day. Just as we are flattering ourselves that the old spirit of sorcery is laid, behold the tables are tipping and the floors drumming all over Christendom. The faculty of wonder is not defunct, but is only getting more and more emancipated from the unnatural service of terror, and restored to its proper function as a minister of delight. A higher mode of belief is the best exorciser, because it makes the spiritual at one with the actual world instead of hostile, or at best alien. It has been the grossly material interpretations of spiritual doctrine that have given occasion to the two extremes of superstition and unbelief. While the resurrection of the body has been insisted on, that resurrection from the body which is the privilege of all has been forgotten. Superstition in its baneful form was largely due to the enforcement by the Church of arguments that involved a *petitio principii*, for it is the miserable necessity of all false logic to accept of very ignoble allies. Fear became at length its chief expedient for the maintenance of its power; and as there is a beneficent necessity laid upon a majority of mankind to sustain and perpetuate the order of things they are born into, and to make all new ideas manfully prove their right, first, to be at all, and then to be heard, many even superior minds dreaded the tearing away of vicious accretions as dangerous to the whole edifice of religion and society. But if this old ghost be fading away in what we regard as the dawn of a better day, we may console ourselves by thinking that perhaps, after all, we are not so *much* wiser than our ancestors. The rappings, the trance mediums, the visions of hands without bodies, the sounding of musical instruments without visible fingers, the miraculous inscriptions on the naked flesh, the enlivenment of furniture, — we have invented none of them, they are all heirlooms. There is surely room for yet another schoolmaster, when a score of seers advertise themselves in Boston newspapers. And if the metaphysicians can never rest till they have taken their watch to pieces and have arrived at a happy positivism as to its structure, though at the risk of bringing it to a no-go, we may be sure that the majority will always take more satisfaction in seeing its hands mysteriously move on, even if they should err a little as to the precise time of day established by the astronomical observatories.

Art. VIII. — Nominating Conventions.

In the introductory chapter to his treatise on Liberty Mr. Mill points out the fact, that, in a government "of all by all," "the 'people' who exercise the power are not always the same people with those over whom it is exercised, and the self-government spoken of is not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest." In fact, self-government means the absolute power of the many over the few. Who are the many? In our own country the negroes and "poor white trash" of the South, the mass of foreign emigrants, "the dangerous classes" in our cities, the unskilled laborers, the ignorant generally, who represent the physical force of the community. The many include much that is morally good, much also of depravity and vice caused by the weakness and temptations of ignorance and poverty. And who are the few? In a country like ours, which offers such a boundless field and such ample rewards to intelligent industry, they are a large class, though unable to cope in numbers with the former. They are the men of letters and science and high culture; they are the men of fortune and leisure and refined manners and elegant tastes; they are the owners of property, from the millionnaire down to him whose modest means, though not included in the income tax, are enough to give him the feeling of independence and self-respect which property confers, — a "stake in the hedge" that protects the rights of all. The few are the men of business and enterprise who direct the commerce, the finance, the manufactures, and agriculture of the country from the great capitalist down to the small trader, from the farmer who cultivates and improves a thousand acres to the cottager with ten. They are the men whose *thought* creates the wealth of the country, who lay the railroad track through the wilderness, who build and adorn cities, who found libraries and colleges, churches and charities, who encourage all the arts by which civilized is distinguished from rude and barren life.

These men are out-voted. They pay the taxes which are imposed by the majority, so that the maxim that taxation

should be founded on representation is virtually violated. They have, no doubt, commanding influence over those questions about which educated and intelligent men differ in opinion, because they only think about such questions at all, and because the press must represent their views or represent nothing, and must address them or address nobody. But over the primary, essential principles upon which all rights and all security depend, and about which enlightened men do not differ, they have little direct power. They are the minority, the governed, and all that they possess is held by sufferance and permission, and not by right and authority.

Heretofore, however, the majority has not proved an unjust or oppressive master. Traditionary habits of thought have so far prevailed that rights have been, if not universally, so generally secure, that confidence in the supremacy of order and law has been maintained, and has caused such a rapid and flourishing growth of prosperity throughout our country, that we ourselves, in common with all the world, behold it with wonder. The war, however, and the events growing out of it, and the chaos of opinion and passion now surging around us, have made many more than the philosophic few thoughtful and alarmed. A feeling of distrust in the future is pervading society. Many indications prove that the idea is rapidly gaining ground that political power is in the wrong place, and that universal suffrage threatens the country with terrible calamities.

With this idea is connected the question, How is power to be put in the right place? A fearful question, for on it hang the issues of life and death. How can power be taken out of the hands of the many? Not by votes, for they have the votes. Not by force, for they have the force. Can no answer be given to this question by our age of culture and civilization? Can it point only to the experience of the past, which tells us that power in the wrong place, like pent-up steam, bursts its way out with explosive violence, scattering around it wounds and death, though when well managed, like steam it gives motion to the machinery of industry and trade. It seems so, for no answer has been given. The only reply has been: "No, there is no hope. Political power, once granted, cannot be withdrawn, without a struggle fatal to liberty. The mere proposal would

destroy any public man or party by whom it was made. Therefore it never will be made. But may not the power, even of the multitude, be restrained and guided? That is the only question worth discussing, for all reasoning on the subject of government is conditioned by the possible. If this, too, be impossible, then we must prepare our minds to meet, as best we can, the perils of the future."

Out of this conviction have grown various plans to regulate the elective franchise: such as Mr. Hare's, of personal representation; and plural voting, by which persons of the superior classes have each more than one vote; and cumulative voting, by which all the votes that would otherwise be distributed among several candidates may be given to one; — schemes, all of them, whose purpose is to give representation to a minority, and thus curb the power of the many over the few.

These plans have their value. They should be carefully considered, as they may correct or mitigate the evils of our system. But they fail to provide for one thing which is necessary to the successful working of any plan, and that is, the nomination of fit persons for office.

It being impossible for the people themselves to administer their power, they must delegate it to agents and representatives. As the exercise of power over the interests of a great and civilized nation requires a degree of knowledge and ability superior to that of the average, men above the average must be chosen, or public affairs, and, as a consequence, private affairs too, would fall into hopeless ruin and confusion. A government of the ignorant, elected by the ignorant, would be an impossibility, except among savage tribes, and even they select for chiefs and rulers their ablest and strongest men. It follows, therefore, that, even under our system, which is the government of the few by the many, the trustees of power, those who for a time apply it to persons and things, and regulate both private and national interests, must be chosen from the enlightened few and not from the ignorant many.

They have been for the most part so chosen heretofore, and are so now, though less frequently than formerly. If the executive offices, the legislature, and the judiciary were filled by workingmen unable to read and write, or, possessing so

much knowledge, wholly ignorant of law and the nature of government and of the principles that control finance and commerce and industry, — men whose hands were familiar with the hod and the wheelbarrow, the anvil and the plough, and whose talk was only of bullocks, — it is clear that the life of such a government would soon cease amid the wrecks which it had created. Yet it would be a government of the ignorant many, by representatives chosen from the many. Instances of daily occurrence show that it is the sort of government towards which ours is tending. The executive office shows it; the Congressional debates show it; and Congress itself, where sit at this moment gamblers and pugilists, drunkards and criminals and men wholly destitute of every sort of knowledge proper for the place. This is the tendency, notwithstanding the high average of intelligence and practical ability, and, in some instances, the eminent talents, which Congress still displays. It is a tendency whose movement is likely to be hastened by growing influences. Means to resist it are therefore a pressing want of the time.

The meaning of the phrase "the power of the people" is not easily defined. Theoretically, they are said to be sovereign over themselves; but this can be true only of a majority, and it is another way of saying that one portion has supreme power over another portion, unless all should agree. But how can this sovereignty be exerted? The people cannot make laws or execute them, cannot administer justice, cannot make war or impose taxes, or do any of the thousand things which yet must be done for their safety and welfare. They are obliged to choose or permit somebody to do these things for them, — in other words, to govern them. This somebody, whether composed of one or many, whether chosen or accepted or endured for a longer or shorter time, is the government to whom they have given or yielded their power. So that, as power which cannot be exerted does not exist, it is a fallacy to say that the people govern themselves, and the province of the government has been well described to be, to do for the people what they cannot do for themselves. But, it is said, the people when free govern themselves by their representatives, and in the power of choosing these consists their sovereignty. But can

they make this choice? On this question hinges the problem of democratic government. If they cannot, any more than they can make and execute laws, then somebody must do it for them. We know, in fact, that somebody does do it for them, and, it is easy to show, because they cannot do it for themselves.

Each man in the community cannot separately make a choice, and propose it to all the others. This would be impossible, except in a very small number of people, such as a boat's crew or a ship's company. If a large number collected together, there would at once arise a necessity for organization and leaders, and they would offer the candidate, who, if accepted, would be really the choice of these leaders. If this assembly did not include the whole number of voters, then those not present would be obliged to vote for the persons thus selected, or not vote at all, so that the leaders would choose for them also. Should any number of the people be dissatisfied with the choice thus made, and wish to oppose it, they must meet and organize in the same way, and their leaders must select a candidate, and one of the two thus nominated must be elected; but he will in reality be elected, not by the many who voted for him, but by the few who offered him to be voted for. It is true that if each of the voters, or a very large proportion of them, did, after examination, approve the choice thus made, the electors might be said themselves to select their representatives, though even then the initiatory step, which is the important one, would be made by the few, perhaps by one only, for there probably would be several candidates eager for the place, either of whom, if presented to the voters, would be chosen. The one chosen, therefore, would obviously have great influence over these leaders, might indeed by intimidation or promise of reward beforehand obtain their decision in his favor.

We see, therefore, that, even on a small scale, it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the people, however respectable they may be, to choose their representatives, and that the tendency of power is always to concentrate itself in a few hands. If the electors or a majority of them be of a low order, morally and intellectually, they blindly deliver themselves up to men who become their leaders by flattering their passions and by

promising success to their wild hopes and dangerous schemes. Such men present as candidates others like themselves. Thus the rule of the many is always liable to become the reign of ignorance and corruption.

The same process is necessary whether on a large or a small scale, though the larger the number of electors the more completely do they fall into the hands of a few, and the less chance is there of their exerting any control over the choice of their representatives. In a large and populous region, covered with cities and villages and factories, where elections are frequent and the offices to be filled numerous, any intelligent selection of candidates by the people becomes impossible. The people are necessarily divided into parties, representing opposite opinions on public affairs and conflicting interests. These parties are composed of large masses of men, who become excited by contest, heated often by violent and reckless passion, and, in proportion to their zeal or rage, eager for victory. For effective action, concert, method, rules, plans, and persons appointed to make those plans and execute them, are essential conditions. Thence the formation, management, and "drill" of parties; thence the growth of a body of men, active, clever, energetic, learned in the statistics of votes, experts in popular arts, skilful to touch the chords of popular passions, and able to set in motion and work the varied machinery which governs an election.

These men form a disciplined corps of various ranks and duties, from the holders or expectants of high office down to the lowest underling who does the dirty work. They do not work for nothing, high or low, but play for a large stake. To many of them that stake is the welfare of the country, which they think dependent on the opinions they support, the triumph of truth and justice and sound doctrine, the gratification of an honorable ambition which seeks distinction in a fair field for intellectual effort and display. But the stake includes some hundred of millions of dollars annually, to be disbursed by the winning party, and to this fund the lower ranks of these managers look for a less noble reward. Such a body of men is the inevitable growth of a representative government. Parties must exist, and without managers parties cannot be organized and

moved, any more than an army without officers can be disciplined and brought into action. Party managers, therefore, are a necessity. They form a voluntary society, a secret league scattered everywhere throughout the country, united by a common purpose, exercising immense power without legal duties or responsibility, paid or expecting pay from the public treasury, assuming no authority, distinguished by no badge or title, and only vaguely known by the appropriate name given to them by the popular voice of "trading politicians." These are the men who nominate candidates, and their nomination is the real election.

They cannot do this openly themselves, for that would be to avow themselves members of a distinct profession, and to assume power, whereas the secret of their power lies in their claiming none, and in their denial of membership in any society clothed with power. The people must apparently be free to choose their representatives. The slightest suspicion of any interference with that privilege would be fatal to those who made it. But it is impossible for the people to choose candidates for the place of representative; they can only vote for those chosen by somebody else. Now, the success of an election depends often on the character of the candidates offered to the people, and those elected control the administration of the government, control the patronage, control the treasury. Victory at the elections being the sole object of parties, or rather the means by which parties obtain their objects, unless the managers can govern the elections they are of no use. They can do nothing for their party or for themselves. As a party can only vote for candidates selected by somebody else, the task of selecting them belongs necessarily to the leaders of a party.

Out of this necessity and the conditions annexed to it have grown up an institution known to our practice by the name of Nominating Conventions. They were invented to do what the people cannot do for themselves, but which must be done, — select candidates to be voted for by the people. To confer a trust so important on persons not chosen by the people would violate the ruling principle of popular sovereignty. The conventions, therefore, are elected by each party, at what are called primary meetings. But here another inexorable condition

reveals itself. A political party must be an organized body with rules of action and with leaders, otherwise it is a mere powerless, unconnected crowd. The leaders therefore must govern, more especially in the vital work of choosing representatives of the party. Thence it has become a maxim that every one must vote for the "regularly nominated candidates" of the party. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that, somehow or other, the constituted authorities of the party must control these primary elections.

Because it is necessary, they do control them. The great mass of the party, anxious for the success of its principles and policy, leave the direction of its forces to those who have become its managers, for thus only can success be attained. They do not go to the primary meetings. They are too busy. Regular elections are so numerous that they have become burdensome. It is enough that they vote at these. Besides, why should they go? To gain a knowledge of the merits of the candidates for the many officers now elected by the people would be a very difficult undertaking, requiring much time and labor, — more than they can give, without injury to their private business. Moreover, it would be to interfere with the regular management of the party and endanger its success. Practically, they vote for any one nominated, without inquiry. The control of the primary elections thus falls inevitably into the hands, not of the more respectable leaders of the party, those who determine its general policy, but of the working managers, an inferior class. They arrange beforehand who shall be members of the convention, they preside at the meeting and bring together a crowd of voters, generally a small one, upon whose obedience they can depend. By what arts these meetings are sometimes managed is told in the following extract from the "Nation" of November 22, 1866, one of the ablest and most influential journals in the country: —

"The machinery by which the selection of candidates is usually arranged in the Northern States consists of primary elections; that is, of elections held within the ranks of each party, and managed without any control on the part of the State. At these elections delegates are chosen to conventions, which nominate candidates on each side, who are thenceforth called 'regular.'

"The nature and working of these primary elections are, therefore, matters of deep interest to every thoughtful and patriotic citizen. No one who studies politics at all should fail to study the operation of this branch of political machinery.

"We do not pretend to know much about primary elections in the rural districts, or even in other cities than New York and Brooklyn; but, judging from what we hear, and from the visible fruits of the system in the country at large, we should say that a picture drawn from the reality in New York would be recognized by politicians in nearly all other cities, and even in many country villages, as not unlike scenes familiar to them.

"The Democratic party retains the primary election in all its pristine glory, such as it was fifteen years ago in both the great parties of the day. The election is held in the lowest groggery of the ward. A mob of vagabonds surround the door, and, well supplied with liquor by the candidates, vote just as many times each as they can crowd their way to and from the poll during the time fixed for the election. Thus a collection of two or three hundred patriots will easily cast six or eight hundred votes. The inspectors, if experienced in their business, never object to a vote. Why should they? Why irritate a true Democrat, bent upon exercising his franchise three or four times over, when a milder remedy may be found? A clever inspector knows better. When he comes to count the votes, his sleeve is filled with ballots of the right sort, and after emptying these upon the table, he adroitly sweeps a few score of obnoxious ballots into his lap. As the three inspectors are almost invariably united in interest, it is obvious that they can do effective work in this way. But a yet neater method has been in use for some years at a number of polls. The inspectors shut out the unwashed and tipsy crowd of voters, sit for an hour or two over their whiskey and cigars, and, without going through the ridiculous form of counting the votes, return the numbers in such manner as seems to them most for the good of the party, and best calculated to replenish their purses."

It is not asserted that this picture is universally true, but practices similar to those described are so general that they account for the number of inferior men elected to fill important offices, and for the widespread corruption that is eating like a canker into every branch of our government, national and State. Bribery has become so common a practice, that it is the rule, honesty the exception. The air is thick with it.

Fraud penetrates into every detail of administration, even to the management of public charities and schools. The legislatures of our large cities are described constantly in the daily press as bands of thieves living on the plunder of the public. The "Nation" of November 28, 1867, thus speaks of the government of New York: —

"We firmly believe that the prolongation of the existing system of government in New York does more in two years to make men deaf to the claims of justice, indifferent to suffering, to corruption, and to villany, than ten years of lecturing and preaching and article-writing would remove."

Such is the crop which grows on the soil of popular ignorance invested with power. But whether the masses be enlightened or ignorant, although the character of their government will be different, there are, if our reasoning be correct, two natural laws by which a representative government is controlled: one of these is, that the people cannot choose their representatives; the other is, that the choice will inevitably be made by the managers of the successful party. These managers are thus the real electors and govern the country, so far as it can be governed or influenced by the character of the men selected to administer its political power. It is useless to resist these laws. If we seek a remedy for the alarming evils growing out of their action, we must recognize and obey them, for it is only by obedience that we can use them for our purpose.

Let us accept, then, the truth that the nomination of a candidate is the real election, and that the persons who make the nomination will always be chosen by party leaders. This at once invests the office of nominator with deep interest. It is an office of great power and importance. Is it not strange that it is one unknown to the law and scarcely thought of by the people, who imagine that it is by *their* votes that their representatives are chosen, simply because they do vote at an election? One would think that the law would surround such a power by all sorts of checks and guards to secure its wise and honest administration; would take care to impose on those who fill the office legal duties and responsibilities, and to insure their appointment in some open and legal manner, so

that at least their names might be known to the public. According to the present practice, no one, except the small number of the initiated, knows who they are or who those are by whom they are selected. The general belief is that neither the choosers nor the chosen are people of high character; that often they are of very low character, — demagogues, rowdies, gamblers, and keepers of grog-shops. The debates of these important societies or clubs are secret, but the results of their proceedings are known in the choice of candidates, often of such infamous character that honest men refuse to vote for them, although by refusing they withdraw their support from measures and principles which they deem of vital importance to the country.

It is not surprising that honorable and cultivated men avoid public life when they must undergo the ordeal of a nomination by such a body. It is no wonder that corruption prevails so generally in all the departments of our government. The wonder is that, under such a system, any healthy life is left in the government at all, and that there are still in office enough honest men to prevent it from falling into hopeless confusion and ruin. The evil has reached such a monstrous growth that every one sees it, dreads it, and while some, in the apathy of despair, yield to it as a fate, others are inquiring for a remedy. How can we curb and regulate, if we cannot get rid of, this power that has thus quietly and gradually grown to such gigantic bulk that it rules the country and threatens to destroy it?

The national Constitution affords us some light in attempting to answer this question. In the formation of all branches of the government except the House of Representatives, it has recognized the wisdom of the rule that the trustees of political power should be the chosen of the chosen. That they should be removed by one step at least from direct action of popular opinion, so liable to be inflamed by passion and to be controlled by demagogues. It may be assumed that the people, unless unfit for free government, will select persons above the average in capacity and virtue, and that these, acting under the responsibility of an important duty, if appointed to choose persons fit for a high trust, will prefer men better than

themselves. Thus Senators in Congress are chosen by the legislatures of the States. The judges of the Federal courts are appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and the President is chosen by electors, appointed by each State, "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct." It was not intended by the framers that the President should be chosen by the people. The electors were to make the choice, and even they were not necessarily to be elected by the people. This intention was immediately defeated, and the result has proved the wisdom of the Constitution. All these important offices were meant to be filled by the chosen of the chosen, and the choosers were persons appointed by the law for the purpose.

To the application of this rule De Tocqueville ascribes the superiority of the Senate over the House.

"On entering the House of Representatives," he says, "one is struck by the vulgar demeanor of that great assembly. The eye frequently does not discover a man of celebrity within its walls. Its members are almost all obscure individuals whose names present no association to the mind; they are mostly village attorneys, men in trade, or even persons belonging to the lower classes of society. In a country where education is very general, it is said that the Representatives of the people do not always know how to write correctly. At a few yards' distance from this spot is the door of the Senate, which contains within a small space a large proportion of the celebrated men of America. [He was writing thirty years ago.] Scarcely an individual is to be perceived in it who does not recall the idea of an active and illustrious career.

"The Senate is composed of eloquent advocates, distinguished generals, wise magistrates and statesmen of note, whose language would at all times do honor to the most remarkable parliamentary debates in Europe. . . . . Why is the former body remarkable for its vulgarity and its poverty of talent, whilst the latter seems to enjoy a monopoly of intelligence and sound judgment? . . . . The only reason that seems to me adequately to account for it is, that the House of Representatives is elected by the populace directly, and that the Senate is elected by elected bodies. . . . . This transmission of popular authority through an assembly of chosen men operates an important change in it by refining its discretion and improving the forms it adopts. Men who are chosen in this manner accurately represent the majority of the nation that governs them; but they represent the elevated thoughts which are

current in the community, the generous propensities which prompt its nobler action, rather than the petty passions which disturb or the vices which disgrace it."

And he adds, in what events are proving to have been a prophetic spirit, —

"The time may be already anticipated at which the American Republics will be obliged to introduce the plan of election by an elected body more frequently into their system of representation, or they will incur no small risk of perishing miserably amongst the shoals of democracy."

It is worth remarking, in confirmation of these views, that from the beginning the most respectable branches of our government, presenting in their annals a high average of ability and virtue, and some of the most illustrious names that adorn our history, are the Senate and the judiciary, the chosen of the chosen; whilst almost every name that disgraces it is to be found on the list of our Presidents and the members of the lower house of Congress, both elected directly by the people.

In the cases where power is intrusted by the Constitution to the chosen of the chosen, the choosers are persons pre-appointed by the law, who therefore are known to the public, and perform legal duties subject to legal responsibility. The candidates selected by nominating conventions are the chosen of the chosen; but who are the choosers? Voluntary associations of obscure men, wielding great power, without legal duty or responsibility. Though nominally elected by the people, they are really appointed, as we have shown, by the managers of a party, — another voluntary association of obscure and often corrupt men, wielding great power, and, like the former, unknown to the law. The object of both is party success, and to gain it they are very unscrupulous as to the means employed to secure votes. Concessions are made to the lowest of the populace, even to the criminal classes, and candidates of their own order, and favored by them, are nominated for the sake of their support. Once nominated, they receive the votes of the party, even of the best men in it, who as a rule know nothing whatever about them, not even their names, which

they put, without reading the list, into the ballot-box, intending thereby, not a choice of candidate, but a support of the principles and policy of a party. Persons of infamous character are thus often unconsciously voted for by the most respectable men in the community, and sometimes consciously though reluctantly, because otherwise they could not vote at all, except for the opposite party, whose principles they do not approve, and whose men are as bad or worse.

It is obvious that the point of this machinery to which a remedy, if there be any, must be applied is the nominating convention. The party managers are a necessity which can neither be got rid of nor controlled, and whose influence for good or for evil depends on the character of the constituency of the party. Neither can they be prevented from controlling the primary meetings who elect the nominating conventions. But why may not the law control the nominating conventions, since they have become an overshadowing power in the state? Why not recognize their existence, and the necessity for it? Why not invest them with legal power, and thus with responsibility? This would be in accordance with the analogy of the Constitution. The legislatures of the States who choose Senators in Congress are legal assemblies, known to the people, elected publicly according to law, deliberating publicly, and meeting publicly at a decent place, not in secret at a low tavern in Equality Alley. Upon them the duty of choosing Senators is imposed by law, and for the due performance of it they are legally and morally responsible. The national judges are appointed in a similar way, and so the Constitution intended that the President should be chosen. The nominating convention is a more important institution for this purpose than either, for it chooses the President and the lower house of Congress, and the executive, legislative, and judiciary departments of all the State governments, all officers and legislatures of municipal governments, and a countless number of subordinate officers elected by the people. Yet it is a power unknown to the law, and untrammelled by any civil authority; its members and their doings are almost unknown to the people; and for its performances and their results, it is not responsible to any one, legally or morally.

But it may be said, What can the government do with such an institution, more especially if it be necessarily under the commanding influence of another which the law cannot control? The answer is, that by giving the former a legal existence, it may impose upon it such checks and responsibilities as may at least greatly diminish the evils it now inflicts upon the country, perhaps render its normal action safe and beneficial; for if the nominating conventions could be made to represent the enlightened opinion and sober sentiment of the people, they would be safe and useful. If they were composed of men superior in education and position to the mass of the people, they would at least refuse to offer as candidates to the people persons wholly unworthy to exercise political power.

For this purpose we venture to suggest some such plan as this.

Let the law provide for the election, at stated periods, of boards of nominors, whose duty it shall be to receive and consider all applications for offices whose incumbents are chosen by the popular vote, and from them let it select a number of candidates to be presented to the people for their suffrages.

Let it be provided that none other than those so selected shall become candidates, and let the members of the board be sworn to the performance of this duty without fear, favor, or affection, and let adequate penalties be provided to prevent bribery or fraud. This would be merely to enforce by law the duties which these conventions now profess to perform without law.

The chief difficulty would be to annex to the office of nominor such qualifications as might raise those who filled it above dishonest motives, and secure in them identity of interest with all classes of the community, and at the same time sufficient education, that they might truly represent the enlightened opinion of the country. If these qualifications be fixed too high, the plan would be rejected, if too low, many of the present abuses would continue. In determining, therefore, what these qualifications should be, a compromise must be made between what is desirable and what is practicable. Among them are those which are indicated by race, nationality, age, education, and

property. Considering therefore the vast power connected with the office, we should say that to secure the best results, every person who held it should be a native-born American citizen of the white race, not less than forty years of age, educated according to a standard to be fixed by law, and possessed of an amount of income or property sufficient to elevate him above the class working for wages; and further, that during his term he should not hold any office under the national, State, or municipal government, nor for one year after the expiration of his term of service.

It is very true that nominating conventions are often composed of persons who satisfy all these conditions, but the majority of them as now constituted do not. It is true that a wide scope would still be left to partisan intrigue and corruption, but nevertheless some evil influences would be excluded. It is true that such conventions, however constituted, must still be greatly influenced by party managers; but the good character of the conventions would resist the lowest and basest sort of influence, and invite the highest, and thus tend to raise the tone of party politics to a higher level. Voters conscious of their inability to inquire into the merits of candidates, if the choice were confided to a body of men expressly selected for the duty and competent to perform it, could vote without misgiving or disgust for the party whose principles they approved. And honorable and cultivated men, ambitious of a public career, could present themselves without loss of self-respect to a legal and intelligent tribunal able to appreciate and willing fairly to consider their claims.

The plan we have ventured to suggest is, of course, a mere outline. Should it, or one like it, ever come to be applied in practice, many matters of detail must be added. If the principles on which it is founded be correct, these could easily be furnished by persons versed in the working of party politics.

Perhaps by some such scheme as this, aided by the plans for voting so as to secure representation to minorities already referred to, the intelligence of our people may be able to disarm universal suffrage of its admitted evils and risks, and at the same time preserve whatever of good it possesses. This is its

tendency to increase the self-respect of the lower classes, and to educate them by active participation in public affairs; to prevent the odious and invidious distinctions which create and imbitter the animosities of caste; and to diminish the temptation to disaffection, tumult, and disorder.

We have said above that the ignorant many, when possessed of political power, must choose from the enlightened few the persons to intrust with its administration, or must lose their power. It is very easy for such a government to be thus destroyed, for power will not long remain in the hands of ignorance, and the enlightened, with or without votes, are natural rulers. The object of the plan we have ventured to suggest is to secure obedience to this principle by law.

SIDNEY G. FISHER.

ART. IX. — GOVERNOR ANDREW.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW, late Governor of Massachusetts, was born May 31, 1818, at Windham, a small town near Lake Sebago, about fifteen miles from Portland, — two years before the separation of Maine from Massachusetts. The family was English in origin, descending in America from Robert Andrew, who immigrated to Rowley Village, now Boxford, in Essex County, Mass., and died there in 1668. It was connected by marriage with several of the famous ancient families of the Colony, — a grandmother of the Governor being a granddaughter of the brave Captain William Pickering, who commanded the Province Galley in 1707, to protect the fisheries against the French and Indians, and the mother of her husband being Mary Higginson, a direct descendant from Francis Higginson, the organizer of the first church in the Colony. A portrait of this old clergyman, his ancestor, depicted with snow-white hair and gray mustache, clad in a black robe, holding a book in one hand, on the index finger of which a large signet-ring is displayed, hung over the mantel

on the chimney of the Council-Chamber during the whole of the Governor's administration. The grandfather of the Governor, whose name he bore, was a silversmith, and afterwards a successful merchant in the old and wealthy city of Salem. He removed to Windham and died there in 1791. His son Jonathan was born in Salem and lived there until manhood, when he, too, went to Windham, and married Nancy G. Pierce, a teacher in the Fryeburg Academy, where Daniel Webster also was once a teacher. In after years they removed to Boxford, where they died.

The Governor was their oldest son. He was a school-boy at Windham and at Salem, and then a student in Bowdoin College. Of his college life Mr. Chandler spoke as follows in his felicitous eulogy at the bar meeting, held on November 4, after the Governor's death: —

> "He took no rank as a scholar, and seemed to have not the slightest ambition for academical distinction; he had no part at Commencement. This rosy, chub-faced boy, genial, affectionate, and popular, gave no indications of future renown, nor of that ability, energy, and breadth of view for which he is now so celebrated. He was not regarded as dull, very much the contrary; but he seemed to be indifferent to the ordinary routine of college honors, — possessed of that happy temperament which enabled him then and for many years afterwards to pass quietly along without a touch of the carking cares and temptations that wait on the ambitious aspirations of the young as well as the old."

Immediately after graduating at college he came to Boston to study law, and prepared for the profession in the office of Henry H. Fuller, an uncle of Margaret Fuller. Then followed twenty years of steady practice at the Suffolk bar. It was not a conspicuous career, but in it his biographer will find the marks of all the great qualities he afterwards displayed in office, for never was a life more consistent. In the latter years of his practice before becoming Governor, he was engaged in a remarkable succession of cases involving high questions of constitutional law. In 1854 he defended the parties indicted at Boston for rescuing the fugitive slave Burns; in 1855 he defended the British Consul at Boston against the charge of violating our neutrality laws during the Crimean war; in 1856 he argued the petition for a writ of *habeas corpus* to test the

legality of the imprisonment of the free State officers of Kansas at Topeka. More lately, in 1859, he initiated and directed the measures for the legal defence of John Brown in Virginia; and in 1860 he was of counsel for F. B. Sanborn, at his discharge by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts from the custody of the United States Marshal, by whom he had been arrested on a warrant from the Vice-President of the United States to compel his appearance before the Congressional Committee of Investigation into the affair at Harper's Ferry. He had himself appeared before that committee as a witness the same year. On his theory of duty as a lawyer, he never hesitated to defend unpopular and even odious causes. In illustration, besides his defence of the British Consul, may be named his advocacy of Burnham, in 1860, against the inquisition of the Massachusetts Legislature, and also his defence in the United States courts, the same year, of the notorious slaver-yacht Wanderer against forfeiture. In questions of domestic relation, perhaps no member of our bar had a more extensive practice, or had made deeper study of the law. His mind thus was busy always with the higher problems of philosophic jurisprudence, and his course of practice had led him to comprehend thoroughly the mutual relations of the government and the people in all questions of personal liberty, so that when, in mature life, he was called to be Governor, he was already a well-trained political philosopher.

Whether he would be as efficient in practice as he had been studious of theory was unknown. Never but once before had he held political office, and then only for one session as a member of the lower house of the Legislature, although, to be sure, he became at once the leader of that house. The condition of his private fortune had debarred him from the practical political training which in this country almost always precedes elevation to the highest offices, and had required his uninterrupted devotion to a profession which always demands constancy as a condition of success. But, in 1860, he was suddenly chosen Governor by a popular vote larger than that received by any of his predecessors.

There was a furious snow-storm on January 5, 1861, the day of his inauguration. Without waiting for it to abate, his first offi-

cial act, immediately after the inaugural ceremonies, was to despatch a confidential messenger to the Governors of New Hampshire and Maine, to acquaint them with his determination to prepare the active militia of Massachusetts for instant service, and to invite their co-operation. Then followed, week by week, in the face of ridicule from many sources, and bitter opposition from many more, that series of military orders and those purchases of war material to which the whole country now looks back as evidences of unequalled foresight.

At last the signal-gun of the Rebellion was fired. Patient in the extreme through all the attempts to prevent war, sympathizing and corresponding with Mr. Adams during all the efforts and proffers to the South which were made in the faint hope to avert it, yet when it came he welcomed it as the sure solution of all difficulties. In his own memorable words spoken in the address with which he opened the session of the General Court which was speedily called, "a grand era had dawned," and he "perceived nothing now about us which ought to discourage the good or to alarm the brave." "Senators and Representatives," said he, "grave responsibilities have fallen, in the providence of God, upon the government and people, — and they are welcome. They could not have been safely postponed. They have not arrived too soon. They will sift and try this people, all who lead and all who follow."

Never was a finer illustration of the couplet of the poet, that

> "When once their slumbering passions burn,
> The peaceful are the strong."

This man, of sympathies nurtured on the most advanced ideas of his age, yearning, hoping, praying for a peaceful end of all wrong, yet possessed a foresight so intuitive and a mind so practical, that he had calmly prepared for war, unmoved by the ridicule and abuse of men of coarser fibre; and when war came, accepted it so solemnly and earnestly that there seemed and there was no inconsistency between his principle and his practice. "Devoted in heart to the interests of peace," said he in that same great address, "painfully alive to the calamities and sorrows of war, yet I cannot fail to see how plainly the rights and liberties of a people repose upon their own capacity to maintain them."

The arrangement of the private executive rooms at the State-House was unchanged during the whole of Governor Andrew's administration. It was faulty in many respects, and a few simple changes in it, enabling him to seclude himself, would have saved him from much care and annoyance. They were on the same floor with the Council-Chamber, and were reached through a long and narrow corridor, which led into an antechamber. Out of this the Governor's apartment opened directly, with no intervening room. It was a low-studded chamber, perhaps twenty-five feet square, lighted by two windows opening westward. In the centre was a massive square table, on the side of which, facing the door of the antechamber, the Governor had his seat. Directly opposite him, at the same table, sat his secretary. At a desk near one of the windows was the place of an assistant secretary. The chairs and sofa were very plain and covered with green plush. The large book-cases along the northern wall, empty at the beginning of his administration, became filled before the end of it with more than two hundred volumes of the correspondence conducted under his immediate direction. A large mirror, with a heavily carved black-walnut frame, surmounted the mantel, gas-fixtures projecting from among the carving; and on these, during the first year of the war, while Massachusetts was arming and equipping her own troops, he was accustomed to hang specimens of shoddy clothing or defective accoutrements, labelled with the names of the faithless contractors, thus publicly exposed to the indignation of the hundreds of visitors who frequented the room. His only means of seclusion was to retreat into a room beyond the antechamber, from which there was no other outlet than the door of entrance, which was of solid iron. Every frequenter of the State-House may remember seeing him, after being pestered beyond endurance, hasten across the antechamber into this room, where he would bolt and bar out the waiting crowd until he could finish some urgent work demanding freedom from the interruptions to which he was subject in his own apartment. Once behind that iron door he was free; and it was the only place in the whole building where he was secure from intrusion.

His patience, however, under all manners of interruption,

was marvellous. Now and then it would give way in little acts of nervousness, such as pulling unconsciously at a bell-rope which hung over his table, or insisting on the immediate attendance of an old and favorite clerk from the Adjutant-General's office who had been dead a year or more. By some curious psychological process, when the Governor had been especially vexed at anything which went wrong in that office, he more than once forgot the old gentleman's death, and sent down stairs for him.

He was accessible always to all kinds and conditions of people, and in the freedom of his intercourse with them he fully exemplified and might well have adopted the words with which De Quincey, in his "Confessions," introduces the story of the friendless girl of the London streets: "The truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any person who wore a human shape; on the contrary, from my very earliest youth, it has been my pride to converse freely, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way, — a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher, for a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor limitary creature calling himself a man of the world and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and innocent."

It was his custom to devote the early hours of the day, first to his morning mail; then to reports from the departments of the State government, and interviews with officials of those departments and with officers of the United States having business with him; then to interviews with officers from the field or engaged in recruiting or organizing troops at home; and finally, at some time between noon and one o'clock, to throw open the doors of his room to the public. By that hour a great crowd had assembled in the antechamber, eager for admittance. Except the similar though rarer public receptions by President Lincoln, there were no scenes in which it

was possible to witness more of the effect of the war on all classes of society than in those daily inroads. Instantly the room would be filled with the crowd. Then, with that patience which almost never failed, he would hear and examine personally into every case, or give the applicant in charge to his staff-officers to make the examination under his own supervision, and would do all that could be done to relieve suffering or anxiety, stimulate patriotism or reward merit.

He had not that smooth way of refusing without seeming to refuse, in which his predecessor so excelled. It was often to be wished, for his own comfort, that he could develop ever so small a degree of that official manner which checks and repels intrusion; but he never did. There was not, in his nature, the germ of formalism. One day, among the many exhibitors of military notions who beset him, was a man with a patent knapsack. There were many visitors in attendance, some of high distinction, awaiting audience; but the knapsack man was before them in obtaining his ear. He listened to his description of the article; and when he was told that some of our Massachusetts troops wished it as a substitute for the regulation knapsack, he forgot the presence of everybody, asked for it to be packed and buckled over his own shoulders, and then marched up and down the room, testing himself its asserted merits, before he would turn to any other business.

In those daily receptions, women anxious for the safety or health of fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, in the armies before Richmond or Vicksburg, or in the Rebel prisons, or having grievances to present as to the administration of "State aid" to their families; soldiers complaining of injustice or of suffering in the field or at home; selectmen and recruiting committees suggesting plans or asking favors to promote enlistments; an endless host of applicants for appointments, military and civil; citizens of every class seeking indorsement and aid of schemes for sanitary and other charities; petitioners for pardon of criminals, for admission of deaf and dumb or blind or idiotic children as public beneficiaries to the charitable institutions of the State, — these, and a countless multitude of others, on every conceivable variety of business, all found a willing ear and an attention justly proportioned to their affairs,

whether serious or trivial. To all these various wants and needs never was a heart more sensitive, never a disposition more paternal; and this recalls the testimony borne by Mr. Hillard, his political opponent, but his life-long friend, when (at the same bar meeting at which Mr. Chandler gave the description of the Governor's college life, already quoted), after first declaring his belief that the loss of Governor Andrew was a greater loss to Massachusetts than that of any citizen either in the early or the later history of the State, he said that,

"In conclusion, he wished to make another remark, which might seem as extraordinary as that with which he opened his address, but which he believed sincerely was truth, and that was that he never knew a man whose daily life and conversation embodied the teachings of the Saviour as laid down in holy writ more than his. He never knew a man who left this world with less of the stain of sin than he."

In spite of the harassing character of cares like these on a nature so sympathetic, his power of endurance was extraordinary. Almost invariably he was at the State-House as early or even earlier than either of his secretaries, and his appearance was always the signal for fresh work in every department of the building. Paying hasty calls at the offices of the Adjutant-General and the Surgeon-General, on his way, nine o'clock rarely found him absent from his own desk; and there he continued always until sunset, and often until long past midnight, unless some public duty called him elsewhere.

His private affairs went utterly neglected. His family he rarely saw by daylight, except in the early morning and on Sundays, and to a man of so affectionate a disposition this was the greatest sacrifice. Even on Sundays there was often no respite of work. Sometimes, however, his children would come to his crowded room at the State-House, and linger there for an hour in the early afternoon on their way home from school. No matter how urgent his business, there was always a moment to spare for an affectionate word or a caress, and an encouragement to make a play-room of the chamber. During the first few months of the war his labor at the State-House averaged more than twelve hours daily, and during April and May, 1861, the gray light of morning often mingled with the gaslight over his table, before he abandoned work, dis-

charged his weary attendants, and walked down the hill to his little house in Charles Street to snatch a few hours of sleep before beginning the task of another day. It must have been an iron constitution as well as an iron will which sustained these irregularities with constantly renewing vigor. After his invariable bath and hasty breakfast he would reappear at the State-House as fresh as the morning itself, without a trace perceptible to the casual visitor of irritation or fatigue, while perhaps half an hour later his attendants of the previous night would come to their places cross and jaded.

Unsparing to himself, he did not spare others; filled himself with a sustaining enthusiasm, he expected and demanded from others efforts corresponding in proportion to their ability. His secretary once recommended to him an increase of the pay of a subordinate. The letter bears the indorsement instantly made: "I cordially assent, but *on condition* that he shall come at nine o'clock, A. M." This was in the case of an officer whose residence was out of the city, and whose duties kept him at the State-House almost always until sunset and often until midnight. It was an indorsement not unkind, — never from all those years can any of his associates or subordinates recall a single act or word of unkindness done or spoken by Governor Andrew, — but it was characteristic of his habit to hold every one strictly to the full measure of duty. So was his indignation, one dreary afternoon, the day before Christmas, at finding that the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth was closed half an hour earlier than usual. There was a severe snow-storm raging, which suspended business through the city, and the clerks of that office had closed it, forgetting that there should have been drawn and forwarded up stairs during the day, for the Governor's signature, a pardon which had been granted to a convict in the State-Prison, according to a custom which prevailed with him to grant one pardon, upon the recommendation of the Warden, every Christmas morning. It irritated him that the clerks below should have forgotten such a duty. During his own hard work through the day, the thought of the happiness which the morrow would bring to that convict had lightened his heart, and he felt a positive pain that others should not have shared that feeling. Though

unwell, he hastily broke out of the room, walked through the driving snow across the city to the house of one of the officers of the State Department, brought him back to the State-House, stood by him while the pardon was drawn and the Great Seal of the Commonwealth was affixed to it, signed it, and then despatched it by one of his secretaries to the Warden at Charlestown.

The preliminary investigation of applications for pardon he never delegated to others, even at the height of his military labor. By the Constitution of the State, the assent of the Council was necessary to confirm every pardon proposed by the Governor, and there was a regular committee for formal investigation of pardon cases; but it was his habit to decide whether or not to refer any particular application to that committee, only after preliminary investigation himself, oftentimes involving no little toil. During his term of office there was hardly a place of confinement of criminals in the whole Commonwealth, from Nantucket to Berkshire, which he did not personally visit. He believed that care of our penal institutions was next in importance, for the welfare of the State, to the care of the schools.

The legal obligation to consult the Council, not only with regard to all matters of pardon, but with regard also to almost all matters whatsoever of administration, whether of finance or appointment, was a great drain upon his patience. But there were certain advantages in it which he was quick to appreciate. Chiefly, it methodized in his own mind the reasons for his acts. The necessity oftentimes of expressing reasons to the Council, and the liability at all times to be called on to express them, compelled him to avoid altogether that vagueness of thought which accompanies the acts of most men. Almost daily, during the war, there was a session of the Council at which he was obliged to attend for one, two, or three hours. Usually it began in the early afternoon, after the close of his public reception.

Before leaving his own apartment for the Council-Chamber he was accustomed to retreat from visitors into a little intermediate room, where he partook of a simple lunch, generally of only bread and cheese with a cup of tea. Dr. Johnson was

not a more devoted lover of tea. He held to the theory that it is a positive nourisher of nervous force, and always was ready to drink tea at any time of the day or the night. He was present once at an informal dinner at a public place of entertainment in New York, when, in the midst of the courses, a servant appeared with a cup of tea and a plate of toast which he set upon the table before him. One of the gentlemen present thinking that this was some awkward mistake, directed the servant to remove them, when it appeared that the Governor had ordered them himself. He was simple in all his diet, although, like almost all busy professional men, he was a hearty and rapid eater; but he enjoyed and appreciated the pleasures of the table, for he was a thoroughly developed man in all the elements of manhood, physical as well as intellectual and moral. In his great argument against the principle of a prohibitory liquor law, while reciting the causes which combined to increase the perils of New-Englanders from drunkenness, besides "a hard climate, much exposure, few amusements, a sense of care and responsibility cultivated intensely, and the prevalence of ascetic and gloomy theories of life, duty, and Providence," he enumerates also "the absence of light, cheering beverages, little variety in food, and great want of culinary skill." He was fond of wine and used it freely, but always with temperance; and he despised, from the bottom of his heart, the prevailing hypocrisy as to its use. No one respected more the discretion of the individual who should abstain from it, either for fear of being tempted beyond self-control, or for example to others in danger; but he demanded equal respect for his own discretion. Believing that law has of itself no reforming power, that it may punish and terrify but cannot convert, he attacked the doctrine of prohibitory legislation at its root. In all his life, public and private, there was not a single act which afforded him more internal satisfaction than that attack. The subject had been with him one of earnest thought and clear conviction for many years; but for fear of dividing the people on a local question when they should be united on the great national issues, he abstained from presenting it to the Legislature until after the war. The result of the State election that occurred

the week after his death, completely revolutionizing the policy of Massachusetts on the question, and vindicating his position, was a proof of the sagacity with which he foresaw the verdict of the people on a theory of legislation which only one year before it required high moral courage even to challenge.

During the war, his determination to unite Massachusetts in its support was paramount to every other consideration, and was the key to many acts which pained some of his friends and offended others. The deference to certain classes of society of which he was accused in some of his appointments was only one feature of a settled policy. Many a gallant young officer went down from Massachusetts into Virginia to battle, an unconscious hostage for the loyalty of men at home, who in times of disaster might otherwise easily have fallen into indifference or opposition. This deep determination was rewarded with success. Massachusetts was a unit from the day when the flag ceased to fly over Sumter to the day when it crowned again the ruins of the fort. Divided, we might have perished. United, we led the van of the war. No one felt the perils of discord more than he, especially during that period when there was talk of "leaving New England out in the cold." The official records of those days show how he pleaded and argued with the West for a more cordial union; but while he had an implicit trust in the issue of the war as it did result, yet he had too little pride of opinion, and was too truly a statesman, not to consider and provide against a different issue. In event of the success of the Rebellion, he anticipated the formation of a northeastern confederacy which should combine the greater part of New England with Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and a part of Canada; and if our present Union had been doomed to failure, he would not have considered such a destiny for Massachusetts as hopeless. In such a confederacy he beheld all the elements of a first-rate power, — a homogeneous population of more than five millions, rapidly increasing; the great harbors of Boston, Portland, and Halifax, with a capacity to command the commerce of the Northern Atlantic; control of the outlet of the great lakes by possession of the southern bank of the St. Lawrence; mines of

iron and coal; forests of timber for every use of architecture and navigation; the mechanic arts fully developed; manufactures in maturity; and education, literature, and the fine arts at the highest point of culture they have attained in America. But his heart was with the Union as it is. Never in public letter or speech did he tolerate the idea of its failure. He had an abiding faith in God's will to preserve it; and with him faith always availed more than reason, the heart more than the intellect. But intellectually regarding the success of the Rebellion as a possibility, he devoted much attention to the relations of the British Provinces to New England, a study to which he was previously attracted, also, by a conviction that, in more intimate bonds of commerce with them, Boston would find rich sources of material prosperity. After retiring from office his interest in the subject even increased. He was deeply concerned for the success of the railway by which uninterrupted communication will be effected between Boston and Halifax; and during the summer before his death he passed his vacation in a tour through the Provinces.

Much has been said, since his death, of his unvarying sweetness of disposition, which is liable to give a wrong impression of the man. He never allowed himself to be drawn into a quarrel, and he had no personal hatred, even against those who did him most grievous personal wrong. But his whole soul was devoted to the grand principles of civil and political liberty which were at stake in the war; and with some men who, he believed, were obstructing right and justice in the policy of the government he was in mortal antagonism. Such hatreds as those he cherished intensely, and they harmonized with his natural kindness like shade and light in a fine painting. No one could be familiar with the steps towards emancipation, and the use of colored troops, without being sensible of his strong antipathies towards certain men who obstructed those measures. Over the bodies of our soldiers who were killed at Baltimore he had recorded a prayer that he might live to see the end of the war, and a vow that, so long as he should govern Massachusetts, and so far as Massachusetts could control the issue, it should not end without freeing every slave in America. He believed, at the first, in the policy of emancipa-

tion as a war measure. Finding that timid counsels controlled the government at Washington, and the then commander of the Army of the Potomac, so that there was no light in that quarter, he hailed the action of Frémont in Missouri in proclaiming freedom to the Western slaves. Through all the reverses which afterwards befell that officer he never varied from this friendship. When at last Frémont retired from the Army of Virginia, the Governor offered him the command of a Massachusetts regiment, and vainly urged him to take the field again under our State flag. Just so, afterwards, he welcomed the similar action of Hunter in South Carolina, and wrote in his defence the famous letter in which he urged "to fire at the enemy's magazine." He was deeply disappointed when the administration disavowed Hunter's act, for he had hoped much from the personal friendship which was known to exist between the General and the President. Soon followed the great reverses of McClellan before Richmond.

The feelings of the Governor at this time on the subject of emancipation are well expressed in a speech which he made on August 10, 1862, at the Methodist camp-meeting on Martha's Vineyard. It was the same speech in which he made the remark, since so often quoted: —

"I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, or because he was poor, or because he was black."

Referring to slavery, he said: —

"I have never believed it to be possible that this controversy should end, and Peace resume her sway, until that dreadful iniquity has been trodden beneath our feet. I believe it cannot, and I have noticed, my friends, (although I am not superstitious, I believe,) that, from the day our government turned its back on the proclamation of General Hunter, the blessing of God has been withdrawn from our arms. We were marching on, conquering and to conquer; post after post had fallen before our victorious arms; but since that day I have seen no such victories. But I have seen no discouragement. I bate not one jot of hope. I believe that God rules above, and that he will rule in the hearts of men, and that, either with our aid or against it, he has determined to let the people go. But the confidence I have in my own mind that *the appointed hour has nearly come*, makes me feel all the more confi-

dence in the certain and final triumph of our Union arms, because I do not believe that this great investment of Providence is to be wasted."

The allusion to the impending Proclamation of Emancipation by the President will be observed. Daily now for two years the Governor had not ceased to labor for it, in public and private. By speech and letter and personal appeal, by every appliance which wisdom and ingenuity could suggest, he had helped to work on the President for that end. But up to the final moment he trembled lest Mr. Lincoln might not be equal to the emergency. He knew that General McClellan had written to the President from Harrison's Landing, that "a declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies"; and it was to strengthen the purpose of the President that he joined at this time in the project of the convention of Governors at Altoona. His intention was to counteract the influence of McClellan and the "conservatives," by uniting the various States, through their chief magistrates, in an expression of loyalty and a pledge of support to the President in declaring emancipation as a military necessity. The plan had effect. The Governors were on their way to Altoona when the President anticipated their purpose, and preferred to accept their support of an act already done rather than their counsel to do it. Governor Andrew was at Philadelphia when the Proclamation of September 23 appeared. He sent back to Boston that day an unofficial letter too characteristic to be omitted.

"PHILADELPHIA, September 23, 1862.

"DEAR ——:— Before starting for Altoona, I have telegraphed to Mr. Claflin, and I now write more fully to you. The Proclamation of Emancipation by the President is out. It is a poor *document*, but a mighty *act*; slow, somewhat halting, wrong in its delay till January, but grand and sublime after all. 'Prophets and kings' have waited for this day, but died without the sight. *We* must take up the silver trumpet and repeat the immortal strain on every hill-top and in every household of New England. Our Republicans must make it *their* business to sustain this act of Lincoln, and we will drive the 'conservatism' of a pro-slavery hunkerism and the reactionaries of despotism into the very caves and holes of the earth. The conquest of the Rebels, the emancipation of the slaves, and the restoration of peace founded on liberty and perma-

nent democratic ideas! Let this be our platform. No bickerings, no verbal criticism, no doubting Thomases, must halt the conquering march of triumphant liberty. GO IN FOR THE WAR. Hurry up the recruitments. Have grand *war meetings* all over the State. I hope our friends will begin at Faneuil Hall to-morrow night. Let not the Rebels gain by delays, neither in Massachusetts nor in the field. We can 'knock the bottom out' of the hunker 'citizens'' movement before ten days are gone. But tell Claflin, Sumner, Wilson, &c., &c., to *strike quick. Now*, NOW, NOW! Our cause is bright if we are true.

"Yours ever,

"JOHN A. ANDREW."

This letter contains the nearest approach to political partisanship which he manifested during the whole war; and nothing save the opposition of the "citizens'" party, so called, in Massachusetts, to the policy of emancipation, could have drawn from him even that expression. During his whole administration he never once consulted with the State Committee of his party as to any of his measures or appointments. This alienated from him all the trading politicians, and would have broken down any ordinary man in caucuses and conventions; but he possessed a strength which was independent of small political managers. They were always against him; and the influence of almost all the old leaders of his party was against him also, from the day he was first named for Governor. This last he felt keenly, and often expressed himself concerning it in private; but he was too magnanimous and public-spirited ever to resent it by reprisals upon them, although his opportunities were ample. As the world goes, it was a natural jealousy on their part. He had ridden into the lists, a stranger to the old heroes of the political tourneys of the last twenty years, and to their surprise and vexation had carried off all their accustomed prizes. During the whole war, and after his return to private life, to the day of his death, he was unquestionably the first citizen of Massachusetts in the affection of the people and the estimation of the country. This they could never brook with patience, nor could they ever comprehend the manner of it.

His unflinching exercise of the veto power also insured the opposition of that always large class of legislators who are

too self-conscious of their own importance to appreciate the constitutional duty of the Executive. So did his opinions concerning removals from office alienate that same class of men. Only two removals were made by him during the five years he was Governor, and in each of those cases he filed written reasons for his action. In a few other instances, not half a dozen in all, he notified civil officers of his purpose to remove them unless they should tender their resignations, and in every instance he specified the causes of his determination.

In his military appointments he never asked what were the political associations of the candidates, provided only they were loyal men. Two years after the war began, he was not aware, in regard to half the colonels of the Massachusetts troops, what had been their political connections, and was quite surprised when he was told one day, that, out of the first fifteen colonels of three years' volunteers whom he commissioned, only one third at the utmost had voted for Mr. Lincoln for President, while more than one third had voted for Mr. Breckenridge. When it is remembered that the vote of Massachusetts for Lincoln in 1860 was more than one hundred and six thousand, while for Breckenridge it was only six thousand, the fact becomes more significant.

In regard to appointments over colored troops, however, he demanded not only loyalty and ability, but sympathy with that arm of the service, as a qualification. With the employment of colored men as soldiers his fame is forever identified beyond that of any other man; and no one had a clearer perception of the logical results of that employment upon the civil and political rights generally of that class of our people. In the very first week of the war, he wrote concerning the enrolment of colored men in the militia, that personally he knew "no distinction of class or color in his regard for his fellow-citizens, nor in their regard for our common country." In the paramount duty of allegiance owed by colored and white men alike to the national government, he found a logical and legal solution of all the technical difficulties in the way of emancipating the slaves and employing them as soldiers.

At last, on January 26, 1863, the official sanction of the national government was first granted to the raising of colored

troops. At a personal interview with the Secretary of War, that day, at Washington, concerning the coast defences of Massachusetts and the garrison of Fort Warren, the Governor obtained from him written authority to raise "volunteer companies of artillery for duty in the forts of Massachusetts and elsewhere, and such companies of infantry for the volunteer military service as he may find convenient." With his own hand the Governor then added to the writing, after the words quoted, the further words, "and may include persons of African descent organized into separate corps," and presented it to the Secretary for his signature; and it was signed.

Hardly daring to communicate to the authorities at Washington the extent of his purposes under this authority, for fear lest it should be revoked, he hastily returned with it to Boston, and, the very day of his arrival, began the work of raising the famous Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers at the camp at Readville. It was a proud and happy day for him,—that bright May morning when it stood, complete, before the State-House, the equal of the best Massachusetts regiments which had preceded it, in the quality, discipline, and equipment of the men, and the character of the officers; and when he marched between its ranks down Beacon Street to the old parade-ground of the Common, and it passed him there in review in the presence of more than fifty thousand spectators!

The Fifty-fifth Regiment, in all respects a worthy companion of the Fifty-fourth, followed it to the field. But the triumph over prejudice was not yet complete. The right of the colored soldier to equality with his white companions in arms remained to be vindicated. This, in respect to pay, the Governor effected after a long legal struggle over the case of the chaplain of the Fifty-fourth, a colored man; and in respect to rank, after another long struggle over the cases of certain lieutenants whom he had promoted from among the enlisted men of the same corps on the recommendation of their superior officers. Well might the colored citizens of Boston resolve, after his death, that "the colored soldiers and sailors will ever remember that it is to him they are indebted for equal military rights before the

law"; but the poor colored women and children who ran by the side of the hearse over the whole of its long route from Boston to Mount Auburn rendered a more touching tribute to his benefactions to their race than ever can be expressed by the most eloquent eulogy. To them and such as they he was always accessible, and his heart and hand were always open.

Although he was delightfully familiar with his official associates, and in respect to freedom of access by the public was informal beyond precedent, yet he was a lover of ceremonial. He had as keen sensibility of the dramatic as of the mirthful, and in this sensibility found a great source of inspiration. He had a filial reverence for the history of Massachusetts, and studied it faithfully. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was president of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society. At the time of his death he was engaged in collecting materials for an historical essay on the Siege of Louisburg. Among the minor measures which he persistently urged upon the Legislature, until they adopted it, was a recommendation to preserve the record of our Provincial statutes, by transcribing a copy of them which exists in the library of a gentleman of Norfolk County. Few men possessed more thorough knowledge of the unwritten history of our statute law. He was very fond of certain stately old provisions of the Constitution of Massachusetts, which in these democratic days it would hardly be possible to re-enact if the Constitution were now to be framed anew; such as the recital of reasons for establishing by law permanent and honorable salaries for the Governor and the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, and the whole chapter concerning Harvard College. Even in little things he manifested the same love of old associations. He took an almost boyish satisfaction in discovering that there existed in the office of the State Printer an old font of type, by means of which his first Thanksgiving-day Proclamation could be printed in precisely the same style in which he had seen those of Governor Brooks and Governor Eustis when he was a boy, and when they used to be issued on a broad sheet which hung over the pulpit cushions when the preachers read them.

Of the dignity of his office he was a jealous guardian. No better evidence of that fact can exist than is to be found in his printed correspondence with Major-General Butler, in 1861 and 1862. In all his official intercourse with the legislative body he maintained scrupulously the traditional ceremonies. The day of the Annual Election Sermon was one of great delight to him. Marching to the Old South Church, under the escort of his body-guard and surrounded by his associates in the government of the Commonwealth, it was easy to see in his face, as he passed down the old and narrow streets, the noble consciousness that he was no unworthy successor of John Winthrop and Samuel Adams.

The sentiment which grew up between him and his body-guard was something beyond previous example. There was hardly a member of it whose official respect for him was not mingled with personal affection; and though he had been a private citizen again for two years when he died, yet it was under their familiar escort that his mortal remains passed to their last place of rest.

This veneration for the history and traditions of Massachusetts had much to do with his earnest care of Harvard College. The fact that it was the constitutional college, so to speak, was an irresistible claim upon his official regard, and in its foundations he recognized the most available basis for building up, what the framers of the Constitution anticipated, a "University." He clearly foresaw how Massachusetts, by the limitations of its territory, must become relatively less and less powerful, man for man, than newer States of greater area. The method by which he expected to maintain the ascendency of this State against such inevitable odds, was by making the Massachusetts man count for more on the destiny of the country than the man of any other State. For this he looked to facilities for broader and deeper education here than can be obtained elsewhere in America. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance he attached to ingrafting this policy on the legislation of the State, and the regret he felt that it was not appreciated and adopted by the Legislature on the occasions when he urged it, especially in reference to the land grant of the United States for schools of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

By nature his sympathies were strong and deep, and the instances of private distress which he was called to see during the war wore on him terribly. Gradually he became accustomed to repress external manifestations of emotion, but his sensibilities were not blunted by use. Internally he endured what only those to whom he opened his heart can ever know. Perhaps the actual wear and tear was increased by this suppression of external signs; and, besides his private sympathies, there were anxieties as to the course of public affairs which he felt keenly beyond description, but which, for the sake of the public welfare, he concealed from observation. Never shunning responsibilities, yet he was fully conscious of their weight. These causes, more than all others, helped to shorten his days. In those five years of his administration he tasted the cares and sorrows, the hopes and joys, and concentrated the labors of a century of ordinary life; and such an experience aggravated his tendency to the disease which at last was fatal. No soldier struck by a Rebel bullet on the battle-field died more truly a victim to the national cause. For many years he had known that he was liable to sudden death. Twice, during the period between his first election and the end of the war, he was saved from a fatal issue of attacks similar to that from which he died, only by profuse bleedings which themselves endangered life. The first time was in December, 1860, shortly before his inauguration. The second was in 1864, when he had engaged to speak, in behalf of the re-election of President Lincoln, to mass-meetings in all the principal towns on the line of the New York Central Railroad, from Albany to Buffalo, but was compelled to desist before completing the route. But this knowledge did not depress him, nor did it ever induce him to seek for personal ease or relaxation of toil, at the cost of others.

One great source of consolation and relief he possessed in a naturally mirthful disposition. It was more than cheerful: it was merry. He had as quick and lively perception of the ludicrous as President Lincoln himself, and his anecdote was free from coarseness. Of the Yankee dialect he was a master. He had studied it analytically, just as he studied the intricacies of the typical Yankee character. The every-day life of the country villages of New England, of their shops, farm-

yards, stage-coaches, taverns, sewing-circles, and household firesides, was familiar to him in all its details, and served him constantly for illustrations of stories which he told with a hearty enjoyment it excites a smile to remember. This mirth was so natural that it sought and found material for its exercise in all the affairs of his daily business, serious or trivial; but it never betrayed him into levity, nor was it tinged in the slightest degree with sarcasm, although it was often full of satire. It helped him greatly to be indifferent to all the little mishaps and annoyances, of which, during his whole administration, there was a daily multitude that would have vexed and perplexed any man of less animal vigor and buoyant spirit.

He had a good voice and ear for music; but all the musical training he ever enjoyed was that of the village singing-school. It was enough, however, to encourage him always to join and often to take the lead in congregational singing, and his earnestness always carried him safely through the psalm-tunes, and the others with him. Like all simple and enthusiastic natures, his was easily stirred by melody. He delighted in martial music; and no school-boy ever trained along through village streets by the side of the brass-band at the parade of a militia company with more charmed ear than he. But this taste was never far cultivated. He had little scientific acquaintance with the theory of music; although, curiously enough, he possessed a minute knowledge of the history of the development of the piano-forte, of which, through some odd fancy, he had made a special study. His knowledge of this and of some other specialties, not connected with his official or professional life, afforded him often much amusement by the surprise they caused. One day, last summer, a friend was relating to him a curious incident, illustrating the theory of spiritualism, connected with an old spinnet, still preserved at Paris, which once belonged to a favorite musician at the court of Henry III. of France. In explanation of the incident the narrator was exhibiting some photographs of the instrument, and describing its construction, when, to his astonishment, he found that the Governor was even more familiar with all the details of it than he was himself.

His favorite amusement was to drive far out into the coun-

try around Boston, with some intimate friend, and at last, when clear of the thickly settled suburbs, leaving the horse to travel almost at his own will, to abandon himself to a hilarity than which none could be more simple and genuine. Driving thus in the fresh spring air along the beautiful roads of Watertown or Newton, fringed and fragrant with apple-blossoms, he would overflow with a spring-tide of anecdote and humor. But he allowed himself few such holiday hours. Almost all his excursions from the city combined an element of business with what pleasure they afforded. Was it a sleigh-ride on a clear crisp Sunday morning in January; the object would be to attend at the dedication of a soldiers' chapel at the Readville Camp, or at the services in the chapel of the State-Prison, or to sit for an hour by the bedside of some invalid. Was it a drive into the green of the country, in the twilight of a summer evening; the horses would not turn their heads homeward without first stopping at the State Arsenal in Cambridge, the United States Arsenal at Watertown, the camps at Brook Farm or Medford, or the State charitable institutions at South Boston.

After the first year of the war he was accustomed to travel a good deal through the State in the summer season, but always on some official task which robbed him of a great part of the pleasure of the journey; and more than half the time he travelled by night, so as to save the daylight for business. On these excursions he would attend the Commencements at Amherst and Williams Colleges, the Wesleyan Academy, and the College of the Holy Cross; inspect the work on the Hoosac Tunnel; be present at the Agricultural Fairs, and at the closing of the terms of the Normal Schools; examine insane hospitals, almshouses, jails, and houses of reformation and correction; besides visiting the numerous military camps, at Pittsfield, Greenfield, Springfield, Worcester, Groton, Wenham, Lynnfield, and Lakeville, and the great camp at Readville. How delightful he made these journeys to others, by his shrewd observation, lively wit, unfailing good temper, and ardor for everything that was charitable or patriotic, the happy recollections of those who had the privilege of being his companions will forever attest. As a rule, he disliked to talk in

railroad cars. He was fond of occupying the hours of railway travel in committing to memory English verses; and this is the explanation of his facility of poetical quotation. One summer, in this way, he committed to memory the whole of Mr. Longfellow's selection of minor poems, the "Waif."

His social talk was just like his speech in public. His public speeches, at least those made without preparation, were often effective, for this very reason, beyond the degree which the written reports of them seem to justify. The natural exuberance of his language and the heartiness of his manner made him remarkably successful as an *impromptu* speaker; and it will be hardly possible for those who never knew or heard him to appreciate the wonderful influence which he exercised, through this faculty, during the war. Hardly a day passed, certainly never a week passed, during his administration, without some call for its use, and he never failed to win and command the audience, whether the occasion was a recruiting meeting, the departure of a regiment, the anniversary of a college, the morning exercises of a Sunday school, the religious services at a prison, the "love feast" at a camp-meeting, or the festivities of a dinner-table. If the test of eloquence is success in exciting emotion at the will of the speaker, he was, throughout the war, one of the most eloquent of men; but unquestionably a great part of this influence was due to the events of the time, and the universal admiration of his public career, which predisposed every audience to be moved by his presence. By the critical tests of oratory, one would hesitate to call him a great orator. He will be ranged with that class of public speakers of which John Bright is an eminent representative; and many of the secrets of the power and charm of the two men were the same. Some of his addresses, made after careful preparation, and many of his sayings in *impromptu* speeches, will endure as long as the history of Massachusetts.

For all his communications to the Legislature he made elaborate preparation, and freely commanded and used the work of others in many of their details. Burdened as he was with care, it would have been impossible for this to be otherwise. Whether preparing for a professional argument

or an official message, he was fond of laying in supplies and carefully organizing and drilling his forces before beginning to move, and then of moving *en masse*. At the time he died he had already begun to prepare a scheme of testimony and argument for such an elaborate attack upon the system of capital punishment, which he was planning to make before a committee of the next Legislature.

He had the habit of sending his manuscript to the printer with the various sheets pasted together into a long roll like a mammoth petition; and he made revisions in the proofs with a freedom which drove the compositors to despair. The handwriting was far from legible; and his signature, towards the end of his official life, became a puzzle to strangers. He made a practice of signing, himself, almost all the correspondence of his office. One summer, having (with his usual pains to satisfy even trivial inquiries) replied, over his own signature, to the request of a country schoolmistress to be informed, three months in advance, what day he would appoint for Thanksgiving, she sent back the letter with a suggestion that when replying to "a woman," he should write himself instead of sending the letter of some secretary whose name she could not read. His fair correspondent had better cause of complaint about the day than about the handwriting, for, that year, the Governor, attracted by the fact that the third Thursday of November was the anniversary of the signing of the compact on board the Mayflower, designated it for Thanksgiving; and the next day after his Proclamation he received a multitude of indignant letters from pedagogues, of either sex, all over the State, whose vacations had been planned upon a presumed appointment of the last Thursday of the month, according to a time-honored custom from which he never afterwards ventured to depart, for (he used often laughingly to say) that morning's mail contained more abuse better expressed than any other he ever received.

His pecuniary means were always small; so that he was debarred from an extensive exercise of private hospitality, and less of official business was associated with his domestic life than is often the case with men so genial. The office of collector of customs of the port of Boston fell vacant at the end of

the war, and an intimation was conveyed to him from the President of the United States that if he would accept it, the President would be glad to appoint him; but he instantly rejected the suggestion, and the place was then filled by the appointment of Mr. Hamlin, whose term of service as Vice-President had recently expired. Conversing with a friend on the subject soon afterwards, the Governor remarked that it was the most lucrative public office in the New England States, and as it had been the habit to entrust it to men who had held other high official positions and rendered large public service for inadequate pay, he supposed it was tendered to him in accordance with that practice; "but," added he, "I can accept no such place for such a reason. As Governor of Massachusetts I feel that I have held a sacrificial office; that I have stood between the horns of the altar and sprinkled it with the best blood of this Commonwealth, — a duty so holy that it would be sacrilege to profane it by any consideration of pecuniary loss or gain."

Metaphorical language like this, gathered from the Testaments, was as natural on his lips as if he were himself an Oriental. Few laymen were more familiar with the Bible, or had studied it with a more earnest spirit of devout criticism. The beautiful interpretation of the miracle of Cana, which he gave in his argument on the prohibitory liquor law in reply to the version of the clergyman who had argued the other side of the question, is a fine illustration of this familiarity, and of the catholicity of his religious doctrines. He was always a member of the Unitarian body of Christians, and for many years was the official head of its lay organization; but no man was less a sectarian in creed or practice. His face was well known in places of worship of every denomination. His two closest clerical friends were his Unitarian pastor and a Roman Catholic priest. One Easter morning he had agreed to go with his secretary to service at a Roman Catholic church, and that gentleman, when he called for him at the appointed hour, received a hastily written note, stating that he might be found at the little Quaker meeting-house in Milton Place, where he had gone to listen to his dear friend, Mrs. Rachel Howland.

Scores of illustrations of this catholic spirit might be written,

but this article trespasses already upon the province of his biographer. A faithful biography of Governor Andrew will be a complete history of Massachusetts during the civil war; not alone of its connection with the war, but of all its domestic affairs, none of which escaped his anxious care. It has been the design of this article, while sketching familiarly and affectionately the manner, not the substance, of his official life, to show how even in little things he exerted the same strong personal magnetism by which he inspired the people of Massachusetts in his greater acts, and how with him always, in all things, little or great, the spirit was everything, the letter nothing.

But a few additional words must be pardoned in reference to his position in national politics at the time of his death.

On January 5, 1866, retiring from office, five years to a day after his first inauguration, he delivered to the Legislature a valedictory address on which, more than on any other production of his pen, rests his claim to the fame of a great statesman. First, it enumerated the contributions of Massachusetts to the national cause during those years, — 159,165 soldiers and sailors in the Federal armies or navies, besides $ 27,705,109 appropriated from the treasury of the Commonwealth, in addition to the expenditures of the cities and towns. Then, asserting the right of Massachusetts to an influential voice in the determination of the great questions of national statesmanship raised by the issue of a war won by such sacrifices, it argued at length the terms of pacification which Massachusetts should advocate. In his own view, we could not reorganize political society in the Rebel States, with any proper security, unless, first, "we let in *the people* to a co-operation, and not merely an arbitrarily selected portion of them"; nor unless, second, "we give those who are by their intelligence and character the natural leaders of the people, and who surely will lead them by and by, an opportunity to lead them now." To the question so often asked during the two years since Governor Andrew retired from public life, Did he agree with Congress or with the President, in the strife still raging between them? these propositions render a clear reply. The action of neither was satisfactory to him; and he awaited patiently, in private life,

the day when experience should vindicate the position he was so early to discern and so intrepid to assume.

That the course of the public temper is now in accord with his views, and that their indorsement by the people at the next election of President would have summoned him from his retirement to adorn and ennoble a national office of next to the highest honor, is a common assertion since his death. That Massachusetts, in losing him, lost that one of her citizens whose ties of sympathy with public men of other sections of the Union were more nearly universal than those of any other, is a fact quite as generally recognized.

But he lived long enough to leave a fame as enduring as shall be the Commonwealth he governed. Of all his illustrious predecessors no one achieved more "to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." He made the first preparations for the war and received at its close the triumphant standards of the hundred regiments he organized to wage it. "He ordered the overcoats, and he received the flags!" Every Massachusetts man knows the glorious history implied in that brief sentence. Of his departure after such toil and such success one well may use the verses of the Samson Agonistes, those favorite verses which he himself selected for the inscription on the monument at Lowell of the first martyrs of the war: —

> "He to Israel
> Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them
> Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
> To himself and father's house eternal fame;
> And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
> With God not parted from him, ...
> But favoring and assisting to the end.
> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

A. G. Browne, Jr.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind.* By Henry Maudsley, M. D., London, Physician to the West London Hospital; Honorary Member of the Medico-Psychological Society of Paris; formerly Resident Physician of the Manchester Royal Lunatic Hospital, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. xiv., 442.

Although marred by many typographical errors, especially in the citations from German authors (we have noticed two in a single foot-note), this volume is presented to the public in a handsome form. For convenience of reference, the table of contents, excellent and full as it is, needs to be supplemented by a good index; and, considering that the book will be read by many persons unfamiliar with the special studies of the physician, we cannot but regret that the author has taken quite so much anatomical knowledge for granted in his readers. A very few pages devoted to the anatomy of the nervous system, especially if accompanied by illustrations, would have greatly enhanced the practical usefulness of a treatise which no student of mental science can afford to neglect.

Dr. Maudsley's style is vigorous and clear, not infrequently pointed and crisp, and evinces a general literary culture not always combined with special scientific attainments. A few faulty expressions, however, have attracted our notice. Although the authority of the common version of the Psalms ("Like as a father pitieth his children," &c.) can be cited to justify the use of *like as* for simple *as*, it is hardly consonant with present usage to employ the phrase; and there is a certain inelegance, if not inaccuracy, in the sentence, "it is still capable of sensori-motor movement, like as the animal which possesses no cerebral hemispheres is" (p. 89). The same phrase occurs on pp. 131, 142, 348. Nothing, however, can justify such a vulgarism as the following: "They are strange and startling, like the products of a dream ofttimes are" (p. 18). We doubt, also, whether the verb *to crave* should be employed intransitively, as in the sentence, "Unsatisfied appetite craves for more nutriment" (p. 132); and whether the verb *to ail* should be used transitively with a personal subject, as in the sentence: "A stranger conversing with her would not have discovered that she ailed anything at all" (p. 308); so, somewhat similarly, "Nor do the muscles themselves ail anything" (p. 364). There can be no excuse for such careless and slovenly English as the following: "*Between every act* a repair of composition takes place" (p. 71).

Referring to the truly developed imagination as a power of yoking different images, by means of their occult but real relations, into the unity of a single image, it is said on p. 188: "This *esemplastic* faculty, as Coleridge, following Schelling, named it, is indicated by the German word for imagination; namely, *Einbildung*, or the *one-making faculty*." This is not correct. The German prefix *ein* is not the adjective *one*, but the adverb *in* or *within;* and the verb *einbilden*, whence the noun *Einbildung* is derived, does not signify to *make one* or unify, but to *form within*, — that is, to create a mental image or internal representation of external objects.

Dr. Maudsley is not altogether above the narrow prejudice which Comte displayed towards "metaphysicians," and sometimes shows an equal misappreciation of the true value of metaphysics. Against "teleologists" especially Dr. Maudsley entertains a prejudice which runs into undisguised contempt, and adds pungency to his style. "Is it not truly a marvel that some teleologist has not yet been found to maintain that the final cause of the moon is to act as a 'tug' to the vessels on our tidal rivers?" (p. 66.) "If that is not satisfactory to the teleologists, it will be sufficient to recall to them the already given observation of Spinoza, and to congratulate them on their power of diving into 'the mysteries of things as if they were God's spies.' Were it not well, however, that they should condescend to humble things, and unfold to us, for example, the final cause of the mammary gland and nipple in the male animal?" (p. 70.) In fact, with all his fairness and evident sincerity of intention not to evade any argument of an opponent, Dr. Maudsley's impatience sometimes disqualifies him for doing full justice to the opinions of others.

But enough of microscopic criticism. The few insignificant blemishes we have noticed are as nothing compared with the solid merits of the book. It is a work of great power, and we anticipate for it a wide influence. Whether the present attempt is altogether successful or not, it is one more indication of the rapidly increasing influence of the positive philosophy over modern thought, and will be cordially welcomed by all who believe that in the complete development of positivism, unripe and crude as it now is, lies the only hope of a stable mental science. The conflict between positivism and the lingering philosophic dogmatism of the past is what Mr. Arnold's lively Prussian declared the recent war between Prussia and Austria to be, — the conflict between "Geist" and "Ungeist." At the same time, we believe that the positivism of the future will assume a form quite free from the arbitrary and petty limitations now imposed upon it by champions more enthusiastic than far-sighted. The same

advance in knowledge which has developed astronomy out of astrology, and chemistry out of alchemy, will yet develop out of the narrow psychology of to-day a grand, universal anthropology.

The design of Dr. Maudsley, as he states in his Preface, is "twofold: first, to treat of mental phenomena from a physiological rather than from a metaphysical point of view; and, secondly, to bring the manifold instructive instances presented by the unsound mind to bear upon the interpretation of the obscure problems of mental science." The volume consists, accordingly, of two parts, the first part being devoted to the "Physiology of Mind," and the second part to the "Pathology of Mind." Part Second contains seven exceedingly interesting and valuable chapters on Insanity, — on the "Causes of Insanity," on the "Insanity of Early Life," on the "Varieties of Insanity," on the "Pathology of Insanity," on the "Diagnosis of Insanity," on the "Prognosis of Insanity," and on the "Treatment of Insanity." These chapters are crowded with important facts and suggestions, and deserve most careful study.

Of the nine chapters of Part First, Chap. I. is devoted to "The Method of the Study of Mind"; Chap. II., to "The Mind and the Nervous System"; Chap. III., to "The Spinal Cord, or Tertiary Nervous Centres; or Nervous Centres of Reflex Action"; Chap. IV., to "Secondary Nervous Centres, or Sensory Ganglia; Sensorium Commune"; Chap. V., to "Hemispherical Ganglia; Cortical Cells of the Cerebral Hemispheres; Ideational Nervous Centres; Primary Nervous Centres; Intellectorium Commune"; Chap. VI., to "The Emotions"; Chap. VII., to "Volition"; Chap. VIII., to "Motor Nervous Centres or Motorium Commune, and Actuation or Effection"; and Chap. IX., to "Memory and Imagination." So far as is possible within our limits, we propose to give some account of the first two of these chapters.

The influence of Comte is plainly discernible in the general reflections with which Dr. Maudsley commences his chapter on Method. The famous three stages of human development — the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive or scientific — reappear here unmodified. The notion, however, that these three stages are strictly successive, and that, in the true order of evolution, each must wholly pass away to make room for its successor, is manifestly enough a misreading of the facts. As a rough sketch, there is some verisimilitude in this trinal theory of human progress from savagery to civilization; but, taken in this literal way, it is caricature, not portraiture. As science advances, theology and metaphysics are changed, but not destroyed. Science, the latest-born of the three, is to-day reacting powerfully upon

metaphysics, and to-morrow will quite as powerfully react upon theology; but its influence is beneficial rather than destructive, and will only establish more solidly whatever real truth has been seized by its elder sisters. Development, not violent metamorphosis, is the history of man. The greatest weakness of positivism in its present condition, the mark of its immaturity, is its inaptitude for profound metaphysics, and its childish contempt for theology. We admit with perfect readiness that the metaphysics and theology now existent deserve nearly all, if not quite all, the contempt they receive from positivism; but none the less sure is it that, as positivism becomes strong and self-contained, it will see more and more to respect, as well worthy of study, in the history of philosophy and religion. "Anaximander," says Dr. Maudsley (p. 2), "looking into his own mind, and finding an imbecility there, gave to it the name of the Infinite, and, transferring it outwards, was thenceforth quite content to pronounce it to be the true origin of all things." We doubt whether Anaximander was deeply conversant with the Hamiltonian theory of the Infinite; but we do not doubt that Dr. Maudsley, if he had studied metaphysics with the same admirable thoroughness with which he has studied physiology, would never have penned so shallow a sentence.

Coming to the main question of method, Dr. Maudsley inquires whether the inductive and objective method, accepted universally in physical science, can also be made available in mental science. He admits that direct observation of mental phenomena in others cannot be made, and regrets that direct observation of the organic processes which are the bodily conditions of such phenomena is equally impossible. After casting a slur upon metaphysicians (p. 8), and pointing out the increasing favor with which biography is viewed at present as indicating an instinctive *nisus* towards an objective method of studying mind, he brings various charges against the method of empirical psychology, the interrogation of self-consciousness, not merely as inadequate, but as "utterly unreliable." His chief reason is an old one, — that the mind cannot be simultaneously observer and observed. To this we reply that the fact of consciousness is simply the fact that the mind is at once subject and object, and that, if Dr. Maudsley's reason proves anything, it proves that the mind is necessarily unconscious of itself and its own action, — which Dr. Maudsley himself would doubtless admit would be proving too much. Argument never yet extinguished a fact. But we regret that, forgetting his own previous admission of "the uselessness of an exclusive method" (p. vii. of the Preface), he goes so far in his antipathy against the psychological method as to make it practically worthless. To be

sure, he denies that he does so (p. 25), and cites the example of Locke as showing its availability "in competent hands"; but he immediately adds, that "it was not because of this method, but in spite of it, that Locke was greatly successful"; and that "the insufficiency of the method used is proved by the fact that others adopting it, but wanting his sound sense, directly contradicted him at the time, and do so still." What an argument! Are all scientific men who confessedly adopt the objective method agreed in their results? Fools never advance science; the best method is good for nothing in the hands of men without "sound sense." All that Dr. Maudsley says of the *inadequacy* of psychological introspection to furnish complete data for mental science we cheerfully accept; all that he says in favor of the physiological method we cheerfully accept. We only feel surprised that so excellent a thinker should fall into such empty and commonplace strictures, and think it necessary, in order to vindicate the value of physiological investigation into mental processes, to decry all subjective analysis of them. He admits, indeed, the value of such analysis as far as the individual is concerned, and even says that we need this particular study of the individual. But that universal truth can be discovered in this way, and not merely particular facts, the success of Aristotle in studying the laws of logic is a shining proof. Dr. Maudsley apparently forgets that, besides his individual peculiarities, every man possesses a mental nature common to all the race. Instead, therefore, of jealously discrediting the subjective analysis of consciousness as of no scientific value, it would be infinitely wiser to carry into it the general spirit and method of positive science, remembering that different converging lines of investigation are more likely than a single line to reach the truth.

There is, doubtless, a great reform of method needed in the further prosecution of mental science. But the true method will not be wholly a new one, nor can it possibly be a simple one. It will rather be a new adjustment and correlation of many familiar methods. It is with methods as with facts, — they need to be co-ordinated and generalized. With his wonted sagacity, Bacon aimed at the due combination of the rational and empirical faculties, and not, as many narrow Baconians fancy, at the sole use of the latter. It will be the greatest of all philosophical achievements to perfect a scientific method which shall be valid, not merely in the study of external nature, but also in the highest departments of abstract thought. But it cannot be wrought out by arbitrarily excluding from use any genuine method hitherto practised. On the contrary, it will be the colligation of all such methods in natural relations, and their harmonious union under a single organizing

idea. This general and complex method must dominate over the whole realm of science, and adapt itself everywhere to the special phenomena to be studied; it will never be crammed into a catch-word or pithy formula.

Dr. Maudsley proceeds to enumerate the various "divisions of the objective method" to be employed in building up a true mental science (p. 27): —

I. The physiological method, or study of the organs and organic processes which are the physical conditions of mental activity.

II. The study of the plan of development of mind, as shown in the animal, the barbarian, and the infant.

III. The study of the degeneration of mind, as exhibited in the different forms of idiocy and insanity.

IV. The study of the progress and regress of the human mind, as exhibited in history.

It seems hardly appropriate to give these as "divisions of the objective *method*"; they are rather divisions of the general *object-matter* to which the method is to be applied. As a ground-plan for the construction of a genuine mental science, however, the enumeration is incomplete. It would be presumptuous at the present time to undertake to sketch such a plan except for purely provisional purposes; the science of mind plainly depends on all the other sciences, and cannot be created until the other sciences have attained a degree of perfection which does not yet exist. Without, however, attempting an impossible task, we venture to submit the following outline, with the hope of stimulating thought on a subject which must grow in importance and interest as time goes on: —

I. General physical conditions of organic life in the cosmical environment.

II. Special physical conditions of mental life in the organization of the nervous system: its comparative anatomy, and physiological relations to mental manifestations.

III. General plan of development of mental life throughout the animal kingdom.

IV. Special plan of development of mental life in man; including, —

1. Development of mind in the race, as shown in the history of civilization;

2. Development of mind in the individual, as affected by climate, hereditary influences, education, and other incidental causes;

3. Decay of mind in the individual, whether normal in natural organic dissolution, or abnormal in idiocy, insanity, &c.

V. General results of mental life, regarded as objective products of mind, and as in relation to mind itself, —

1. In the lower animals: instinctive acts, acquired habits, special structures (e. g. spider-webs, ant-hills, honeycombs, nests, burrows, beaver-dams), &c.;

2. In man: language, literature, art, science, manufactures, political, social, and religious institutions, &c.

VI. Special results of mental life; successive states of consciousness, which can only be brought under scientific investigation by means of introspection and subjective analysis, and careful observation of which can alone reveal the laws of association of ideas, the true classification of faculties, &c., &c.

This is by no means an exhaustive statement of the basis of a truly positive mental science, but it may at least indicate how broad that basis must be.

Passing next to the mind itself and its relation to the nervous system, Dr. Maudsley shows the fallacy in the famous maxim of Cabanis that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, and says that mind, "viewed in its scientific sense," is "a natural force"; and that like electricity or gravity, it is "appreciable only in the changes of matter which are the conditions of its manifestation." As by observation of the mechanism and appropriate abstraction we get the essential idea of a steam-engine, so, says Dr. Maudsley, we get the essential idea of the mind, which is an abstract idea or general term, and has no existence out of the mind; but "this metaphysical abstraction has been made into a spiritual entity," and thus allowed to "tyrannize over the understanding." Whatever may be the real nature of the mind, "it is most certainly dependent for its every manifestation on the brain and nervous system." Further, "mental power is truly an organized result, not strictly speaking built up, but matured by insensible degrees in the course of life." The ganglionic cells of the brain, which are not inexhaustible centres of self-generating force, can give out no more than what they have in some way taken in: "the nerve-cell of the brain, it might in fact be said, represents statical thought, while thought represents dynamical nerve-cell, or, more properly, the energy of nerve-cell." He indefinitely postpones the question whether the mind is the function of the brain, and declares it the present business of science to investigate the conditions of activity of the ganglionic nerve-cell, or groups of nerve-cells.

It is the favorite maxim of Büchner, "Keine Kraft ohne Stoff, kein Stoff ohne Kraft"; and Dr. Maudsley expresses its substance in saying that "matter and force are necessary coexistents" (p. 367). But with this view of the relation between force and matter (which is doubtless now a scientific axiom in the field of sensible experience), it

is a curious example of negative dogmatics to assert so positively that "mind is the most dependent of all the natural forces" (p. 60). The great mystery of life is not yet fathomed. There is no scientific evidence as yet to show that mind is a "natural force" at all, in this sense of being inseparable from matter. To call it so is to beg the question. The conviction of Dr. Maudsley can be no stronger than our own, that every manifestation of the mind now perceptible by us is utterly dependent on the nervous system; but to say that mind itself is thus dependent is not science, but simple dogmatism. Physiology, however far it may be carried, will never get beyond the nervous system. All its verified results will assuredly stand fast against all the prejudices of ignorance and the terrors of superstition, but it can no more settle the question of the nature of mind than it can determine the age of the globe. Whether either question can be settled yet may well be doubted. What is clear is, that Dr. Maudsley, while professing to give no theory of the nature of mind (p. 40), has inadvertently theorized about it, and gone beyond his depth.

In his antipathy to "metaphysics" and "psychology," Dr. Maudsley repeatedly pours contempt on all mention of "faculties"; as, for instance, on p. 168, where he exclaims, "How misleading the parcelling out of the mind into separate faculties that answer to nothing in nature!" But, by faculties, intelligent men signify merely different manifestations of mind, which, for purposes of science, need to be discriminated and named: no one regards them as organs of an "entity." Is there no difference between reasoning and imagining, remembering and acting? Do these distinctions "answer to nothing in nature"? Reason and imagination, memory and will, are names affixed to these unlike manifestations of mind; and no physiological discoveries can ever cancel their essential unlikeness, or supersede the necessity of giving them distinct names. The truth that "conscious acquisition" becomes "unconscious faculty" (p. 111), and that faculties are gradually "organized" in the nervous centres, in no wise conflicts with the natural distinction among them. On the contrary, it perfectly harmonizes with the universally admitted fact of their gradual development. When speaking of the cortical cells of the cerebral hemispheres, Dr. Maudsley says himself that different convolutions of the brain do in all probability subserve different mental functions, although the phrenologists have very rashly classified them; that the "broad and prominent forehead" indicates generally great intellectual power; and that "the upper part of the brain and the posterior lobes have more to do with feeling than with the understanding" (p. 107). This perfectly accords with the pathological results of Schroeder van der Kolk, who

asserts that, "when intellectual disorder especially has existed in madness, he has found the cortical layer under the frontal bones to be darker colored, more firmly connected with the pia mater, or softened; in melancholia, on the other hand, where the feelings chiefly are excited or depressed, the pathological changes were found rather in the convolutions of the upper and hind lobes" (p. 59). Now, in determining the special functions of the hemispherical ganglia, physiological investigation confessedly fails: the microscope cannot detect the subtile changes that take place. Is it not possible that a really scientific classification of the faculties, determined by introspective analysis, may yet prove a useful guide to the physiological investigator, and lead to important discoveries in regard to the functions of the different convolutions of the cineritious substance of the brain? There is great reason to infer this specialization of functions in the cortical layers; there is little reason to expect to discover it either through empirical craniology, or through direct physiological observation. Yet, with the clew obtained from a truly scientific psychology, the discovery may yet be made.

The passage quoted above from p. 107, distinguishing the anterior lobe of the brain as more closely indicative of intellect, and the middle and posterior lobes of feeling, hardly consists with the statement on p. 137, that "there do not appear to be satisfactory grounds, either in psychology or physiology, for supposing the nervous centres of emotion to be distinct from those of idea." Dr. Maudsley's theory of emotion and volition is less developed than his theory of ideation, and, we think, less satisfactory or definite.

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2. — *The Positive Philosophy. An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Amherst College, July* 9, 1867, *and before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of Vermont, August* 6, 1867. By A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL. D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1867. 8vo pamphlet.

Under the comprehensive name of positivism, a great variety of philosophical opinions are popularly designated at the present day. Authors who differ as fundamentally as Mill and Spencer, neither professing to be a follower of M. Comte, and one, Mr. Spencer, differing from Comte in almost every essential of doctrine, and openly repudiating the name, are now commonly called "positivists." It is this enlarged and now generally adopted meaning of "positivism," as synony-

mous with one of the two fundamental divisions of the philosophical world, that our author appears to propose as the subject of his discourse. He discriminates none of its varieties, and imputes some opinions to all positivists which only a few really hold, and some which are held by none of them.

The process by which the word "positivism" has acquired its present signification is in itself an instructive lesson in philosophy. At first assumed as the distinctive name of the philosophy of M. Comte, it has since degenerated, through the vagueness of apprehension and the ignorance of its opponents, into a general appellation, as truly applicable to M. Comte's predecessors as to his followers, or to any later thinkers of a similar mental character.

But though this name specifically belongs only to M. Comte and his few avowed followers, and is usually applied to other thinkers only by their opponents, yet, as thus generalized, it has a well-accredited and important significance. All positivists, so called, are agreed in regarding the methods of discovering truth exemplified in the maturest of the modern sciences, as the methods of all true knowledge, namely, the methods of induction from the facts of particular observations, and are agreed in ignoring all problems as idle and foolish which cannot receive such solutions.

Among these problems is that of metaphysical causation, the question of those *real* connections between phenomena as causes and effects which are independent of our experiences, and the invariable and unconditional sequences among them. To those who have reached the positive mode of thought, the word "cause" simply signifies the phenomena, or the state of facts which precede the event to be explained, — which make it exist, in the only sense in which an event can clearly be supposed to be made to exist, namely, by affording the conditions of the rule of its occurrence. But with those who have not yet attained to this clear and simple conception of cause a vague but familiar feeling prevails, which makes this conception seem very inadequate to express their idea of the reality of causation. Such thinkers feel that they know something more in causation than the mere succession, however simple and invariable this may be. The *real* efficiency of a cause, that which makes its effect to exist absolutely, seems, at least in regard to their own volitions, to be known to them immediately. Causation, among such remote and unfamiliar phenomena as the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies, may be only known by observation and the discovery of the rules of their simple and invariable sequences; yet the mind inevitably imputes to such successions *real* though unobserved connections, like those it believes itself to know absolutely and immediately in its own volitions.

Not only the positive philosophy, in its widest sense, but also the critical philosophy of Kant, and all so-called sceptical philosophies, deny such an immediate knowledge by the mind of the causal efficiency of its own volitions. That certain mental states of thought, feeling, and desire, of which we are conscious, are followed by certain external effects, which we observe, is to the sceptical schools a simple fact of observation. These thinkers extend the method of the more precisely known to the interpretation of what is less precisely known, interpreting the phenomena of self-consciousness by the methods of physical science, instead of interpreting physical phenomena by the crudities of the least perfect, though most familiar of all observations, the phenomena of volition. So obviously unphilosophical is the latter course, that the acutest of orthodox thinkers (Mr. Mansel, for example) regard the efficiency of cause to be immediately known, not between the internal motive and the external act of volition, but between the will, pure and simple, and its special determinations of the strengths of motives to action, which alone are properly ascribed to the will as an absolutely known cause. That "the strongest motive prevails in volition" is not merely true, but a truism, say these thinkers; "but the strength of the motive is an effect, not the cause of volition. Motives are phenomena of willing, not the efficient Will itself. The connection between the strongest or prevailing motive and its external effect may be merely one of sequence in observation, but this only removes the immediate intuition of causation one step farther back. The real *nisus*, immediately known, is between the Will and the motives through which it determines external actions. That the same motives, acting under the same external circumstances, are followed by the same external actions may be a matter of mere observation, and may afford no immediate evidence of real causal efficiency. The analogy which makes us infer real efficiency wherever phenomenal regularity is observed is not, consequently, invalidated by the fact that we do not immediately know the *real* connections between our desires and our muscular movements."

All this the positivist may readily admit, and yet validly deny the force of this analogy. *Regularity* is the essential characteristic of what he regards as causal connections. The invariability of the sequences of phenomena has no point of analogy with the relation of an undetermined, undefined, unclassified, *real* efficiency to a determinate, definite kind of effect. So long as the will is not phenomenally known as so and so determined to action by definable motives, it bears no analogy whatever to observed causes, or to the relation of regular antecedents to their consequents. If it be said that, in one case the connection between cause and effect is known independently of any regularity, while

in the other case it is known only *by* regularity; or that in the first case the connection is known immediately to be real or causal, and in the other is inferred to be real or causal by analogy; the cogency of the reasoning will depend on whether the connections compared be alike in other respects, except the methods by which they are known. If phenomena succeeding one another, apparently at random, without rule or reason, *can be known* to be really connected, then analogy ought to infer that *all such* successions, the most irregular in nature, are connected by causation. But science discovers causation only in regularity. The exact application of the analogy would justify, indeed, what science condemns, — superstitious beliefs concerning signs and portents, the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* mode of reasoning of the unscientific mind. Either, then, the use of the word "cause" with which science has familiarized the positive philosopher is a complete misnomer, or else the vague notion of cause as a relation between an undefined, undetermined reality, the will, and a definite determinate effect, the motive, is wholly unphilosophical. In either case, there is no analogy between the laws of nature, as known by science, and free volition.

On account of this ambiguity in the use of the word "cause," the word itself was reprobated and discarded by Comte, though by a wholly too generous concession to the abuses of the term. Mr. Mill reinstated the word, as validly signifying what science understands by it, namely, the sum of the conditions or antecedent phenomena, which by the laws of nature, material and spiritual, are followed by a determinate effect. If human volitions cannot be included under this formula, then, either we know nothing about their causes, or else the word is used in such a different sense, that there is no analogy between such causes and those causes in nature of which science treats. We are *not*, "therefore," as our author says, "by a simple process of generalization, or, as a positivist might say, of classification on the ground of resemblance, compelled to infer that, in the changes which have taken place in the universe, in creation, in paroxysmal revolutions, in the annual and [other] periodical sequences of phenomena, will has been and is the efficient cause." There is not only no analogy, but a direct contradiction, between a cause which is a determinate phenomenal antecedent, regularly preceding its effect, and the "cause" of changes which conform to no rule, — such as our author's "paroxysmal revolutions." Both may exist for aught the positivist pretends to know, but he can discover evidence of only one sort of causes. From observation of his own volitions, he finds that he himself, or his will (the name of the internal unity of thought, feeling, and desiring), is a cause, since certain determinate states of this self are followed regularly by determinate

actions or classes of actions. In this kind of phenomena he finds his earliest and most familiar types of causation, but not the best or clearest; for it is only with vague, ill-defined classes of effects that our earliest knowledge of causation makes us acquainted; and in fact we at length discover that the most familiar cases of causation, the phenomena of volition, are among the most complicated and difficult to analyze of all the phenomena of nature, and must be the latest to be reduced to scientific precision of knowledge.

To this extent thinkers like Comte, Mill, Grote, Buckle, Powell, and Spencer may be said to agree, however widely they may differ on other topics. "In all the natural sciences," the author says, "an alarmingly large proportion of the younger adepts — many of them men of commanding ability in research and generalization — are already pronounced positivists, and are doing all that man can do to legislate God out of his creation"; for such is our author's interpretation of the scientific doctrine of universal causation. Not to believe that God is capricious, or to believe that there is no valid evidence of capricious agency in the known universe, or any ground for supposing it, appears to be, according to the view presented in this discourse, legislating God out of his creation! As if the will of God were not as essential to the order of nature as to any supposable disorders, miracles, or "paroxysmal revolutions." To the scientific apprehension, "will," in the metaphysical sense of the word, is equally essential, or non-essential, to the existence of all phenomena, regular or irregular, and is equally unknown in all. It would seem, from various expressions of our author, that he believes it is only by the manifestation of a capricious will that God makes himself known and felt, like a froward child.

If the author were opposing the opinions of M. Comte and his most subservient followers merely, his statements of the positions he controverts might be accepted as sufficiently correct; but his expositions of what positivism is are given as the opinions of all who are commonly included under the name of "positivists." In an account of the "foundation-principles" of positivism, he states as one of them, that "the unbroken series of physical antecedents and consequents embraces all nature and all being, so that there is no room for the action of moral or spiritual causes." It is surprising that the author can seriously believe that he is here fairly stating the real belief of any one of those he has classed among positivists. Unbroken threads of causation are, it is true, the stuff of which the web of phenomena is woven, but these are not exclusively composed of *physical* antecedents and consequents, as distinguished from moral or spiritual causes and effects. Principles of conduct, moral and spiritual phenomena, our dispositions and emotions, are

not excluded by any positivist from the threads of causation. But it is possible that the author means by the "action of moral or spiritual causes" their metaphysical efficiency, not merely their regular phenomenal successions; yet equally in this case does he fail to represent the opinion he opposes. For the phenomenal regularity inherent equally in physical, mental, and moral phenomena does no more exclude the real causal efficiency of spiritual powers than it does of material forces. It excludes neither from a possible reality, but includes neither in actual knowledge. When, therefore, Dr. Peabody states next as a tenet of positivism, "that human history could have been written in advance, for all nations and for every individual man, by one who, in the remote past, could have comprehended all the material [!] phenomena then in existence, and have followed each out through its series of inevitable consequents"; and when he adds, that "Materialism and Necessity are then the two exponential words of the positive philosophy," he misinterprets the doctrine he proposes to criticise. The truth is, that neither Materialism nor Necessity (in the sense which the author attaches to this word) are doctrines of positivism; for the one affects to know that spiritual consequents, thoughts, feelings, and desires may follow from antecedents purely material; and the other professes to know the absolute efficiency of causes. But positivism professes to know neither of these. Both transcend its sphere. Within this sphere of observation foreknowledge is believed by the positivist to be possible just in proportion as the mind can attain to a knowledge of the laws and special conditions of phenomena, even to the limit of perfect foreknowledge for all time. But this is not dogmatically asserting the doctrine of Materialism, or that mental phenomena could follow from purely material antecedents. It is a wholly distinct thesis.

Dr. Peabody closes his summary exposition of the "foundation-principles" of positive philosophy with these words: "Its only God is collective humanity; its only allegiance and worship are due to this abstraction, — the sole abstraction admitted in the dreary realm of phenomena." Humanity is indeed an abstract term, though frequently used to denote the concrete manifold object, "all human beings," and it is apparently used above in this concrete sense. If not, it would have been more correct to say that the God of the positivists (meaning only Comte and the professors of his religion) is the whole human race, including its past, its present, and its future. Now this is very far from being an abstraction, — is quite concrete.

Our author makes one exception to his sweeping imputations of opinion. He says: "I ought, however, to say that Mill, at this point dissenting from Comte, superciliously permits God to be, nay, grants

that he may possibly have originated the order of nature; but the Supreme Being is left in existence only with the proviso that he abdicate his sceptre, adhere to fixed laws, and abjure the right of providentially modifying those laws, — a God shorn of his godhead, otiose, powerless, — a mute and motionless figure-head, erected by philosophy to save itself from the stigma of atheism." It is almost needless for us to say to the intelligent reader, that nothing could be conceived more remote than this from the spirit of Mr. Mill's real opinions. The true positivist regards the existence of regularity — even the universality of causation — in the phenomena of nature as no proof whatever of Necessity or Fate. He knows nothing of what *must be* absolutely and in all possible worlds, for his principles are all derived from experience of this actual one. No more can he suppose, as our author does, that an apparent absence of law is a proof of free-will. Either hypothesis is perfectly consistent with the constitution of the universe, which science presumes and has in great measure disclosed. Either an immovable Fate or an unvarying Will is consistent with the discovered laws, and the presumed universal order of nature. The inmost nature of neither can be known to human faculties; nor, indeed, whether they are really unlike, except in their phenomenal manifestations. Will is manifested by thought, feeling, and desire, and their truly distinctive external effects. Fate, if there be such a nature, would be manifested, not by an unchanging, but by an unchangeable order in phenomena, both material and spiritual. Positivism, therefore, holds that science, in discovering the orders of phenomena, and even in presuming that such orders are universal, does not decide anything as to their inmost nature, but only as to what they are in external fact. This is very far from requiring that God "abdicate his sceptre, adhere to fixed laws, and abjure the right," &c. It is simply and humbly discovering what is, instead of dictating what must be. But by Will our author understands Free-Will, and by Free-Will, caprice.

In opposition to the Comtean doctrine that consciousness cannot be an object to itself, and that self-consciousness means only the consciousness of the effects of the self, which are properly external objects, our author resorts to an argument which, since Kant, has been almost universally discarded. He says: "I believe in the relation of an antecedent and a consequent phenomenon only because I, who perceive the consequent, know that I am the same being who observed the antecedent." More explicitly the theory is this: I know myself as perceiving the antecedent; I know myself as perceiving the consequent; and I connect the two only by knowing myself independently of them as continuing to exist between them. The simple fact is, that only by the *representa-*

tion of the *remembered* antecedent, in conjunction with the observed consequent, am I conscious of myself at all. The word "I" is a meaningless subject, without "content." Only with the predicates, "I think," "I feel," "I will or desire," or synonymous and cognate ones, does it refer to any fact of experience or observation. The union of the antecedent and the consequent of experience in thought through representation *is* that "unity of apperception" expressed by "I think." Our author discards, in his discussion of such points, the technical terms of philosophy, and thereby, we think, misses the facts of the case which these terms were devised to express. He proceeds in this way to a summary discovery of his own free-agency, and then gives further characterizations of the views he opposes. "I indeed act not without motives; and, according to the positive philosophy, motives are always [!] from without, — appreciable material forces, the resultant of which determines my action in this or that direction." And again: "According to the positive philosophy, however, if I do not yield to what seems the strongest motive, it is because of the presence of still stronger, but less patent motives of the same order, — material forces exterior to myself, — which I do not take into account." This is not the doctrine of any real necessitarian, or positivist. It is simply the fatuous fancy of ignorant barbarians, those Oriental visionaries who call themselves Fatalists. The author objects to it chiefly on account of "the clear consciousness of merit or demerit connected with my action." Most other writers object to it for the palpable folly there is in supposing that feelings and desires, the causes of volition, (however regularly determined,) can be "material forces exterior to myself."

Mr. Mill, in his "System of Logic," distinctly and emphatically disavows that interpretation of the necessitarian's doctrine, which our author here charges against him in common with all positivists.

We will give but one other instance of our author's philosophy. He says: —

"Geology leaves us no reason to doubt that, in the earlier history of our planet, the most momentous paroxysmal changes have occurred. It carries us back to epochs at which there were no traces of organized being, and thus renders it certain that there has been creation, — if not creation out of nothing, the shaping, in time, of pre-existent materials. We have *prima facie* reasons for believing that there has been creation of separate species. Especially is the positivist bound on his own principles to maintain this; for it is not pretended that the transmutation of one species into another, still less of one order into another, has ever been observed or proved in a single instance."

But is it pretended, as it should be to complete this argument, that

separate creation "has ever been observed or proved in a single instance"? A beginning of life on the earth, recent compared to the earth's own duration, has perhaps been proved by geology, though hardly so conclusively as our author imagines, most of the evidence being merely negative. But, granting this beginning of organic life as a reasonable hypothesis, how does this prove the "creation of *separate* species"? And why may not the positivist be allowed the transmutation theory in lieu of this uncertainty, even though he cannot make out a *complete* case of the transmutation of one species into another? Partial, even very considerable, changes are effected in species by selective breeding and horticulture; and it is upon such facts of observation that the later transmutationists base their hypothesis by one of the best instances, in all scientific speculation, of the application of the positivists' rules of legitimate hypothesis. Besides, this hypothesis does not profess to explain the absolute origin of life, but only those changes in its manifestations revealed by the geological record. No one is "bound" (least of all, a positivist) "to maintain" any hypothesis to the exclusion of any other, until it is proved to be true; whether it be the hypothesis of the separate creation, or of the transmutation of species. But here our author abruptly shifts his ground. He says: —

"But, in addition to, and often in modification of, the avowed fundamental maxim of the positive philosophy, — 'Observed phenomena are the only objects of knowledge,' — its disciples recognize another maxim, — a *lex non scripta*, yet none the less imperative, — 'Whatever is impious is true,' — whatever tends to chase the conception of God from the universe is so antecedently probable that it may be affirmed, even independently of observation."

It would appear to be our author's belief, many times indicated in this discourse, though nowhere explicitly laid down, that whatever conforms to law, or is regular and according to the general analogy of nature, "tends to chase the conception of God from the universe"; so that, as science understands truth, the converse of the above *lex non scripta* would appear to be its just rendering; namely, that "Whatever is true is impious." Indeed, history affords many notable particular confirmations of this rule in the judgments of religious teachers on true hypotheses in science. Our author appears to base Theism on exceedingly narrow and precarious grounds in experience, and we could easily imagine a positivist with a much more rational faith in it.

The conception of a Being with a nature akin to our own, but perfect in all that we aspire to be; infinite in power, with perfect goodness and knowledge; who does not "providentially modify" the laws of his universe, since no laws can be supposed more wisely adapted to his own highest ends; whose will is just as immediately manifested in the

order of nature as in any supposable miracle, — such a conception is to many thinkers, who are called positivists, a most cheering and inspiring one, and is not inconsistent with anything which human science has yet disclosed, or is ever likely to discover.

Enlightened faith in the truth of such a conception is founded on the sentiments it appeals to. It does not demand as the condition of assent the force of irresistible demonstration; nor does it deceive itself with fallacious arguments.

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3. — *The Science of Natural Theology, or God the Unconditioned Cause and God the Infinite and Perfect as revealed in Creation.* By Asa Mahan, D.D. Boston: Published by Henry Hoyt. 1867. 12mo. pp. 399.

In the Book of Job, after those excellent friends of the afflicted patriarch whom he ungratefully styles "miserable comforters" have had their say, and have exposed his sin and the justice of God's dealing with him in three good rounds of argument and abuse, a new champion steps into the ring, bids the elders to silence, and announces that he will settle the dispute, and that his upright word shall be conclusive and final. He then proceeds, after this brave flourish, to repeat more diffusely and more obscurely the very pleas which the rest have used until the Almighty is compelled to stop this vague talk, words without knowledge, by speaking from the whirlwind. The new volunteer has only made darkness visible in his multitude of phrases. He has by no means demonstrated God or his righteousness.

The success of Dr. Mahan in his attempt to silence the philosophers, and to say the final and decisive word for the innate and necessary knowledge of God, is no greater than that of the confident Hebrew champion. If ever counsel was darkened by abundance of words in a question of religious service, it is in Mahan's Natural Theology. The Preface gives no uncertain sound, and we know what the writer thinks of himself and what he expects to do. He will put to shame these praters of atheistic wisdom, these false philosophers, Mill and Spencer, and he will rebuke such false witnesses for God as Thompson and Mansell. He will do his work thoroughly; and all the tribe of the unbelieving shall forever hold their peace. He has no misgivings. He *knows*, and there can be no mistake. The arguments of the other side use "false definitions" and "sophistical procedures," — "procedures utterly subversive of truth, and as utterly unworthy the dignity of sci-

ence." Elihu, cheerful and smiling, steps in, folds his arms, and looks complacently around, in this closing prefatory paragraph: —

"A fundamental aim of the author of this treatise has been, not only to subvert utterly the anti-theistic philosophy in all its actual and possible forms, and to verify for Theism an immovable foundation; but also to bring out into distinct isolation the real theistic problem and syllogism in all its varied forms, so that the argument throughout may be seen to be and to have been conducted upon truly scientific principles. With these suggestions, the work is commended to the most rigid scrutiny of the friends of truth."

To make a "rigid scrutiny" of a work of this kind, so confused, so sparing in illustration, so abundant in repetitions, so dogmatic, will require a more exemplary patience than most "friends of truth" will be willing to give. The table of contents exposes a fearful task, and the number of positive affirmations recalls that programme, so bewildering to students of the last generation, in the opening pages of the great work of "John Locke, Gent." In comparison with Mahan's involved verbiage, which the precise numerical distinctions fail to untwist, Locke's treatise is mere light reading, and we are even reconciled to Hickok, who has made metaphysics a bugbear in these latter days. But, alas! with all these divisions and subdivisions, these criticisms of "errors" and affirmations of "self-evident" truths, God and his being are as desperately hidden from mortal sight as in the chaos before creation! Those who accept the argument as conclusive will accept it on the authority of the advocate. What the author calls "elucidation" is the pleasant sport of flinging dust into the eyes of the inquirer, and when he is thoroughly blinded and angry, telling him what he has seen and what he ought to see.

Many of the statements of Dr. Mahan will be accepted as true; and some of his reasoning is ingenious, but his method is not "scientific," and its results are not convincing. His criticisms of other writers are never satisfactory. The philosopher of Königsberg would by no means agree to Dr. Mahan's statement of his theory, and Herbert Spencer's philosophy is certainly not the nonsense which Mahan seems to make it.

But some assertions which this writer makes are astounding in their assurance, both when he speaks of the statements of the Bible and when he speaks of scientific men. "It is only among those who have the most superficial acquaintance with the facts of the universe, or who, with their eyes closed to all the real teachings of true science upon the subject, have obstinately given themselves up to the belief of baseless assumptions, that the development theory can obtain credence for a single hour" (p. 135). How many of the ablest men of science of France, Germany, England, and America are, in the judgment of

the President of Adrian College, Michigan, "superficial," and not lovers of truth! Materialism may not be true; but it cannot be refuted by asserting that it is "an assumption, for the validity of which no form or degree of proof or evidence even can by any possibility be offered, and which is affirmed absolutely to be false by the highest possible proof, the direct and immediate presentative intuitions of the Universal Intelligence" (p. 183). Dr. Mahan affirms that there is not, has not been, and can never be a conflict between science and religion; that all science which seems to oppose religion is a cheat; that the intuition of God and immortality is absolute and cannot be gainsaid.

"Here is a form of evidence of the highest validity of the being and perfections of God, of which no one can be destitute without infinite guilt. No one will affirm that the universe of matter and mind presents no evidence of this great truth. On the other hand, he cannot but be aware that there is absolutely no evidence of an opposite nature. What excuse can we have, then, for not acting in the line of such evidence, whether we may regard it as demonstrative or not, when such an infinite reality draws us in that direction, and such infinite interests may, to say the least, be involved in such action; and when we thus act, the evidence that we are acting in the direction of the real perpetually accumulates upon us, (such being the harmony of our activity with the laws and adaptations of our entire mental nature,) till conviction becomes absolute, and doubt an impossibility. Let us only follow the necessary instincts and convictions of our minds, and begin to worship, to pray, and to obey the behests of our own consciences, as our own nature prompts us to do, as the direct commands of the Infinite and Perfect, and we have a perpetually growing intuition of the reality of the being of God, which is as the 'shining light,' continually dawning on to the 'perfect day.'"—p. 251.

This remarkable paragraph is an instance at once of the style, the thought, and the method of the author.

It is not pleasant to see that this cloudy and self-sufficient treatise is commended in the notices of the press as a suitable text-book for colleges and schools.

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4. — *The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures.* By T. F. Curtis, D. D., late Professor of Theology in the University at Lewisburg, Pa. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. 386.

This treatise is the work of a Baptist professor of theology, who appears still to be in good standing with his own religious body. It is remarkable as a sign of the time rather than for new views or for ex-

haustive argument. Here is a candid, honest, and devoted teacher in an evangelical sect who has come, in the exercise of his work as a teacher, to reject utterly the prevalent idea of the Bible as literally inspired, or in any sense "infallible," and who now finds no inspiration of any kind, either in the statements of the book or the souls of the writers, which guarantees their freedom from error. Thirty years ago the most liberal of the sects would have hesitated in approving such a volume. Now this view of inspiration finds general favor, or is very gently condemned. It is not proposed to cast the author out of the church, to deny him the Christian name, or to indict him for blasphemy. In substance, his view is not unlike that of Theodore Parker; yet his work will not be classed with the works of that arch-heretic, or be enrolled for anathema in any Evangelical Index.

The style of argument which Dr. Curtis prefers is that which Bishop Colenso has used with such great effect. He dwells most upon the discrepancies, the mistakes, the physical and numerical impossibilities recorded in the Biblical text, as proof that this cannot be the word of Deity, but only the words of erring men. Neither the unscientific legends of the Genesis nor the varying accounts of the four Evangelists can be reconciled with the theory of a plenary Divine dictation. He shows that the popular view assumes what the Scriptures never claim for themselves: that it requires a perpetual miracle, — not only that the original Greek and Hebrew, but that all the translations, shall be inspired. This reduction to absurdity might have been carried much further. But he has carried the argument far enough for his purpose. He has amply proved his negative.

In stating and explaining his positive view of inspiration, Dr. Curtis is not, as we think, so satisfactory. He fails to show what new faculty inspiration adds to ordinary human faculties, or how much more trustworthy is an inspired writer than any other writer. He does not point out distinctly the way in which a writer of history learns the facts of his history by inspiration, or a dogmatic writer receives instruction from on high in the matter of his doctrines. Inspiration, as he presents it, seems to be a vague influence upon the mind, or, rather, upon the will, giving only more conscientiousness and fidelity both in seeking and in uttering what is believed to be the truth.

Dr. Curtis gives no general and external test by which inspired men are to be distinguished from other men. We have no talk in his book about "credentials," and he does not insist that physical signs and wonders are necessary or decisive proof that any teacher is directly sent of God. He leaves us to infer that the claim of the Roman Church that inspiration is perpetual is a just claim, and he does not forbid us to al-

low that influence in other ways than the ways of theological writing; we are permitted to believe that the influence is neither special nor limited to any age of the world or any class of persons. The impression which the volume gives is, that the truth and beauty of any work is the measure of its inspiration as well as the measure of its value. So far as Biblical criticism is concerned, inspiration may be wholly ruled out. It is of no help whatever in finding the meaning of a passage. So far as creed-making is concerned, it is equally unnecessary. It cannot tell us whether any doctrine is true or false. Its merit is in bringing, or appearing to bring, the soul of man into closer relations with the Spirit of God, — the Divine element more into human thought and human affairs.

Such works as this of Dr. Curtis are excellent as overthrowing that false reverence for the letter of Scripture, which makes it the arbiter of justice against social expediency, common sense, and kind feeling. But they are far less influential in that direction than the very arguments of the bibliolatrists in questions of practical ethics. The defences of slavery from the letter of the Bible, the pleas against amusements, the Sabbath arguments, the arguments from Scripture about women's rights, about wine drinking, about the death penalty, — these have done far more to discredit the theory of Biblical inspiration than any such writings as those of Curtis or Colenso. The whole New Testament has suffered from the false reading of the letter of Paul to Philemon. The attempt to hinder horse-cars from running on Sunday by citing Biblical prohibitions not only always fails, but it reacts against the Scripture. The book cannot be the Word of God which sets itself so positively against human need and convenience. The extent of rebellion against the former theory is proved by the little heed which is now paid in legislative halls to these Scripture pleadings. They have hardly more force in making or repealing laws than they have in scientific discussions. The curse of Canaan had no more weight with Mr. Lincoln when he wrote his Proclamation, than it has with Professor Owen when he discusses ethnology. The inspiration which Congress respects is the voice of the Lord to-day in the nation and for its needs.

The closing chapter of Dr. Curtis's work on the evidence for Christianity from its effect upon human life and social customs, good as it is, is wholly irrelevant, and has nothing to do with his subject. There is no need to connect the existence of Christianity with any argument about the Bible. The idlest of fears is that the real Gospel of Jesus will be jeopardized by any theory of the origin or the value of the written record. The loss of the Bible altogether would not be the loss of the Gospel. But the overthrow of false notions about it will not

consign it to obscurity or give it any second place. The freest speculations of rationalism have not as yet diminished the honor paid to the chief of books. The Bible Society is quite as busy with its presses and its editions, in all civilized and savage tongues, as it was before Renan or Strauss uttered their dreadful words of denial. Men study the Bible more willingly and more faithfully when they are allowed to distinguish in it what is true from what is false, than when they are warned at the outset that it is all infallibly true. There never was a time in the history of Christianity when there was so much real "searching" of the Scripture as the time in which we are living. *Investigation* now assists and guides exposition.

The proof-reader of Dr. Curtis's work has been strangely careless, and the typographical mistakes are numerous and annoying. "Ephraim Cyrus" (p. 127) for Ephrem Syrus, "Mahaleel" for Mahalaleel, "Sala" for Salah, "Armenian" for Arminian, "Bauer" for Baur, "Intillege" for Intellige, "Baruck" for Baruch, "Brounson" for Brownson, "Belgiam" for Belgian, "Thedoret" for Theodoret, "Cephatopoda" for Cephalopoda, "Saurord" for Sauroid, "Aquilla" for Aquila, "Arphaxed" for Arphaxad, "insurperable" for insuperable, are only a part of the misprints that we have noted. Occasionally the Greek words are without their proper accents.

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5. — *Angelic Philosophy of the Divine Love and Wisdom.* By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated by R. N. Foster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

The publishers of this new and beautiful edition of one of Swedenborg's chief treatises are engaged in reproducing all his books in greatly improved form. Men of sense and scholarship preside over the enterprise, so that we have a chance at last of seeing Swedenborg in a free and graceful English dress, without having our taste shocked any longer by the rudenesses and awkwardnesses of a mere conventional terminology. It is very sad that any one should ever be compelled to look at the catholic Swedenborg in translations intended originally for the uses of a sect; for, however unconscious of any improper bias the translator may be, and however disposed as he himself conceives to act honestly, the very fact that he is a man of sectarian aims disqualifies him fully to understand Swedenborg, or do adequate justice to his thought, and renders it inevitable that he should to *some* extent mislead the reader. We hail this new edition of Swedenborg, therefore, as free from the stigma of these influences. Rev. Mr. Barrett,

under whose editorial supervision chiefly the works are being issued, is a man of scholarly culture and of wide sympathies; and we are sure that nothing of which the unprejudiced reader can have the least right to complain will ever creep into them with his connivance. He has himself virtually translated the "Heaven and Hell" anew; and now Mr. Foster, who seems an every way competent and finished translator, has given us what may be called Swedenborg's most philosophic production in a dress worthy of its contents.

The "Divine Love and Wisdom" is a deeply interesting book, — almost the only one in which Swedenborg has attempted a direct and comprehensive exposition of ontological principles; and it is all-important that a man of ample scholarship, and as ample breadth of sympathy with his kind, should be employed to reproduce it in English. We commend the book to the attention of every one who wishes to learn something about Swedenborg from the author himself, and not from any purely parasitic testimony. It is, indeed, high time that the pretence of a peculiar property in Swedenborg, and of a right to use his books in the interest exclusively of a new and narrower ecclesiasticism, should be universally derided and exploded; and we are glad to perceive the vigorous movement in this direction which is being made under Mr. Lippincott's auspices in Philadelphia. His new edition of Swedenborg is not only vastly corrected and improved in point of translation, but is issued in beautiful mechanical form, and ought to supersede every other.

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6. — *Dissertations and Discussions; Political, Philosophical, and Historical.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Vol. IV. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1867.

THE time has gone by when it would be thought necessary to introduce Mr. Mill to the readers of America, or of any other civilized country. Mr. Mill's reputation rests upon a foundation too strong to be shaken, upon an eminence too conspicuous to need pointing out. Few names are more frequently in the mouths of those who deal seriously with philosophical or practical subjects; the opinions of few great writers have been, during their lifetime, so heartily welcomed, so often quoted, or so respectfully disputed. This early attainment of such widespread celebrity is, in Mr. Mill's case, due partly to the fact that he has not confined himself to abstract subjects, but has written with equal ability about matters of immediate importance to every one; partly to his exceeding sobriety and discipline of mind, which prevents him from ever running unguardedly into vagaries. Indeed, if we were

required to note down in a single word the most striking characteristic of Mr. Mill's mind, we should say, "Discipline." The pupil of Bentham and James Mill — men who knew what thorough mental training is, if they knew nothing else — has received from education a very unusual share of the benefits which it can be made to yield. The time usually spent in aimless experimenting or stupid gerund-grinding, Mr. Mill evidently devoted to the acquisition of logical methods wherewith to approach and take possession of all departments of knowledge, one after another. If special proof of this assertion were needed, it might be found in that superb Inaugural Address which happily has been reprinted in the present volume, and which is, on the whole, the most complete and satisfactory of all Mr. Mill's productions. He has written other works which are far more massive in their greatness, and which from the mere volume of the thought in them have influenced, and are likely to influence, subsequent thinking in a greater variety of ways; but he has never treated any subject more thoroughly, with more admirable catholicity of spirit, more stirring eloquence, or more convincing force of argument, than he has treated the subject of university education in this Inaugural Address. There is nothing one-sided in it, nothing which smacks of the pedant ignoring the value of everything which he has not seen fit to employ his time about. Each science, physical or moral, obtains its due share of recognition: from mathematics to æsthetic art, nothing is forgotten or flippantly touched upon. The speaker has not derived his knowledge from hearsay; he understands from his own experience, the kind and amount of discipline which may be got from the proper study of each of the objects of study.

To this thoroughgoing and universal discipline much of Mr. Mill's solid reputation is owing. It has enabled him to advance securely and successfully where thinkers of greater power and clearer native insight have stumbled into absurdity or extravagance. Comte, for instance, a more acute and original thinker than Mr. Mill, — a man who had far more of what Mr. Dallas would call the "hidden soul" of genius, who solved most brilliantly many problems which his follower would probably have been unable to solve, — appears often at a great disadvantage owing to his lack of control over his own mind. He runs into all sorts of vagaries, neglects the steady-going objective method of verification which he has himself done so much to establish, and revels in absurdity with a rigorous consistency of deduction hardly surpassed by Hegel; and all because of his inability to say to his own mind what he would often so gladly say to the human mind in general, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." In contrast to this, it is Mr. Mill's

great merit that he is able to command his mind. He does not let an idea run away with him. He rarely exhibits himself as a *doctrinaire*. He is wary and sure-footed, and follows the positive method more faithfully than Comte himself.

Mr. Mill's extraordinary self-discipline is seen again in his fairness toward opponents, and his judicial calmness in discussing their opinions. By natural temperament we suspect that he is neither calm nor fair. He is hot-tempered, on the other hand, and dogmatic in no slight degree. He was not originally endowed with that power which Sainte-Beuve has of temporarily transforming himself into his antagonist; nor does he occupy, like Bayle, that "centre of indifference" from which all opinions alike may be dispassionately inspected. Yet so great is his habitual self-control, that the fairness of Sainte-Beuve and the calmness of Bayle have become second nature to him. Very rarely does he write in the spirit of a partisan. Only once in a while does he betray that his candor is the result of culture, and not of temperament, — of critical virtue rather than critical holiness. Now and then, however, he lets the accident of his position determine the spirit in which he speaks. In the essay on the "Contest in America" he speaks of the Southern leaders as "men who have set themselves up to do the Devil's work," who have gone to war for the right of "burning men alive," and who have set up "the principles of Cartouche and Turpin" as the foundation of their policy. Now, when Mr. Mill says this, we see what he means, and we sympathize with his feeling. But his mode of expressing himself is nevertheless unjust, because it is inaccurate. M. Sainte-Beuve would not talk so. Doubtless slavery was a devilish institution, if ever there was one; and doubtless the victory of the South would have been the temporary victory of barbarism over civilization. All this we maintain as zealously as Mr. Mill. But to infer from this that the Southern leaders were mere criminals, who, aware of their criminality, went wittingly to work to increase human misery, would be highly unwarrantable. It would be arguing on the supposition that they, with their peculiar social antecedents, blinded by a mistaken zeal for their own selfish interests, must after all have regarded slavery in the same way that Mr. Mill regards it. Nothing could be more unphilosophical. We believe that men like Stonewall Jackson died gallantly fighting for a detestable cause; but we do not believe that they went to Cartouche or Turpin for their ethical codes. If ever human being went about to do the Devil's work, it was Mary Tudor; but it would be sheer misrepresentation to call her a murderess. To call names is the privilege of the partisan; but it is the duty of the philosopher to investigate motives.

It is, again, owing to Mr. Mill's thorough discipline of mind that he usually appears at his best, whatever subject he takes up for discussion. His greatness is sufficiently evident in his three elaborate works; but were it not for his minor writings, we should never have known the full extent of his powers. In the volume before us we have essays political, legal, educational, and philosophical, in all of which is apparent the same clearness, sobriety, and candor. The papers on Parliamentary Reform have, to the thoughtful reader, lost none of their interest since they were first published. The review of Bain's Psychology is an excellent, though somewhat too scanty, summary of the case. The review of Austin exhibits a rare acquaintance with the details of jurisprudence. But above all we must place the essay on Grote's Plato, — an essay which few men beside Mr. Mill would have been capable of writing. The papers on "Non-Intervention" and the "Contest in America" have no right to be in this volume. They had been reprinted already in the first, and can have crept in here only through some blunder.

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7. — *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* By James Anthony Froude, M. A., Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868. 8vo. pp. 534.

Mr. Froude may be said to represent the party of reaction against the Philosophy of History. The opening essay of the collection before us is occupied with discussing the claims of History to be ranked as one of the sciences, and the objections to those claims, concluding with the tenets of the author's individual creed. Rendering great praise to Mr. Buckle for his unusual tenacity of memory and width of comprehension, he makes, in an argument of some ingenuity, the usual objection to that historian's theory that, even granting the existence, permanence, and binding force of moral as well as physical laws, we are still far from having reached a point at which we can read the history of man as an open book. For most of the laws we so fluently speak of are yet unknown; while of those which are known to exist, the relative values are unknown, and besides these important difficulties, our investigations are also hindered by our absolute ignorance of most of the facts of History. In order to establish the laws whose existence is so eagerly asserted, we must certainly know the cardinal facts concerning the life of man on this planet; and so far from this being the case, the earliest records of primitive societies take us but a step backwards into that shadowy past from which we have emerged. Beyond that close

boundary we grope our way in hopeless blindness; yet from the other side of it must our knowledge come. Despairingly we guess at the secrets of the past, and our children laugh at our solutions of them. Let the wise man, then, confess his inability, abandon his fruitless search, and, humbled by defeat, learn the sad lesson of human weakness.

Such is Mr. Froude's view of the Science of History, and we cannot see why the reply is not perfectly just as a criticism upon the works of historians who attempt to explain epochs in detail; to trace each effect to its cause, and again each cause to the long line of antecedent causes which developed it, but the reasoning seems to fail if urged in answer to the proposition that there is (whether we are able to study it or not) a Science of Mankind. It is perfectly possible that History may have pursued a definite course, and yet also possible that we may not be able to trace it. An hypothesis that we are governed by absolute laws is tenable if it can be shown that all our evidence points that way, although we are ignorant of most of the laws and have very little evidence altogether. Mr. Froude's objection is of the same kind with one commonly urged against the hypothesis of the evolution of species by development, — that no one can point to a single instance in which one species has been modified into a form plainly distinct from its own; in the same way the objector to the theory of social development says that he will believe in that solution of historical problems, if he can find a well-established instance in which the intricate chain of cause and effect is brought to view. But this, as we have said, is an objection to the use of the hypothesis, not to the hypothesis itself. The theory may be true, yet very deceptive in details. A naturalist placing the firmest reliance in the development theory might fairly refuse to furnish a portrait of the common ancestor of two distinct species, or to deduce from knowledge of an animal now inhabiting the globe the divergent forms of its descendants; nor would disproof of particular suppositions in explanation of observed facts at all shake his fundamental belief. And in the same way Mr. Buckle would undoubtedly have remained true to his hypothesis, even if all his explanations of English development were proved untrue. Mr. Froude's objection is really an objection to the applicability of the Science of History, not to its abstract truth. Mr. Buckle said: Up to a certain point all facts, whether physical or mental, are confessedly related in a manner to which we have given the name of cause and effect. We know of no line of division between involuntary and voluntary acts, and are therefore bound by the laws of thought to admit that the principle of causation governs all moral phenomena. Mr. Froude replies, that he

does not find any practical advantage in this view, that Mr. Buckle was led astray by it, and proposed to do with his theory what it could not accomplish, — a reply which, however good as a criticism upon the "History of Civilization in England," is irrelevant as regards the theory on which that work was based.

But we are hardly inclined to quarrel with this want of precision, for Mr. Froude's mind has rather a boisterous temper than a precise judgment. When, in the lecture before us, he begins to elaborate his own views, we find sentiments — we can hardly call them thoughts — very novel as coming from a historian of our day. Mr. Froude, after saying that as for the Science of History he will none of it, proceeds to tell his readers that history is a drama, — that a thousand theories may be formed about it, and each age will have its own philosophy, but all these in turn will fail and die. "Hegel falls out of date, Schlegel falls out of date, and Comte in good time will fall out of date." The great drama of human hope, fear, hatred, ambition, and love continues from age to age, the moral the same, the actors changing. Spiritual theories, Pantheistic theories, cause-and-effect theories may come and pass, but human life retains for human beings the same keen interest forever. "For history to be written with the complete form of a drama doubtless is impossible; but there are periods, and these the periods, for the most part, of greatest interest to mankind, the history of which may be so written that the actors shall reveal their characters in their own words; where mind can be seen matched against mind, and the great passions of the epoch not simply be described as existing, but be exhibited at their white heat in the souls and hearts possessed by them. There are all the elements of drama, — drama of the highest order, — where the huge forces of the times are as the Grecian destiny, and the power of man is seen either stemming the stream till it overwhelms him, or ruling while he seems to yield to it." So far indeed does the lecturer press this dramatic view that he finds the lessons of History to be "lessons for which we have no words." "The address of History is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions," — a view which seems to us to elevate History to a level so much higher even than that of the drama, that a caviller might call it opera.

In truth, Mr. Froude is completely disgusted with the Philosophy of History, or perhaps we should say with the philosophers of History, and, having an ardent impetuosity of temperament, runs into the opposite excess, scouts the ideas of the men whom he opposes in an unnecessarily contemptuous way, and then theorizes rather more than any of the dreamers whom he finds so ridiculous. If a list were made of the eminent men whose mistakes and follies he exposes in this

little volume, from Comte to Mill, from Adam Smith to Bentham, it would, we believe, comprise the names of most importance in recent times, and the wildest of them all would, we feel sure, fall short of his critic in the novelty and number of his vagaries. At the same time let us say that, with Mr. Froude's boyish exhibitions of disbelief in unpractical men, there is mingled evidence of a spirit which is not unpleasing, evidence of a positive belief in his fellows, and a warm English love of nobility and self-sacrifice. It is refreshing at this day of sceptical lassitude to meet with one Englishman who has a firm belief that the secret of success is action, a glowing confidence in his own powers, who reminds one a little of Macaulay, or who suggests what Macaulay might have become if he had emigrated to this country at an early age and joined the orators of the Lyceum. In a word, — to be entirely plain, — we are glad to find a little of the Philistine in Mr. Froude, a writer who thinks that Erasmus, lying idle, while Luther struggles with the foes of both, is a pitiful sight, and cordially detests any one who undertakes to explain why Erasmus did better as Erasmus than he could have done as Luther. We do not mean to say that this volume contains any valuable contribution to human thought, or even human feeling, but that there is enough of the old-fashioned Englishman under difficulties in it to prevent it from being uninstructive; something of the spirit which a remote descendant of Dr. Johnson might feel, after his family had been told for some generations that "there 's an end on't," is an impertinent and irrelevant formula, but who still believed that it was not only relevant, but conclusive.

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8. — *Language and the Study of Language: Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science.* By WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. xi., 489.

THE phenomena of language are at last going the way of all phenomena, — the way of classification, of generalization, and interpretation. Each year's investigation adds something to the imposing array of verified or verifiable formulas, the possession of which entitles linguistics to rank as a science. Less than a century ago philology was the sacred region of crude hypothesis, — a sort of *deverticulum*, into which the monstrous products of man's uncurbed speculative propensity might be fearlessly poured, unhindered by such obstructions as scientific method opposed to their admission in other departments of research. Linguistic problems were the legitimate game of all writers who, to a lively interest in abstract subjects generally, added an unlim-

ited power of constructing circumstances and supplying causes out of the depths of their interior consciousness. The origin of language, as the most mysterious of philological questions, was the one oftenest attacked; and many ingenious solutions were proposed, which are now as interesting, and perhaps as useful, as the various Ionian explanations of the origin of the universe. But philology has now become the acknowledged possession of a comparatively small band of specially trained investigators; and to approach its higher problems requires an amount of preparation sufficient to terrify all but the boldest at the outset, and in the course of which our inborn disposition to generalize from inadequate data is apt to become more or less thoroughly tamed.

Whoever wishes to obtain a trustworthy account of what the science of language has thus far accomplished, what available data it has collected, what inductions it has succeeded in establishing, and to what questions it is now addressing itself, cannot do better than to study the recent work of Professor Whitney. Of all popular treatises on language that have yet been published, this is certainly the most scientific and the most satisfactory. Platonically speaking, it comes the nearest to the idea of a linguistic treatise. Professor Whitney's style of exposition may not always be so charming as Max Müller's; it is certainly less gossiping and discursive. His work is less burdened with accidental speculations, which, however pleasant they may be in themselves, are often out of place, and thus injure the symmetry of the argument. It would be grossly unjust and ungrateful to say that the chief interest of Müller's book lies in such digressions. His views upon most of the leading questions of philology are clear and profound, and they are set forth with unusual eloquence. But, like Mr. Buckle, he is far too much at the mercy of his disposition to steer out of the main track and cruise about in side-channels until he is with difficulty brought back to his original bearings. The inquiry into the "minimum date" for the antiquity of the Aryan migration into Europe, in his second series of Lectures, is an example of this tendency. The discussion is interesting and very suggestive; but it takes him quite out of his road, and, we may add parenthetically, quite off firm ground. This habit of discursive speculation has, indeed, been quite commonly a charm and a source of confusion in philological works. It appears continually in Donaldson, and it is pretty much all in all of Bunsen. Nor do we greatly object to it: we are not, like Comte in his last days, in constant fear lest a precious bit of investigation get wasted by not being consciously directed toward a specific object. But it must be noted as a signal merit in Professor Whitney's book, that he steadily abstains from all such irrelevant and uncertain speculation. The classification of Basque

and Illyrian, the ethnic affinities of the Etruscans and Pelasgi, and the original starting-point of the Aryan migration, he is content to pass by as questions with which we have not yet sufficient resources to deal. His entire work is taken up in presenting, criticising, and occasionally extending the more prominent inductions of the science of language; and here he finds quite enough to do. Elementary as his treatise professes to be, it nevertheless deals with some of the deepest questions in linguistics; and into the vexed question of the origin of language he has, as we shall see, penetrated somewhat further than any of his predecessors.

Max Müller, at the beginning of his first course of Lectures, attempts to show that the science of language is a physical science, an opinion which Professor Whitney very speedily disposes of. Whether we accept the Comtean theory of the connection of the sciences or not, it must be admitted that, both in respect to method and to subject-matter, the sciences fall naturally into two perfectly distinct classes, the physical and the historical. If we accept the doctrine of free will, we must of course accept this distinction with it. But we may be as materialistic as we please, and still we cannot help admitting it. No one has shown more clearly and forcibly than Comte himself that the two kinds of sciences require wholly different methods. In the inorganic sciences we deal with classes of phenomena, out of which any individual phenomenon may be selected as the type of the rest. One crucial experiment will establish a law as well as a thousand could do it. In biology we deal with sets of phenomena recurring in brief cycles of composition and decomposition, life and death. And on grouping these cycles by the comparative method, we find in them such uniformity that, for scientific purposes, they may be regarded as single, though very complex, phenomena; and we may generalize from them as safely as in the inorganic sciences. In order to establish a theory of digestion, we are not obliged to inquire into the physical history of every man that has lived, any more than we need to examine all individual crystals in order to understand crystallization. Now in history the case is entirely different. Here we have to deal with phenomena which are not homogeneous, and which do not recur in cycles. One man, one class of men, or one generation, will not serve as a sample of the rest. No two ages are exactly alike, but each is somewhat like all the others, and most like those which immediately precede and succeed it. Here, therefore, we cannot obtain our laws merely by inspecting a few crucial instances. We cannot form our historical science merely by reasoning from the laws of human nature as we know it, but we must study each age concretely, in connection with those which have

gone before and come after it. Language, as a product of human history, must be treated in the same way. It is true, we can compare languages, as the zoölogist compares animals; we can collate paradigms as the geologist collates specimens of rock; but so we can compare politics, creeds, or industrial systems. All this merely amounts to saying that in these three or four sciences the comparative method may be employed with advantage. But language, though it may be an organic growth, is not a mere organism, with its determinate cycles of change. Languages do not grow old and die any more than nations do. They may alter until their identity is no longer to be recognized, but the historical continuity is none the less unimpaired. In order to detect the causes which alter them, and the processes of alteration, we have no choice but to study them one after another concretely and historically. Müller makes much of the comparison between linguistics and geology. There is no science, he says, from which the philologist may derive so many useful hints as from geology. This may be true; few sciences are removed so widely apart as not to throw light upon each other. But in so far as his comparison possesses any special validity, it is only because geology is itself to some extent, according to the principles here laid down, an historical science. Toward the abstract sciences of physics, chemistry, and mineralogy, it bears much the same relation that history bears towards the abstract science of human nature.

Müller insists that language is not a human invention, is not alterable by the will of man, but changes by laws of its own, and is therefore not an historical, but a physical science. By parity of reasoning the laws of painting, sculpture, and music, when established and grouped, ought to form a physical science. Language is certainly as much a human invention as painting. We do not mean to reassert the absurd notion that any one man or conclave of men invented language as a Yankee invents a machine, by devising a set of vocal symbols to fit a set of conceptions already existing. But when the first man that wished to designate a dog said *dog*, or *çoan*, or more likely, *bow-wow*, he performed an act of precisely the same nature, so far as invention is concerned, as if he had drawn a rude sketch of the animal in the mud with a pointed stick. The one act grew into spoken language, the other diverged into painting and writing.

Nor again, as Professor Whitney says, is it true that language is not modifiable by the will of man. By what is it modifiable if not by the will of man? Does it contain within itself a plastic principle of growth? The whole idea is absurd. Language is not an organism, not an entity. It is simply the words that fall from the lips of men;

and if these get altered at all, it is because men alter them. "The great Augustus himself," says Locke, "in the possession of that power which ruled the world, acknowledged that he could not make a new Latin word." True, he could not by virtue of an imperial edict. But if the great Augustus had been a popular poet, essayist, or novel-writer, with the resources of the modern press at his disposal, he might have found the task not so difficult. It is not supposed that man can alter language as a tailor alters the cut of a coat; but that individuals can and do exercise an immense influence over the development of language is undeniable. Who will venture to estimate the influence exercised by Homer over Greek, by Dante over Italian, by Chaucer and Shakespeare over English? By Müller's exclusion of individual influence from language one is naturally reminded of Buckle's refusal to take into account individual effort, in his theory of history. Now it is perfectly true that "constitutions are not made, but grow"; it is quite true that a legislator cannot do impossibilities, — cannot make money by issuing greenbacks, cannot make men intellectual by patronizing literature, cannot make them temperate by closing their liquor-shops. But it is not true that individual peculiarities, capabilities, theories, and whims are of no account in the making of history. History is made by individual men, as much as a coral reef is made by individual polyps. Each contributes his infinitesimal share of effort; and the share of effort is not always so trifling. Considering the course of history merely as the resultant of the play of moral forces, is there not in a Julius Cæsar or a William of Orange as large a manifestation of the forces which go to make history as in thousands of common men? It is just so with language. Each of us does something toward making it what it is, one contributes more toward its development, another less; but be the influence great or small, conspicuous or inappreciable, it is none the less real.

Equally, therefore, in its method and in its subject-matter, is the science of language an historical and not a physical science. In its method, because it deals with phenomena that are continually and indeterminately changing; in its subject-matter, because language is a product of human effort. Professor Whitney's position is thus seen to be impregnable; and we have been at the more pains to exhibit it as such because the point at issue is by no means an unimportant one. It is far from being a mere question of terminology. The habit of detaching language from its environing circumstances, and regarding it as a sort of independent organism, with laws and processes of its own, is in every respect a dangerous one, and is at the bottom of many queer theories. It has led Renan to the strange notion that all parts of language

bud out from a primitive germ, like an oak from an acorn; and it has led Müller himself to his "ding-dong theory" of the origin of language,—the theory that man, like other substances in nature, rings when struck.

Professor Whitney's discussion on the origin of language is one of the most interesting and satisfactory parts of his book. Nowhere is the truly scientific spirit in which he approaches his work more manifest. The question is one which eminent philologists have thought fit to deal with by means of ridicule, of overbearing assertion, and of appeals to sentimental prejudice. They have met the doctrine of onomatopœia with the same futile and irrelevant arguments which, in biology, have been levelled against the Darwinian hypothesis; and the uproar, in the one case as in the other, arises from the same inappropriate feeling. We are supposed to be degraded by having had anything to do with the lower animals, either as their kindred or their pupils. Every one knows what alternative the opponents of Darwin are willing to accept; and many philologists, rather than admit the principle of onomatopœia, are fain to have recourse to miracle (Whitney, p. 428), and when interrogated concerning the origin of language, to reply in the spirit of the little girl, who said that God made her a baby *so high*, but she *grew the rest* (p. 400). *J'aime qu'on me fasse venir de haut*, might be the motto of these writers; but, as Sainte-Beuve reminds them, they should not forget that *Ou doit être digne, mais il ne faut pas toujours prétendre venir de trop haut.* It is time that such considerations should be omitted from discussions on matters of science. Science is concerned only with truth, and it leaves "the beautiful" and "the appropriate" to æsthetic art. Questions must be argued on their probability, not on their dignity. In the end, it need not be doubted that truth will prove more beautiful than error.

No one has attacked the doctrine of onomatopœia more violently than Max Müller. But the theory that roots are "phonetic types," which he would substitute for the obnoxious hypothesis, must be pronounced utterly vague and inadequate. The term "phonetic type" can mean nothing but a representation, in vocal sounds, of an objective phenomenon which invites attention, or of a subjective feeling which demands expression. To say that a root is a phonetic type is, therefore, merely to state the problem without solving it. To explain the genesis of language, it is not enough to say that, as every substance when smitten rings response to the blow, so the human mind attunes itself to concord with the sensory percussion from without. It must be shown why this is possible, and how it comes to pass. It must be shown in what way mere vocal utterances can become the fitting signs of internal and external phenomena; by what subtile magic a rhyth-

mical pulsation of the air is transmuted into the nimble messenger of thought and passion. This is what the high-flying theory of Müller and Heyse is not competent to do. As Professor Whitney says, it is less philosophical and less fertile than that which has been stigmatized as the "bow-wow theory." (p. 427.)

On the other hand, it is to be said in favor of the principle of onomatopœia, that it is a *vera causa*. Every one knows that many words have come from imitative roots, though few are aware to what an extent the process may be traced. Not only are words like *crash*, *bang*, *whir*, *puff*, *creak*, &c., manifest imitations, but also many words indicative of no sound or noise whatever, many words expressive of purely abstract notions, may safely be referred to an imitative source. Those who have carefully noted the wanton freaks which metaphor delights in, and who know, moreover, that all the indigenous words in he Aryan languages have arisen from a few hundred primitive roots, will not be surprised to find a single word begetting legions of offspring whose resemblance to each other and to their sire is far from obvious. A brief examination of Indo-European mythology will show what scanty materials suffice for the language-maker; and we may be sure that in his hands a few homely imitative roots would soon be wrought into numberless forms of quaintness and beauty.

It is also to be urged in behalf of the onomatopoetic theory, that it makes no appeals to catastrophes or special creations. It supposes that the forces concerned in evolving language have been, like other forces, essentially uniform in their operation. Like the theories of Lyell in geology, and of Darwin in biology, it seeks to interpret past events after the analogy of present events. And it is known that "through all the stages of growth of language, absolutely new words are produced by this [onomatopoetic] method more than by any other, or even almost exclusively." (Whitney, p. 429.)

Indeed, since language is at bottom but a representation, since a word is nothing if it is not a sign, what title could a primeval name, unfavored by traditional acceptance, have to be considered as the representative of an object, unless it were associated with it by some manifest likeness? We know that written language had an imitative origin. We know that our Roman characters have been gradually metamorphosed from crude pictures of natural objects. If a man wished to describe a dog to the eye, he drew an outline of him; that is to say, he made a representation which affected the eye in somewhat the same way that the dog affected it. It is rational to suppose that he would set himself to work after the same fashion in addressing the ear. In representing the dog by means of the voice, what else could he find to

represent, if not the sound of the dog? These two — the voice of the man and the noise made by the dog — are the only terms between which a relation of likeness could be established. An Aryan can say *hound* (*hunt*, *hand*, pre-*hendo*, Goth. *hinthan*) or *canis* (*capio*, "qui capit feras," Grimm, Deutsche Gram. II. 35), naming the animal from one of its peculiarities, but the primitive language-maker had no *capio* to fall back upon. He could only say *bow-wow;* and in so doing he would be designating the object by one of its conspicuous marks, — would be using language no less than when, in a later stage of speech, he calls the moon a "shiner" (*luna*, from *lucere*). The word *moo* would have been as intelligible as any of the names for a cow; and would have been quite as capable of producing derivatives or entering into compounds significative of Hector's shield, or the brightness of Hera's eyes.

It must not be supposed that onomatopœia ought, upon this supposition, to be traceable in a very large number of modern words. In current use, words speedily lose their primitive form and their original significance. *Episcopus* becomes *bisp;* and we talk of *ostracism* without thinking of oyster-shells. Words are built up, pulled to pieces, and conjured with, until we have *stranger* from *ex*, and *tear* and *larme* from the same root, *dak*. The whole Aryan language must have gone through this wearing and tearing process many times, long before it acquired its present structural peculiarities. The imitative principle, too, is not unlimited in its scope and powers. After language has acquired a sufficient foothold for derivatives to be formed, metaphor begins to assert its sway. It is more convenient to name many objects and actions from attributes less vague and ambiguous than the noise which they make or by which they are accompanied. In highly developed languages the traces of onomatopœia must, on any hypothesis, be comparatively slight; and it is both unphilosophical and superfluous to do what Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Farrar, in their eagerness, have not unfrequently done, — to ignore established etymologies and acknowledged linguistic affinities, and to override phonetic laws, in the attempt to show, for example, that *hound* is from Esthonian *hundama*, to howl; *dog* from Icelandic *doggr*, which sounds like a growl; and *hippos* from *whoa*, used in stopping a horse. It is easy for scholars like Max Müller to overturn such weak-kneed arguments; but it is wrong for them to suppose that in so doing they have won a battle which, if it is ever to be decided, must be fought upon quite different ground.

A debt of gratitude is due to Professor Whitney for the thoroughness with which he has cleared away the mists of fallacy and prejudice

from this important question. He has shown in his treatment of it the same sensible, scientific spirit which he manifests everywhere else throughout his work. He has been frightened by no outcry, turned aside by no nonsense. We had intended to discuss some other interesting topics suggested by his work, and particularly to make some remarks upon the view which he takes of morphological classifications; but space will not permit. For these points we must refer the reader to the work itself, of which, in taking leave, we must say that a more thoroughly excellent treatise has perhaps never been produced by any American scholar.

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9. — *The Old Roman World: the Grandeur and Failure of its Civilization.* By JOHN LORD, LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. pp. 605.

THE history of every ancient nation, says Niebuhr, ends, as the history of every modern nation begins, in that of Rome. Thus her history is, in a certain sense, equivalent to universal history. The peculiar genius and tendency of her civilization have never been more concisely and accurately expressed than in the words of poetic prophecy which Virgil puts into the mouth of Father Anchises: —

> "Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento!
> Hæ tibi erunt artes."

Her arts were those of military aggression and political aggrandizement; and by the practice of these arts she gradually extended her dominion, and finally brought all other nations, with the ripest fruits of their culture, within the limits of her empire. Although not creative in art, she acquired by conquest the priceless artistic treasures of Greece. The finest paintings and statues that adorned the seven-hilled city were spoliations of the fair Hellenic Peninsula. In the realm of letters, the Romans originated nothing except in the solitary province of satire, — a sour and prickly shrub, which flourishes only as its roots are nurtured by social corruption and moral decay. Yet they supplied the want of indigenous products by transplanting to their soil exotics from the Epicurean garden and the Academic grove. Every school of philosophy and every species of poetry that had been cultivated by the Greeks find representatives and imitators in Roman literature. And what is true of Greece in this respect is true of every nation of the then known world. Each, as it died, bequeathed to Rome the net result of its peculiar and distinctive civilization. This is why Roman history may be regarded as an epitome of universal

history, — a vast storehouse in which all the great legacies of antiquity are accumulated, and may be most conveniently and profitably studied. By her conquests, Rome broke down the political barriers which had kept men apart nationally; by her laws, she overthrew the still stronger barriers of custom and tradition which had sundered them spiritually. She first realized that unity of humanity, and that cosmopolitism of citizenship, about which the Stoics had only theorized. *Urbem fecit quod prius orbis erat.* The municipal rights, which other ancient states had jealously confined to a privileged class, she conferred upon the world.

But it is only by the constructive criticism of recent scholars that these characteristic features have been brought out, and that any just estimate has been attained of the real nature and value of Roman civilization. Niebuhr led the way in this direction, and, notwithstanding his many errors of historical vaticination, was the first to sift the narratives of native historians, and to indicate the true methods of historical inquiry. But the works of Niebuhr and his successors are too voluminous, and often too unattractive in style, to be either accessible or edifying to the public at large. Every attempt, therefore, to popularize the results of their investigations is extremely praiseworthy, and, if successful, will be cordially welcomed by the general reader. This is what Dr. Lord has done, or aimed to do, in the volume entitled "The Old Roman World." He has no claim to originality either in his theories or in his researches, but simply presents a condensed view of others' labors. The opening chapter gives a sketch of the earliest conquests of the Romans, and an account of the organization of the Roman army. Then we have a series of chapters on the geographical extent and material greatness of the empire; the wonders of the capital in its architectural monuments, its streets, public and private edifices, and the number of its inhabitants; the development of art among the Romans; the Roman constitution and Roman jurisprudence; Grecian and Roman literature and philosophy; scientific knowledge among the Romans; the social and moral condition of the empire, and its fall. After this come two chapters of reasons why neither conservative paganism nor Christianity were able to save it; and a final chapter on the early Church, and what we owe to it. Dr. Lord's style is graphic in narrative, although marred by a kind of rhetorical intensity which savors of the popular lecture, and which is sometimes carried so far as to sacrifice strict truth to love of effect. We do not esteem his philosophical faculty very highly. His reflections on the evils and benefits of war, and on social and religious topics, are, for the most part, sheer platitudes, full of absurdities and contradictions, and neither instructive nor entertaining.

Dr. Lord indulges in frequent sarcasms at the expense of the pedants who parade their learning in foot-notes. This is often bad enough, we acknowledge. It is still worse, however, for an author to parade the learning of others in foot-notes as though it were his own, and to make "pedantic displays of labor" which he has not performed. Pedantry is at most a harmless foible, but plagiarism is crime. To what extent Dr. Lord has transgressed, in this respect, may be seen by comparing portions of his book with extracts from Professor Philip Smith's contributions to Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology." Dr. Lord has a perfect right to use this work as much as he chooses; but he has no right to do so without making due acknowledgment of the source from which he has drawn his information, or at least intimating by quotation-marks that the language and thoughts are not his own. In proof of his neglect of this duty, we call the reader's attention to the following passages, which, for convenience, we have arranged in parallel columns: —

"His [Polygnotus's] pictures had nothing of that elaborate grouping, aided by the powers of perspective, so much admired in modern art. His figures were grouped in regular lines, as in the bas-reliefs upon a frieze." — *Lord*, p. 177.

"His [Polygnotus's] pictures had nothing of that elaborate and yet natural grouping, aided by the powers of perspective, which is so much admired in modern works of art. The figures seem to have been grouped in regular lines, as in the bas-reliefs upon a frieze." — *Smith*, III. 465.

"He [Apollodorus] made great advance in coloring. He invented chiaro-oscuro. Other painters had given attention to the proper gradation of light and shade; he heightened this effect by the gradation of tints, and thus obtained what the moderns call *tone*. He was the first who conferred due honor on the pencil." — *Lord*, p. 180.

"Apollodorus made great advance in coloring. He invented chiaroscuro. Earlier painters, Dionysius, for example, had attained to the quality which the Greeks called τόνος, that is, a proper gradation of light and shade; but Apollodorus was the first who heightened this effect by the gradation of tints, and thus obtained what modern painters call *tone*. . . . . Pliny says that he was the first who conferred due honor upon the pencil." — *Smith*, I. 236.

"He [Apelles] labored so assiduously to perfect himself in drawing, that he never spent a day without practising." — *Lord*, p. 182.

"Apelles labored to improve himself especially in drawing, which he never spent a day without practising." — *Smith*, I. 221.

In this connection, both Lord and Smith refer to Pliny XXXV. 12. The reference is wrong: it should be Pliny XXXV. 36. Dr. Lord

borrows without even taking the trouble to verify the citations by turning to the original authorities.

Again, Dr. Lord says of Praxiteles: —

"Without attempting the sublime impersonations of the Deity in which Phidias excelled, he was unsurpassed in the softer graces and beauties of the human form, especially in female figures. . . . . He did not aim at ideal majesty so much as ideal gracefulness." — *Lord*, p. 169.

Professor Smith says of the same artist: —

"Without attempting those sublime impersonations of divine majesty, in which Phidias had been so inimitably successful, Praxiteles was unsurpassed in the exhibition of the softer beauties of the human form, especially in the female figure. Without aiming at ideal majesty, he attained to a perfect ideal gracefulness." — *Smith*, III. 519.

We might fill several pages with similar quotations in illustration of the method in which Dr. Lord has manufactured this book. If we turn to the chapter on Roman Literature, we shall find the same system pursued. On p. 288 Dr. Lord says of Livy, that, "as a painter of beautiful forms which only a rich imagination could conjure, he is unrivalled in the history of literature." Dr. Arnold, in his essay on "The Historians of Rome," says of Livy, that, "as a painter of beautiful forms which the richness of his imagination called up, he may be pronounced unrivalled in the whole course of literature." All that Dr. Lord says of Florus and Frontinus is also taken *verbatim et literatim* from Dr. Arnold's essay. Of Cæsar Dr. Lord says: "The great value of his history is in the sketches of the productions, the manners, the customs, and the political state of Gaul, Britain, and Germany. His observations on military science, on the operation of sieges and construction of bridges and military engines, are valuable. But the description of his military operations is only a studied apology for his crimes, even as the bulletins of Napoleon were set forth to show his victories in the most favorable light." Dr. Arnold says that the Commentaries of Cæsar "are a studied apology for his crimes, and a representation of his talents and victories in a most favorable light. . . . . He *could* tell the truth whenever he *would*. Hence arises the great value of the sketches which he has given us of the political state, natural productions, manners and customs, of Gaul, Germany, and Britain. . . . . His descriptions of military movements, of the common usages of the service, of the operations of sieges and the construction of bridges and engines of war, are replete with information of the most unquestionable fulness and accuracy."

There is not the slightest sign or suggestion of any indebtedness to

Dr. Arnold. But in the references at the end of the chapter we are informed that there "are no better authorities than the classical authors themselves," from which it would be natural to infer that Dr. Lord had based his critical opinions upon a thorough study of their works. Drumann, Niebuhr, Mommsen, Arnold, and others are also spoken of as "merely critics"; although Dr. Lord condescends to admit that they have "occasional criticisms entitled to respect."

The mechanical manner in which Dr. Lord has made this book often leads him into vain repetitions, which spring doubtless from an economical desire not to waste the scraps of sentences and fine phrases which he has taken such pains to collect. Thus he repeats two or three times in the same chapter remarks essentially the same about Trajan's Forum, the Basilica Ulpia, the Arch of Fabius, the Temple of Concord, etc. And in the space of little more than half a page we read that Polygnotus "was a great epic painter," that "he treated his subjects in an epic spirit," that "his subjects were taken from the epic cycle," and finally, that "he took his subjects from the whole range of epic poetry." We regard this repetitious style as an inevitable result as well as an infallible index of literary patchwork. The book contains also several minor errors, especially in the spelling of proper names, such as Bruckner for Brucker, Montfauçon (with the cedilla), Septimus Severus, Schliermaker, etc. It may be doubted, too, whether Dr. Lord's declaration that "Ritter, Brandis, and all the greater authorities, are obscure" to him, is in itself conclusive as to the intrinsic obscurity of those writers. On page 104 we are told that the "*Via Appia* was the first Roman aqueduct"; it should be the *Aqua Appia*. "Arc de *Triumph*" (p. 121), although intelligible, has an unpleasant Macaronic aspect.

But we will dwell no longer on these comparatively unimportant matters, lest we should provoke Dr. Lord to renewed fulminations against "the hypercriticism of minute observers." The plagiarisms which we have pointed out do not necessarily imply that "The Old Roman World" is an uninteresting or uninstructive book; but they do damage most seriously whatever reputation its author may have for scholarship and literary integrity.

We have no doubt that the volume will be acceptable and profitable to a large class of readers; but it would have been greatly improved if Dr. Lord had checked in himself that proneness to philosophize, which invariably leads him away from his proper task into cant and absurdity. We would also suggest to him that it is rather late in the nineteenth century to stigmatize the greatest ornaments of modern literature as infidels, or to compare (even by implication) Voltaire, Rousseau, Hegel,

Fichte, Gibbon, Hume, Buckle, Goethe, Franklin, and Emerson to "Satan and his Angels." We are not aware that the genius of these men was "kindled by the fires of discontent and ambition, which ..... spread their devastating influence on the homes and hopes of man."

Dr. Lord does not seem to have any clear or correct appreciation of the real adjustment and reconciliation which, after long and severe antagonism, were finally effected between the Roman Empire and the Christian Church. In spite of the hostility between these two great forces, they tended to bring about essentially the same result, namely, the abolition of national distinctions, and the fusion of all races into a common humanity. The Empire aimed to do this by imposing universal and impartial laws; the Church, by inculcating universal spiritual principles. From this point of view there is a profound significance in the term "political Messiah," as applied to the Roman Cæsar; and the coalescence of Christianity with Imperialism is not "a mysterious phenomenon," but a natural event. Dr. Lord appears to have no conception of the existence of any such relation. His observations also in Chap. XII. on the impotence of intellectual culture for the elevation of society are extremely shallow.

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10. — *Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour in New England.* [By Captain Edward Johnson of Woburn, Massachusetts Bay.] London, 1654. *With an Historical Introduction and an Index.* By William Frederick Poole, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum. Andover: Published by Warren F. Draper. 1867. Small quarto.

Among the original works on the early history of New England, none presents a more forbidding aspect to the general reader than the book known as the "Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour, in New England" (the running-title of the book), which, upon the title-page of the original edition, is called "A History of New England; From the English planting in the yeare 1628, until the yeare 1652," &c., in a small quarto of 236 pages. It is a well-known book, and was reprinted in the "Collections" of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in an awkward, fragmentary form, in 1814, 1816, 1818, and 1819, from a copy procured in England, after considerable inquiry, by the Rev. T. M. Harris, D. D. For an historical narrative, or, indeed, for a narrative of any sort, designed for a Christian to read, the style in which this book is written is execrable; and it forms an unpleasant contrast in this respect to many of the works of this early period relating to the history of New England. The narratives relative to the planting of the Plymouth

Colony — namely, "Mourt's Relation," Winslow's "Good Newes," and the larger work of Governor Bradford, the "History of Plymouth Plantation" — are designed to be simple statements of fact, expressed in the simplest language. The same may be said of many of those which relate to the history of the Massachusetts Colony, — such as the "Planters' Plea," Higginson's "New England's Plantation," Wood's "New England's Prospect," and the admirable and indispensable History of New England, by Governor Winthrop. To these works we return with satisfaction, again and again, as simple and unaffected narratives of fact.

The work which is the subject of this notice was written by Captain Edward Johnson, a resident of Woburn, in Massachusetts. He is supposed to have come over with Governor Winthrop in 1630. Returning to England, soon after, he finally re-embarked in 1636, and cast in his lot with the settlers here. He was originally by trade a carpenter; and though his early education was defective, he appears to have been a man of affairs, not only in the town where he lived (being the Town Clerk and the Deputy to the General Court for many years), but also in the wider field of service offered by the Colony. Indeed, he

> "Was a citizen of credit and renown,
> A trainband captain eke was he of famous London [Woburn] town,"

and his name deserves to be perpetuated in prose and verse.

In a Life of Johnson, referred to below, the important services which he rendered to his town and to the Colony for thirty years are minutely and graphically related. He took his seat in the General Court as Deputy from the town of Woburn in 1643. Being a military man, he was soon placed on a committee with a view of putting "the country into a position for war." He was one of three commissioners who, with a guard of forty men, proceeded to Shawomet, to arrest and bring Samuel Gorton and his company to Boston, in case no satisfactory agreement could be made with them. In 1645 we find him a member of a committee appointed to draw up a body of laws to be presented to the next General Court. He was skilled as a land surveyor, and was often employed as referee in cases of disputed boundaries. In 1652 he was employed by the General Court, with Captain Simon Willard, "to find out the most northerly part of Merrimack River," with a view to settling the northern boundary of the Colony. In 1653 he was placed on a committee "to examine the state of the College in all respects." "In the stormy epoch from 1661 to 1665, when the charter and the liberties of the Colony were assailed by the combined ingenuity and malice of the restored English hierarchy, we find him uniformly put forward by his associates as one of the most prominent actors." Indeed,

he continued to render service as a public man till his death, on the 23d of April, 1672, at about the age of seventy-three.

He is supposed to have become personally interested in the subject of religion some time after he had reached the period of manhood, or after he had attained to middle life. Whenever that important change took place, at the time he wrote his History his whole soul seems to have been pervaded with the magnitude of the scheme to be wrought out by the Puritans of Massachusetts. Whether, like many other new converts, his mind became a little unsettled by the novelty of its impressions, or whether the man's natural proneness to inflation here found a new mode of expression, certain it is that we have a singular manifestation of himself in the book before us.

He regarded the Puritans of Massachusetts as God's chosen people, and he evidently considered himself as specially selected to write the history of their flight from the Egypt of the Old World, through the Red Sea of persecution, to their sojourn for about twenty years in this Wilderness of the New World, if, indeed, he did not regard the Promised Land as already here attained. But, alas! instead of a history, he has given us, for the most part, a mere rhapsody; interspersed, it is true, with historical facts, but presented in a rough and singularly tumid style. If it were not for the anachronism involved in the thought, we should say that the "Wonder-Working Providence" was a poor imitation of Cotton Mather's "Magnalia." "The Author's rude verse," (most intolerable stuff!) "penned of purpose to keepe in memory the names of such worthies as Christ made strong for himselfe, in this unwonted worke of his," fills no inconsiderable space in the volume.

Johnson's book covers about the same period of time that is embraced by Governor Winthrop's History or Journal. It comes down to about two years later. But what a contrast is presented between them! Winthrop's Journal is a simple record of facts and opinions, of the first importance to be known in the history of the Colony, intelligibly related in most excellent English, each event being recorded under its date. Johnson's work is a hodge-podge of facts and fancies, pious ejaculations, high-sounding epithets, and historical events, all mingled into one mass of confusion. The opening of some of his preliminary chapters reminds us of the deluded individual who fancied himself the military commander of the whole world, and who was accustomed to ventilate himself by mounting some elevated spot and giving his orders thus: "Attention, the Universe! By Kingdoms! Right wheel!! March!!!" The fifteenth chapter is headed "An Exhortation to all People, Nations and Languages, to indeavour the advancing of the Kingdome of

Christ in the purity of his Ordinances," &c.; and he makes his appeal thus: —

"Yee *Dutch* come out of your hods-podge, the great mingle mangle of Religion among you hath caused the Churches of Christ to increase so little with you, standing at a stay like Corne among Weeds. Oh yee *French!* feare not the great swarmes of *Locusts*, or the cronking *Frogs* in your Land, Christ is reaching out the hand to you; . . . . yee *Germanes* that have had such a bloudy bickering, Christ is now comming to your aide, then cast off your loose and careless kinde of Reformation, gather into Churches. . . . . oh *Italy!* The Seat and Center of the Beast, Christ will now pick out a People from among you for himselfe, see here what wonders hee workes in little time. Oh! yee *Spaniards* and *Portugalls*, Christ will shew you the abominations of that beastly Whore, who hath made your Nations drunke with the Wine of her Fornication." And he concludes with: "Finally, oh all yee Nations of the World, beyold great is the worke the glorious King of Heaven and Earth hath in hand. . . . . Then judge all you (whom the *Lord Christ* hath given a discerning spirit) whether these poore *New England* People be not the fore runners of Christs Army, and the marvellous providences which you shall now heare, be not the very finger of God, and whether the Lord hath not sent this people to Preach in this Wilderness, and to proclaim to all Nations the neere approach of the wonderfull workes that ever the Sonnes of men saw." — pp. 32–34.

But it would be unjust to say, or to intimate, that this book has no value in an historical point of view; for, notwithstanding the many errors with which it abounds (some of which are doubtless typographical), and its abominable style and arrangement, we could not well spare the work from the small space it occupies in our library of New England books. If the student of our history will only screw his courage to the sticking-place, and put on the armor of patience sufficient to wade through a mass of rhetoric such as would have made good Dr. Campbell, if his eye had chanced to meet it, "stare and gasp," he will really find much to repay him; for Johnson was contemporary with most of the scenes he so imperfectly describes, and could say with the hero of the Æneid: —

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."

Thus far we have spoken of the original work of Johnson. We have now before us a new edition, — whose general title is quoted at the head of this notice, — edited by William Frederick Poole, the Librarian of the Boston Athenæum, — a most sumptuous book of 443 pages, from the press of John Wilson and Son. The labors of the editor must have been "painful." He appears to have closely studied the author's text, and has furnished a well-written "Introduction" of nearly one hundred

and fifty pages, showing great labor and research. This embraces all that can be gathered, from original sources, of the life of Johnson, and includes discussions on some points of great historical and bibliographical interest. Some important incidents in the history of Massachusetts, such as the formation of the "Body of Liberties," 1641, the steps taken for the completing and printing of the first digest of laws, 1648, the action of the Colony in that important crisis of its affairs when the Royal Commissioners came over to reduce New England, and particularly the refractory Colony of Massachusetts, to their sway, — in most of which Mr. Johnson played a prominent part, — are graphically related by Mr. Poole. We take great pleasure, therefore, in acknowledging our obligations to him for the service he has performed. To say that he has done his work well would be but a moderate expression of our sense of his labors. Mr. Poole wields a ready pen, understands the force of language, and leaves no doubt on the mind of the reader what he means to say. We are slightly impressed with the feeling that he is sometimes a little too confident in the expression of his judgment on controverted questions; that he does not hesitate to "rush in" and occupy debatable ground, on which more cautious students would almost "fear to tread." But the general reader wishes to have all obstacles removed from his path, and surely no one is better entitled to help to clear the way for him on this tract than Mr. Poole.

We have expressed the opinion that the editor of this new edition has faithfully accomplished the work which was assigned to him, but we should do injustice to our convictions if we did not express a regret that a different method had not been pursued in preparing this edition for the press. If some of the labor bestowed on the Introduction had been spent in the preparation of suitable foot-notes for the correction, or rather for the indication, of the numerous errors in the text, for explaining the obscure passages, and for the further illustration of the subjects relating to our history there treated, a far more valuable contribution would have been made to our historical literature. This, we are aware, would have conflicted with the original plan of the publisher of the new edition, which was to reproduce as nearly as possible with modern type a *fac-simile* of the original work. But, after all, we do not get the *fac-simile*. We get a beautiful and exact reprint, page for page, with all its errors *un*noted, except such as may be indicated in the Preface or such as may be noted in the Index.

There is a curious bibliographical enigma connected with the "Wonder-Working Providence." The work was written, probably, during the years 1649 – 1651. It was sent to London, and was there published anonymously by "Nath: Brooke at the *Angel* in *Cornhill*," in

1653, though it bears the date "1654" upon its title-page. There is no evidence that Johnson ever acknowledged himself to be the author of the work; but not long after his death, in 1672, the fact was well known. Under date of 1659 there was printed for this same Nath: Brooke, a book, in small quarto form, entitled "America Painted to the Life," &c. (a very long title), "publisht [or authorized] by Ferdinando Gorges, Esq.," the grandson of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the first proprietor of the Province of Maine. The book consists of four tracts, the preface to which, placed next after the general title-page, claims to be written by the grandson, and bears his name. The first and fourth tracts (the former coming under the general title-page, and the latter bearing also the date of 1659) also indicate Ferdinando Gorges, Esq., to be their author. The second tract is the well-known and valuable "Briefe Narration" of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The third tract is the "Wonder-Working Providence," being the *very sheets* of the work published by Brooke six years before, with the original title-page and preface cancelled, and with a new title-page and preface substituted, indicating that Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Knight, was the author. The two tracts last named bear the date 1658 upon their title-pages. This proceeding, originating in ignorance or fraud, has been the occasion of much confusion, as many persons who did not know, from other sources, that Edward Johnson was the author of the Wonder-Working Providence, have referred it to Sir F. Gorges, whose name it bears upon the title-page.

By whose agency or from what motive this transaction was effected has for years been a puzzle to bibliographers, and the question has never been satisfactorily settled. Some writers have attributed it to Gorges, the grandson, and others have referred it to the publisher, who may be supposed to have had the natural wish to find a market for the old sheets of a work of which he may not have known the author. Mr. Poole devotes a considerable part of his Introduction to a discussion of this question, and has made an able and plausible argument to show that it was a fraud of F. Gorges, Esq., the grandson; that the whole book was got up by him in anticipation of the restoration of Charles II., a year or two before that event took place, to operate favorably upon the mind of the English Court in reference to the large tract of land in New England (the Province of Maine) which he claimed as the heir of his grandfather, but over which the Colony of Massachusetts had extended its jurisdiction; that he expected to effect this object by showing, from this book, not only what the legal claims of his family were, but "what they had done for the New England plantations." Mr. Poole proceeds thus: —

"The construction of this volume is a curiosity in book-making. He found among the papers of his grandfather a 'Briefe Narration' of disastrous attempts to settle his 'Province of Mayne.' This must have a place in the collection, as it will show one part of his case, that his grandfather had met with great losses. But the more important fact that the family was connected with the successes in New England, — how was this to be shown? Here, surely, a difficulty presented itself. Gorges had never been in New England, and knew nothing of Massachusetts Bay, the largest and most flourishing Colony. By some means, which we are not able to trace, and which are not essential for our present inquiry, he found a volume with the quaint title of *Wonder-Working Providence*, giving precisely the information he needed; but advocating views of ecclesiastical polity, and expressed in a style of Puritan sanctity, utterly inconsistent with the opinions and style of his grandfather, and of his own. Necessity, however, knows no law; and men of his stamp never haggle with consistency. He looks up the publisher, and finds that Mr. Nathaniel Brooke, in his shop at the Angel in Cornhill, has a quantity of the sheets of this book still unsold. We can readily imagine the publisher as not unwilling to dispose of his old stock on favorable terms. The publisher, when the plan of the new compilation was explained to him, might have become a partner in the transaction. It is not necessary to assume that the publisher engaged in it with fraudulent intentions. The author of the book was unknown in England. For five years it had been before the public, and no one had claimed it. A statement from Gorges, that his grandfather was the author, would not have appeared to the publisher as improbable. Publishers at the present day know but little of the books they print. They probably knew less then. Besides, Mr. Nathaniel Brooke, as will be seen by his list appended to *Wonder-Working Providence*, was a publisher of works chiefly on astrology, necromancy, and similar topics. Nothing, therefore, in the line of absurdity, would raise a doubt in his mind.

"A new title-page, ascribing the authorship to the grandfather, and a new Preface to match, are all that is needed for a basis of operations. Two tracts are now provided for. To give greater variety, and to show his own paces in historical composition, Gorges prepares two others, — one on New England, the main facts of which he takes from Johnson, for the first tract; and one on Spanish America, for the fourth. Now for the printing.

"More than half the matter is already in print. The other tracts he puts in type, imitating, as nearly as he can, the printed page of *Wonder-Working Providence*. He counts the lines on a full page of the latter: they are thirty-eight. His new matter he makes thirty-eight lines to a page. The width of the page is also copied accurately. The running-titles of the first and second tracts are made to correspond to the subject-matter of the third. And yet he would give the impression that the several parts were not printed at the same time, and so he dates them 1659 and 1658." — pp. xlix. – li.

We think Mr. Poole has made out a strong case against the younger Gorges, and that his position would be conclusive upon one hypothesis. We did not suppose that Ferdinando Gorges, Esq., was regarded as a

downright *idiot.* A witty person once said that there were in the world two kinds of fools, — "natural fools" and "—— fools." The distinction is obvious. We do not understand Mr. Poole as intending to place Ferdinando Gorges, Esq., in the former category, where he certainly belongs if he supposed he could palm off the "Wonder-Working Providence," a medley of the rankest Puritanism, upon Charles II., and the Episcopalian "high-fliers" of his court, as the work of his grandfather, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, — the old knight who "fought, bled, and died" during the civil wars, ever loyal to his king and to his church. He could not have offered a greater insult to them, or to the memory of his grandfather, or have made use of a better instrument, one would think, more effectually to damage his own cause. We have never heard that any bibliographical mouser has yet discovered the presentation copy of this collection of tracts, elegantly bound in the appropriate skin, for his Majesty at the Restoration. Such language as this, applied to the younger Vane, who was hanged at the Restoration, would have sounded strangely in Charles's ears, as coming from his father's loyal knight, Sir Ferdinando: —

> "Thy Parents, Vaine, of worthy fame, in Christ, and thou for him:
> Through Ocean wide, in new World trid, a while his warrier bin.
> With small defeat, thou didst retreat to Brittaine ground againe,
> There stand thou stout, for Christ hold out, Christs Champion ay remaine."

And the following, relating to one who was classed with the regicides, and was "hanged, drawn, and quartered," and his head set on a pole on London Bridge, would sound more oddly still, as coming from any member of the Gorges family, and would not go far, one would think, towards recommending him to the favorable notice of the monarch: —

> "The reverend Mr. *Hugh Peters*, and his fellow-helper in Christ, Mr. Wells, steered their course for England, so soon as they heard of the chaining up of those biting beasts who went under the name of spiritual Lords; what assistance the Gospel of Christ found there by their preaching is since clearly manifested; for the Lord Christ having removed that usurping power of Lordly Prelates, hath now inlarged his Kingdom there," &c.*

With no sympathy with the colonization schemes of the Gorges family, we confess to have been sometimes touched with pity for their misfortunes. With perhaps the best intentions, they always failed when they came in conflict with the superior ability of that marvellous Puritan power "throned by the West." Our feelings, therefore, do not fully respond to those with which Mr. Poole pursues the memory of that member of the family, whose name is somewhat equivocally associated

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* Wonder-Working Providence, pp. 72, 224.

with the volume with which Mr. Poole has now so creditably connected his own name. A loyal son of the old Bay State, with strong Puritan instincts, Mr. Poole regards it as a most presumptuous thing for Gorges to attempt to defend his title to the territory which Massachusetts had laid claim to, — being about all the patrimony which had descended to him from his grandfather. He calls him "a needy expectant, a seedy gentleman," with "no one to listen to his whine for remuneration but cowed exiles and royalists," &c. (pp. xlviii., xlix.)

To make it appear that F. Gorges, Esq. was a person morally capable of perpetrating such a literary fraud as that which has been referred to, Mr. Poole endeavors to show that, in his subsequent negotiations for the establishment of his claims as proprietor for the Province of Maine, he was unscrupulous; that he told the king an "unmitigated falsehood" in saying that the Massachusetts Colony had offered him "many thousand pounds" for his interest in that Province, as but five hundred pounds had been offered to him from that source; and, a few years later, he sold his claim to that Colony for £1,250.

As to the grounds on which this latter charge is preferred, we think that Mr. Poole has unintentionally misread his authority. In the synopsis of the document from which he quotes, Gorges is not made to say that the Massachusetts Colony had offered him many thousand pounds for his claims. The language is: "That the Massachusetts have endeavored to enter into terms with petitioner, that he has been offered many thousand pounds for his interest in the Province," &c.* He does not say by whom the offer was made. There were probably others besides "the Massachusetts" who at that time stood ready to negotiate, if terms could be made and the title fully established.† In the difficult part which he had to play in the defence of his rights, surely Gorges's counsel would instruct him, if his own common sense did not teach him, that he was under no obligation to shew his whole hand.

Another charge is brought against Gorges, of having violated his promise to the king, by selling out to "the Massachusetts" without his consent. Of course, such a promise on the part of Gorges, to be of any force, implies another promise on the part of the king. It might be an interesting subject of investigation to ascertain if the king kept his

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* This synopsis is found in Folsom's "Catalogue of Original Documents in the English Archives," pp. 22, 23. These two clauses standing together here, may be, and probably are, quite distinct in the original petition of Gorges, which consists of fourteen folios, here abridged to one page.

† "Should any purchase his pretensions in the expectation of profit," writes Governor Leverett to Major Thompson at London, "they would miss in their expectation." — *Hutchinson's Collection of Papers*, p. 466.

promise to Gorges. How long was Gorges to wait? For seventeen weary years he had had a full experience of that "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick," and at the end he realized the force of the saying of the Psalmist, "Put not your trust in princes." The final decision of the Chief Justices, in 1677, *practically* deprived Gorges of his title to the soil of his Province, and left him but the barren title to the government. Charles wanted Maine (as well as New Hampshire) for his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, but he had been impoverished by his extravagance, and was "not apt to have ready money," and the agent of "the Massachusetts" stepped in and bought the claim of Gorges.

The consideration of the character of Ferdinando Gorges, Esq., and the reference to his claims as the heir of his grandfather to the Province of Maine, having been introduced into the volume before us, incidentally, in connection with a question of bibliography, this can hardly be regarded as a fit occasion for a full discussion of those claims, or of the manner in which they were presented. We cannot forbear, however, to say, that we have failed to observe in the whole conduct and bearing of the younger Gorges, during the twenty years which followed the Restoration, anything to tarnish his character, or to derogate from his standing as a high-toned and intelligent gentleman.

We dissent from Mr. Poole's opinion, that the preface "To the Reader," placed before the "Wonder-Working Providence," among the Gorges tracts, is fictitious, and was written for purposes of deception. Its style and its contents clearly show, we think, that it was written by the author of the "Briefe Narration," that is, by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, as a preface to that important tract; and it was probably misplaced, either by accident or design, in the "copy" before printing. It begins thus: "I thought it a part of my duty in this, my briefe Narration," &c. It then proceeds to speak of matters discussed in the "Briefe Narration," but which are quite foreign to the pages of the "Wonder-Working Providence." We think the publishing committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society were quite right in their judgment concerning it thirty years ago.

Mr. Poole says that the allusions in this preface to "trenching or intruding upon the rights and labors of others," of "reaping what they had not sown," of "possessing the fruit another hath labored for," &c., indicate that Sir F. Gorges was not the writer of it, as in his lifetime "the question of jurisdiction and encroachment had not arisen." (p. xlvi.) Surely Mr. Poole must have forgotten the old knight's long controversy with Sir Alexander Rigby, the proprietor of the "Plough Patent," under which he claimed the "Province of Lygonia,"—

a controversy which was settled in 1646 by the "Commissioners of Foreign Plantations," who gave their award against Gorges, thereby establishing the grant of Rigby, which extended from Cape Porpoise to Casco, and included both. By this decision the "Province of Maine" was cut in two, and a slice of from twenty to twenty-five miles wide taken from the heart of it. The poor old knight had been in arms, fighting for his king, and was in no condition to protect his interest against a Puritan Parliament and its Commissioners. He died soon after.*

The editor, on page xxxv., referring to the authorities cited by F. Gorges, Esq., in the preface to the volume of tracts, expresses some doubt as to who "Davity" was, — a doubt shared by others who have written on the subject of these tracts. We suppose Pierre Davity is not so much read to-day as he was in the time of Gorges. He was a well-known author, and his history of "Le Monde, ou la description de ses quartre parties," &c. (Paris, 1637, 5 volumes folio), was a famous book in its day. The printer has made shocking work with another name in the preface. For "Champlain Sparbot and others," we should probably read, "Champlain, L'Escarbot, and others."

On the general title-page of the volume containing these Gorges tracts is the following: "For the Reader's clearer understanding of the Countries, they are lively described in a complete and exquisite Map." This same language is also used on the false title-page of "Wonder-Working Providence." The map, which is usually placed near the beginning of the volume, is not original here, but was adopted from another work; and its history furnishes a good illustration of the manner in which book makers and book publishers availed themselves of the labors of others, not always making the proper acknowledgment. It is a map of the Western Hemisphere, six by eight and a half inches in size, and was originally published by Hondius in his edition of the "Atlas Minor Gerardi Mercatoris," &c. (Amsterdam, 1607, and Dort, 1610). It may also be seen in volume three, page 857, of Purchas's "Pilgrims" (London, 1625), and over it is printed, "Hondius his Map of America." It was also published in Wye Saltonstall's English translation of Hondius's "Mercator" (London, 1635), and also in the second edition of Gage's "West Indies" (London, 1655). The use of this engraved plate for Nath: Brooke's publication of the Gorges tracts, four years later, is the last service we have seen it perform. This map of the Western Hemisphere is the earliest general map we have seen which has the name of "Virginia" upon it. De Bry's map of "Americæ pars, Nunc Vir-

* See Williamson's History of Maine, Vol. I. pp. 295–303; 4 Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., VII. 88–94; Folsom's History of Saco and Biddeford, pp. 58–61.

ginia," published in his "Admiranda Narratio Fida Tamen," &c., Frankfort, 1590, and Wytfliets' map of "Norvmbega et Virginia," in his "Descriptionis Ptolemaicæ Augmentum," &c., Lovanii, 1597, are fragmentary, and not maps of the Western World as far as then discovered.

We should add that the Introduction to this book contains the will of Edward Johnson, and abstracts of the wills of his sons; also a genealogy of the descendants of Edward Johnson, prepared by John Alonzo Boutelle.

Mr. Poole has affectionately dedicated this book to the memory of his friend George Livermore of Cambridge, — a worthy tribute to a worthy man.

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11. — *The Works of Anne Bradstreet in Prose and Verse.* Edited by John Harvard Ellis. Charlestown: Abram E. Cutter. 1867. 8vo. pp. lxxi., 434.

In this volume of luxurious typography Mr. Ellis has brought together all the writings extant of the earliest female poet of America. Some of these papers have never before been printed. The editor also, in a carefully written Introduction of seventy-one pages, has embodied what is known of her life and literary career.

The first edition of Mrs. Bradstreet's poems was printed through the agency of her brother-in-law, Mr. John Woodbridge, and without her knowledge, in London, in 1650, under the title of "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America. . . . . By a Gentlewoman in those Parts." The second edition was printed in Boston in 1678, with the title "Several Poems compiled with great Variety of Wit and Learning, full of Delight. . . . . By a Gentlewoman in New England." A third edition was issued in Boston in 1758, with the same title, but without the name of the publisher or the printer.

From the fact that three editions of these poems were printed in those early days, we must infer that our ancestors read them with pleasure; but in our time the interest attached to them is other than literary. It is certainly a notable fact that such a volume was written and printed within the first twenty years after the settlement of the Massachusetts Colony, and under circumstances the most unfavorable for literary development. It is curious also to see what sort of poetic verdure could spring from such uncongenial soil.

The education and social position of Mrs. Bradstreet, the daughter of Thomas Dudley, and wife of Simon Bradstreet, both Governors of the Massachusetts Colony, and both eminent among its original founders,

were excelled probably by those of no other lady in the Colony. That she was an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, and a pattern of piety after the best Puritan models, is evident from her writings. She was born at Northampton in England in 1612–13. Nothing is known of her early life, except what is gathered from a few allusions made to it by herself. "As I grew up," she says, "to be about 14 or 15, I found my heart more carnal, and sitting loose from God; vanity and the follies of youth took hold of me. About 16 the Lord laid his hand sore upon me and smote me with the small-pox. When I was in my affliction, I besought the Lord, and confessed my pride and vanity, and he again restored me. But I rendered not to him according to the benefit received. After a short time I changed my condition, and was married, and came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it and joined to the church at Boston."

If her poems had been written before she renounced the pride and vanity of this world, and "joined to the church at Boston," they would doubtless have treated a class of topics of more interest to the modern antiquary than anything contained in the volume before us. Her carnal heart, it seems, rebelled at first against the early experiences and new manners of this Western world. What a contribution to our knowledge of those times would have been her description, in humorous or satirical verse, of the experiences and manners which ruffled the serenity of her worldly mind! Early piety is perhaps always to be commended; but in this instance it was not favorable for that kind of literary effort in which the present age is interested, as showing the manners and customs of our ancestors.

We are in the habit of extolling the wisdom and foresight of our progenitors; and yet they seem to have had little conception of the kind of information respecting themselves which would be sought for in subsequent ages. A third-rate antiquary of to-day, if, by some eddy in the stream of time, he could be set back two centuries, would give us a more satisfactory account of the "form and pressure" of the time in which they lived than the best of those early writers have recorded. The incidents of every-day life they regarded as beneath the dignity of history and of poetry even.

Mistress Bradstreet's verses, not excepting the few on domestic themes, such as "the restoration of my dear husband from a burning ague," "upon my daughter Hannah Wiggin, her recovery from a dangerous fever," might as well have been written in England as in Boston, or Andover, so far as they shed light upon what was characteristic of New England. Even from her domestic verses she man-

aged to exclude everything but her emotional piety and personal feelings. This excellent lady was doubtless one of the sixty or eighty principal women who, at first, attended the weekly preaching exercises of Mistress Anne Hutchinson, and she must have taken sides in the wordy and memorable Antinomian controversy of 1636. A woman's account of this woman's quarrel, in prose, rhyme, or blank verse, would have been precious; but, alas! there is no allusion to the subject in her writings. In the place of it we are treated with a rhythmical "Epitome of the three first Monarchies, viz. the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and the Roman Commonwealth." A hundred other topics founded on the events, the customs, the virtues, and the follies of that period might be suggested, of which her Muse, if it had anticipated the demands of this practical and degenerate age, would doubtless have sung. But hers was not the Muse of Colonial history, and we must be content with substitutes in the form of rhymes on "The Four Elements, the Four Constitutions, the Four Ages of Man, and the Four Seasons of the Year," which have as much relation to Massachusetts affairs of two centuries ago as they have with the Darwinian theory of to-day.

Besides her longer poems, already enumerated, the volume contains several minor pieces, one of which is "A Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning their Present Troubles, Anno 1642," commencing thus: —

"New England.

"Alas dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,
With honour, wealth, and peace, happy and blest;
What ails thee hang thy head, and cross thine arms?
And sit i' th' dust, to sigh these sad alarms?
What deluge of new woes thus over-whelme?
What means this wailing tone, this mournful guise?
Ah, tell thy daughter, she may sympathize.

"Old England.

"Art ignorant indeed of these my woes?
Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose?
And must myself dissect my tatter'd state,
Which 'mazed Christendome stands wondering at?
And thou a Child, a Limbe, and dost not feel
My fainting weakened body now to reel?
This Physick purging potion, I have taken,
Will bring consumption, or an Ague quaking,
Unless some cordial, thou fetch from high,
Which present help may ease my malady."

"In reference to her children," Mrs. Bradstreet writes: —

"I had eight birds hatcht in one nest,
Four Cocks there were, and Hens the rest,

I nurst them up with pain and care,
Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the Trees, and learn'd to sing;
Chief of the Brood then took his flight,
To regions far, and left me quite."

She here alludes to her son Samuel, who sailed for England in November, 1657, and returned in July, 1661, when she again sings: —

"All Praise to him who hath now turn'd
My feares to joyes, and sighes to song,
My teares to smiles, my sad to glad:
He 's come for whom I waited long."

"To her husband absent upon Publick employment," she writes: —

"My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, nay more,
My joy, my magazine of earthly store,
If two be one, as surely thou and I,
How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ipswich lye?"

It would, of course, be very unhandsome treatment to test the literary merits of Mistress Bradstreet's verses by the modern standard of criticism. The sole interest attached to them is that they were written and printed at that early period. With an antiquary the intrinsic merits of a book have nothing to do with its pecuniary value, which is the measure of a strange madness among collectors to possess it. The two early New England books which now command the highest price, — somewhere in the vicinity of a thousand dollars each, — the Bay Psalm Book, 1640, and Eliot's Indian Bible, 1663, — are intrinsically as worthless volumes as can be named. The latter no person living *can* read (unless we except one linguistic scholar), and the former no person would desire to read. Still, a few of Anne Bradstreet's poems can be read without doing penance, and in the elegant form in which they are here presented are positively attractive, especially when we compare them with the rhythmical jargon of their contemporary, the Bay Psalm Book.

Mr. Ellis has included in this edition the contents of a manuscript volume of Mrs. Bradstreet's miscellaneous writings, which is now for the first time printed entire, under the titles of "Religious Experiences and Occasional Pieces," and "Meditations." A page of this manuscript he has caused to be reproduced in fac-simile. Her "Religious Experiences" and "Meditations" are chiefly in prose, and their literary merit surpasses that of her poetry.

From the freedom with which Mrs. Bradstreet makes use of classical allusions and the names of ancient writers, it has been inferred that she was acquainted with the Latin and perhaps the Greek language. Mr.

Ellis has identified the books she had read, and makes it highly probable that she knew the classic writers only through English translations. The scraps of Latin she used do not imply that she understood the language.

A woodcut of the Bradstreet House in North Andover, engraved in a most artistic manner by Mr. Henry Marsh of Cambridge, faces the title-page.

The editor, in his elaborate historical Introduction, has made a thorough examination and judicious use of all the material extant for the illustration of his subject, and in it he has embodied much historical and literary information of value.

12.— *Manual of the Constitution of the United States of America.* By Timothy Farrar. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1867.

The author of this work remarks in his Preface that it was composed during the late war, and that "its position in this respect is different from any prior exposition of the Constitution."

There is need now of a fresh examination of the Constitution by some competent authority, made in the light of the great events to which Judge Farrar refers. These events have, in great measure, silenced a narrow brood of literalists who had striven during many years to belittle the great charter and to make its commandments of none effect by their tradition; and to others they have given courage and breadth of view in interpreting it. It has lately been made to appear with uncommon distinctness that the nation must sometimes look through the letter of the Constitution and search for the spirit of it and for the ends to which it exists; and that in great emergencies this instrument may furnish but little guidance except in the large concessions of power that are implied in it when it establishes a nation.

We are compelled, however, to say that this volume is not the sort of work which is needed, and that, while it utters much paradox, it adds but little, if anything, of value to what had already been said. It undertakes to show that the Constitution confers upon the national government power to do "everything that a good government ought to be called upon to do for the benefit of any people." It insists that "the division of the British empire rendered the people of the American Union just as much a sovereign and independent nation as it left the people of the European portion"; that "the States, as Colonies, were organized under the Union"; and that the Confederation of 1781, by which it was declared that the United States had no "power, jurisdiction, or

right, which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated," was "a sort of Holy Alliance, in which neither the people of the United States nor the people of the individual States were named as parties, or ever became such by any formal act. . . . . The thing framed said to him that framed it, he had no understanding. It is manifest that no such procedure as this could have any tendency to change the legal relation between the people of the United States or their government and the local governments they had invited and allowed to be organized within and under their jurisdiction. . . . . Such a combination could neither increase their own powers nor diminish those of the United States." And the author finds that the States now, under the Constitution, are substantially in the same situation as the Colonies were "under the Union," as above indicated.

Judge Farrar regards what is generally known as the preamble to the Constitution as being a grant of the fullest legislative powers, and as the most important clause in the instrument. And, among many other things, he finds Congress to be authorized to prescribe the qualifications of electors, not only of the national House of Representatives, but also of the House of Representatives in each State. It is not quite clear, perhaps, whether he does not intend to say that the Constitution itself absolutely fixes those qualifications; but he is positive in stating that whatever power the States have over the matter is, by the express terms of the Constitution, subject to the supervision of Congress.

As to the course of reasoning and the historical propositions by which these and other equally extraordinary positions are supported, we can only say that they seem like the argument of an ingenious lawyer in a bad case. And in answer to Judge Farrar's strange constructions of this much-twisted instrument, one can hardly do better than simply to quote his own motto, *Litera scripta manet*, and to turn back to the text.

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13. — *Ye Legende of St. Gwendoline.* With eight Photographs by Addis from Drawings by John W. Ehninger. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son. 1867. Folio. pp. 55.

So much pains has been bestowed on this volume, it has plainly been an object of such solicitous and tender regard, that it makes almost a *naïve* appeal to sympathy, and calls upon our good feeling for commendation. And if we take the common standard by which such a work is likely to be judged by the good-natured and genial critic of the newspaper, we should find it easy to praise this book as one of the most elab-

orate gift-books of the season, and eminently fit to adorn a showy drawing-room table. But if it be judged by the standard of genuine criticism, — the standard by which the author of the Legend would, we doubt not, desire it to be judged, — it must be said that, throughout, the intent of the work is better than its execution; that the story, both in conception and diction, betrays a young and inexperienced hand, and that the illustrations and typography of the volume are more ambitious than excellent.

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14. — *Italian Journeys.* By W. D. Howells, Author of "Venetian Life." New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1867.

Under favor of his work on "Venetian Life," Mr. Howells took his place as one of the most charming of American writers and most satisfactory of American travellers. He is assuredly not one of those who journey from Dan to Beersheba only to cry out that all is barren. Thanks to the keenness of his observation and the vivacity of his sympathies, he treads afresh the most frequently trodden routes, without on the one hand growing cynical over his little or his great disappointments, or taking refuge on the other in the well-known alternative of the Baron Munchausen. Mr. Howells has an eye for the small things of nature, of art, and of human life, which enables him to extract sweetness and profit from adventures the most prosaic, and which prove him a very worthy successor of the author of the "Sentimental Journey."

Mr. Howells is in fact a sentimental traveller. He takes things as he finds them and as history has made them; he presses them into the service of no theory, nor scourges them into the following of his prejudices; he takes them as a man of the world, who is not a little a moralist, — a gentle moralist, a good deal a humorist, and most of all a poet; and he leaves them, — he leaves them as the man of real literary power and the delicate artist alone know how to leave them, with new memories mingling, for our common delight, with the old memories that are the accumulation of ages, and with a fresh touch of color modestly gleaming amid the masses of local and historical coloring. It is for this solid literary merit that Mr. Howells's writing is valuable, — and the more valuable that it is so rarely found in books of travel in our own tongue. Nothing is more slipshod and slovenly than the style in which publications of this kind are habitually composed. Letters and diaries are simply strung into succession and transferred to print. If the writer is a clever person, an observer, an explorer, an intelligent devotee of the picturesque, his

work will doubtless furnish a considerable amount of entertaining reading; but there will yet be something essentially common in its character. The book will be diffuse, overgrown, shapeless; it will not belong to literature. This charm of style Mr. Howells's two books on Italy possess in perfection; they belong to literature and to the centre and core of it, — the region where men think and feel, and one may almost say breathe, in good prose, and where the classics stand on guard. Mr. Howells is not an economist, a statistician, an historian, or a propagandist in any interest; he is simply an observer, responsible only to a kindly heart, a lively fancy, and a healthy conscience. It may therefore indeed be admitted that there was a smaller chance than in the opposite case of his book being ill written. He might notice what he pleased and mention what he pleased, and do it in just the manner that pleased him. He was under no necessity of sacrificing his style to facts; he might under strong provocation — provocation of which the sympathetic reader will feel the force — sacrifice facts to his style. But this privilege, of course, enforces a corresponding obligation, such as a man of so acute literary conscience as our author would be the first to admit and to discharge. He must have felt the importance of making his book, by so much as it was not to be a work of strict information, a work of generous and unalloyed entertainment.

These "Italian Journeys" are a record of some dozen excursions made to various parts of the peninsula during a long residence in Venice. They take the reader over roads much travelled, and conduct him to shrines worn by the feet — to say nothing of the knees — of thousands of pilgrims, no small number of whom, in these latter days, have imparted their impressions to the world. But it is plain that the world is no more weary of reading about Italy than it is of visiting it; and that so long as that deeply interesting country continues to stand in its actual relation, æsthetically and intellectually, to the rest of civilization, the topic will not grow threadbare. There befell a happy moment in history when Italy got the start of the rest of Christendom; and the ground gained, during that splendid advance, the other nations have never been able to recover. We go to Italy to gaze upon certain of the highest achievements of human power, — achievements, moreover, which, from their visible and tangible nature, are particularly well adapted to represent to the imagination the *maximum* of man's creative force. So wide is the interval between the great Italian monuments of art and the works of the colder genius of the neighboring nations, that we find ourselves willing to look upon the former as the ideal and the perfection of human effort, and to invest the country of

their birth with a sort of half-sacred character. This is, indeed, but half the story. Through the more recent past of Italy there gleams the stupendous image of a remoter past; behind the splendid efflorescence of the Renaissance we detect the fulness of a prime which, for human effort and human will, is to the great æsthetic explosion of the sixteenth century very much what the latter is to the present time. And then, beside the glories of Italy, we think of her sufferings; and, beside the master-works of art, we think of the favors of Nature; and, along with these profane matters, we think of the Church, — until, betwixt admiration and longing and pity and reverence, it is little wonder that we are charmed and touched beyond healing.

In the simplest manner possible, and without declamation or rhetoric or affectation of any kind, but with an exquisite alternation of natural pathos and humor, Mr. Howells reflects this constant mute eloquence of Italian life. As to what estimate he finally formed of the Italian character he has left us uncertain; but one feels that he deals gently and tenderly with the foibles and vices of the land, for the sake of its rich and inexhaustible beauty, and of the pleasure which he absorbs with every breath. It is doubtless unfortunate for the Italians, and unfavorable to an exact appreciation of their intrinsic merits, that you cannot think of them or write of them in the same judicial manner as you do of other people, — as from equal to equal, — but that the imagination insists upon having a voice in the matter, and making you generous rather than just. Mr. Howells has perhaps not wholly resisted this temptation; and his tendency, like that of most sensitive spirits brought to know Italy, is to feel — even when he does not express it — that much is to be forgiven the people, because they are *so* picturesque. Mr. Howells is by no means indifferent, however, to the human element in all that he sees. Many of the best passages in his book, and the most delicate touches, bear upon the common roadside figures which he met, and upon the manners and morals of the populace. He observes on their behalf a vast number of small things; and he ignores, for their sake, a large number of great ones. He is not fond of generalizing, nor of offering views and opinions. A certain poetical inconclusiveness pervades his book. He relates what he saw with his own eyes, and what he thereupon felt and fancied; and his work has thus a thoroughly personal flavor. It is, in fact, a series of small personal adventures, — adventures so slight and rapid that nothing comes of them but the impression of the moment, and, as a final result, the pleasant chapter which records them. These chapters, of course, differ in interest and merit, according to their subject, but the charm of manner is never absent; and it is strongest when the author surrenders himself most completely

to his faculty for composition, and works his matter over into the perfection of form, as in the episode entitled "Forza Maggiore," a real masterpiece of light writing. Things slight and simple and impermanent all put on a hasty comeliness at the approach of his pen.

Mr. Howells is, in short, a descriptive writer in a sense and with a perfection that, in our view, can be claimed for no American writer except Hawthorne. Hawthorne, indeed, was perfection, but he was only half descriptive. He kept an eye on an unseen world, and his points of contact with this actual sphere were few and slight. One feels through all his descriptions, — we speak especially of his book on England, — that he was not a man of the world, — of this world which we after all love so much better than any other. But Hawthorne cannot be disposed of in a paragraph, and we confine ourselves to our own author. Mr. Howells is the master of certain refinements of style, of certain exquisite intentions (intentions in which humor generally plays a large part), such as are but little practised in these days of crude and precipitate writing. At the close of a very forcible and living description of certain insufferable French *commis-voyageurs* on the steamer from Genoa to Naples. "They wore their hats at dinner," writes Mr. Howells; "but always went away, after soup, deadly pale." It would be difficult to give in three lines a better picture of unconscious vulgarity than is furnished by this conjunction of abject frailties with impertinent assumptions.

And so at Capri, "after we had inspected the ruins of the emperor's villa, a clownish imbecile of a woman, *professing to be the wife of the peasant who had made the excavations*, came forth out of a cleft in the rock and received tribute of us; why, I do not know." The sketch is as complete as it is rapid, and a hoary world of extortion and of stupefied sufferance is unveiled with a single gesture. In all things Mr. Howells's touch is light, but none the less sure for its lightness. It is the touch of a writer who is a master in his own line, and we have not so many writers and masters that we can afford not to recognize real excellence. It is our own loss when we look vacantly at those things which make life pleasant. Mr. Howells has the qualities which make literature a delightful element in life, — taste and culture and imagination, and the incapacity to be common. We cannot but feel that one for whom literature has done so much is destined to repay his benefactor with interest.

15. — 1. *The History of India, as told by its own Historians. The Muhammadan Period. Edited from the Posthumous Papers of the late* Sir H. M. Elliot, K. C. B., *East India Company's Bengal Civil Service.* By Professor John Dowson, M. R. A. S., Staff College, Sandhurst. Vol. I. London: Trübner & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. xxxii., 541.

2. *The History of India from the Earliest Ages.* By J. Talboys Wheeler, Assistant Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department, Secretary to the Indian Record Commission, Author of "The Geography of Herodotus," &c., &c. Vol. I. The Vedic Period and the Mahá Bhárata. London: Trübner & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. lxxv., 576.

We have reason to welcome every new indication that England is taking a nearer interest in her Indian empire, and that her people crave further enlightenment respecting those Eastern races of whose destinies she has, half against her will, become arbiter. It may fairly be said, we presume, that England never coveted such a dependency, and made no conscious and deliberate attempt to gain it. She wanted trade, and nothing more; and it was only because trade was not to be had without empire, as those who were sent to manage the former soon found out, that the latter was acquired, piece by piece, in the face of constant remonstrance from home, in spite of constant protestation of unwillingness on the part of the acquirers. Hence, in part, the anomalous attitude of the English government, and the indifference of the people, until within a few years. When the great mutiny broke out, Indian affairs were still under the management of a committee of merchants, the directors of a trading company, — not, indeed, without the active interference and control of the Parliament and Ministry; and the long retention of that antiquated and bungling apparatus was in no slight degree indicative of the state of public feeling, which regarded India as not in the full sense a national trust, a responsibility whose weight should be felt upon the shoulders of every Englishman, but as something to be attended to by proxy, to be put off upon a board. The desperate struggle of ten years ago, however, rapidly changed the aspect of affairs. As it swept away in a moment the old form of administration, so it aroused the nation at large to a more realizing sense of their duty, and made them eager to learn wherein this consisted. Every one for a while was studying India, and books about it came thick and fast: more general knowledge was gained in two or three years than had been won in the half-century preceding. Nor has the impulse yet ceased to exert its influence, although it is working out its

results more slowly than were to be desired, or than the more sanguine had expected. A race of so peculiar character, beliefs, and institutions as the Hindus, and so fixed in them by the inheritance of an almost immemorial culture, demands, on the one hand, delicate and considerate treatment, and, on the other hand, is hard to be understood, so as to receive the treatment due it, by another race so unlike itself.

It is, then, matter for congratulation that a single English house can issue at the same time the beginnings of two elaborate and voluminous histories of India, and can find a large and rapid sale for both, as we learn is the case.

The volumes before us, however unlike one another in other respects, have two noteworthy points of resemblance: both are the work of men who have gained in the Anglo-Indian service a familiar acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants, and both rather deal with the sources of history than present the final results of historic inquiry. The author of the first, Sir Henry Elliot, stood high among the civil servants of the East India Company who added to administrative capacity a hearty interest in the people over whom they were set, and distinguished literary ability. He wore himself out in the harness, and died, fifteen years ago, at the early age of forty-five. He had published in 1849 the commencement of a Bibliographical Index to the Historians of Mohammedan India, and during the following years had made abundant preparations for its extension and completion; and his gathered materials are now at last to be given to the world under the competent editorship of Professor Dowson. The whole work, the latter tells us, will require at least four volumes. The first, after an introductory division of about a hundred pages, in which are put together (chiefly by the editor) all the accessible notices respecting India given by the early Arab geographers, is devoted to the historians of Sind, the western border of the country, lying upon the lower Indus. About two hundred and twenty-five pages are occupied with a version of the more important passages of their works; and then the latter half of the volume gives us the author's notes upon them, under four heads, Geographical, Historical, Ethnological, and Miscellaneous. The second and third of these divisions, especially, constitute for the general reader the most interesting and valuable portion of the book. For the Arab chronicles fall even further below our idea of histories than do the European of the Middle Ages, and, though attractive at the outset by their peculiarity, soon become excessively tedious.

In the succeeding volumes, the same general plan is to be followed. We are to have the native histories themselves, with such notes as shall help us to understand them and appreciate their value. The work

will thus wear a somewhat special character, as a collection of original documents, interesting to scholars most of all, yet also commending itself to the attention of the public at large; and no public library at least should be without it.

An interesting passage of the author's Preface criticises the opinions commonly held respecting the works executed by the Mohammedan sovereigns for the material welfare of the country, greatly depreciating the value of those works, and comparing them, much to their disadvantage, with what the English have already executed or undertaken; contrasting, moreover, the general condition of the country under its Mohammedan and Christian masters.

While Elliot's History thus professes to deal with but one of the grand periods into which the story of the country naturally falls, and with that from only a single point of view, Mr. Wheeler's, more ambitious, aims to give us the whole story, "from the earliest times" down to the present. In the author's Preface, however, is as yet sketched out only the first portion, that which is to depict the times antecedent to the rise of British power, — the Hindu and Mohammedan periods. To this are allotted three volumes: the first already in our hands, after a brief introduction of forty pages on the Vedic period, is wholly occupied by a detailed analysis of the enormous epic poem entitled the Mahabharata, interspersed with critical comments; the second, now in the press, will perform the same service for the other great Sanskrit epic, the Ramayana; the third is to "include the results of the other two, as well as those which are to be drawn from the more salient points in Sanskrit and Mussulman literature." (p. vi.) Not a few will be struck with surprise at this plan, which contemplates the absorption of two thirds of the whole space allotted to the history of India down to a century or two ago by an abstract of the contents of two works from the Sanskrit literature, and they will be curious to see how the author justifies such a procedure. They will find, then, that his classification of his materials (p. v.) recognizes as the sources for the Hindu period "the religious books of the Hindus, and especially the two great epics, which may be regarded as the national treasuries of all that has been preserved of the history and institutions of the people"; and that, in his opening chapter (p. 3), he makes the confirmatory statement that "the history of India, properly so called, is to be found in the two voluminous epics. . . . . These extraordinary poems comprise the whole of what remains of the political, social, and religious history of India, and may be regarded as the reflex of the Hindu world."

Now, what is the character of these alleged all-sufficient sources for our knowledge of Indian history? Do they explain to us the deriva-

tion of the Hindu people, point out the course of its migrations, and exhibit the creeds and institutions with which it entered the peninsula? Do they set forth the gradual development which transformed those simple institutions into the elaborate Brahmanic hierarchy, those simple creeds into the mingled superstition and transcendentalism of later India? Do they let us see the rise and career of Buddhism, its early conquests, its final defeat and expulsion? Do they portray the growth of that remarkable literature which is receiving so much study from the scholars of Europe in our day? Do they account for the existing monuments of art, the ruins of perished grandeur, the epigraphic remains scattered through the country? No: on matters such as these they are no better than dumb. But at least they must record the dynastic revolutions which have changed the political aspect of the peninsula, the formation and description of empires, the intestine and foreign wars of successive lines of princes? Not even these are found in them. Then what are they? Why, the one, the Ramayana, tells of a hero who perhaps never had an historical existence, and who met with adventures and performed feats quite unknown among actual men, conquering a demon foe by the aid of monkey allies. The other, the Mahabharata, recounts the struggles of two related houses, whose connection with any historically established dynasties cannot be traced, for the possession of one of the thrones of Central India, at an unknown epoch; it is interminably protracted, and confessedly put together out of portions dating from very different periods; it contains stories which attain the dimensions of a romance, and philosophical conversations as detailed as a text-book; it is in part legendary, in part fabricated for a purpose. No doubt they both illustrate, in a certain way, the Hindu modes of thinking and acting. They are two highly important and characteristic products of the Indian mind, and can no more help reflecting the conditions among which they grew up than can any other similar work in the whole great catalogue of national literatures. So the Iliad and Odyssey depict for us, in many respects, the conditions of ancient Greece with a vividness and faithfulness which no set history could rival; yet what eyes of astonishment would be opened upon the scholar who should assert that they "comprise the whole of what remains of the political, social, and religious history of Greece," and should therefore proceed to give us a full account of their contents, as the first and largest part of his Grecian history! This is a comparison which in one important respect, at least, is highly flattering to the Hindu poems; for the historical content and illustrative value of the Western epics is indefinitely greater than that of the Eastern. The Hindu mind, as every one knows who knows aught about it, is

remarkably distinguished by its incapacity of historical production, its carelessness of the actual, its disinclination to tell a straight story; hence there is vastly more *fact* in the Iliad than in the Mahabharata; nor is the expedition of Ulysses, however palpable its wonder telling, anything but the driest and soberest of narratives compared with that of Rama. The Nibelungen-lied, treated as principal source of ancient German history, would come far nearer to offering us a true parallel. Mr. Wheeler may insist as much as he pleases upon the popularity and currency of his favorite poems, their influence upon the people (in speaking upon this point, however, he is guilty, in our opinion, of very gross exaggeration), the importance of a knowledge of them to a comprehension of what the modern Hindu is thinking and talking about, — he cannot change their essential character, nor convert them from products of a teeming and unchastened imagination into fountains of historic truth. The part they contribute to our knowledge of ancient India is only secondary; it might with much higher truth be claimed that the Vedas or that the laws of Manu are the veritable and indispensable sources of Hindu history. Far from being entitled to figure in this capacity, the epics themselves need the most careful sifting and testing, by the aid of all the appliances derivable from whatever other quarter, in order to determine the question whether they have an historical content, and if so, how much and what. Something of this work has already been accomplished by men like Lassen, and the possibility of continuing and completing it is brought nearer every day. But it will not, we think, be perceptibly advanced by the criticisms which Mr. Wheeler intersperses with his abstracts and extracts; these do not cut deep enough; they are essentially superficial and commonplace, and not seldom of a remarkable *naïveté*, — somewhat as if one should sit down over Munchausen or Gulliver, and soberly undertake to strip off its exaggerated and improbable features, and extract the kernel of historic verity of which it is the decorated version. We cannot, therefore, look forward with much hope to those "results" of his two preliminary volumes with which our author is intending to begin his third, — the first, according to our view, of the real "History of India"; for in no allowable sense of the term can his analysis be called "history." We presume that his work will increase rapidly in value and authority as it approaches the modern period of the English domination, for treating which his Indian experience and official position have given him especial advantage.

To write, indeed, in a permanently satisfying manner, the history of ancient India is for the present an impossible task. The sources of knowledge are as yet only partially accessible, and only to a small

extent worked up. The whole great body of native literature of every period, the information furnished by foreigners, the monuments, the modern conditions, have all to be ransacked, compared, criticised, and reduced. From original labor in a large part of this field, Mr. Wheeler, acknowledging his non-acquaintance with the Sanskrit, declares himself shut out. Yet what can be done, even under such disadvantage, by one who is diligent in collecting and studying all materials attainable at second hand, the results won by special scholars, — who is skilled in their combination, and possessed of a true feeling for the spirit of ancient times, — is shown in Duncker's History of Antiquity (*Geschichte des Alterthums*). This author's picture of ancient India, though too constructive in its style, and sure to require amendment hereafter in many important particulars, is nevertheless the fullest, most faithful, and most attractive that we know; it well deserves republication in an English version. Mr. Wheeler has followed the much easier course of extolling as all-sufficient that little portion of the needed material to which his attention has happened to be directed, and which was most readily accessible to him, and of ignoring the rest.

But while we deny the justice of the title which our author has prefixed to his volume, we can yet commend it as an admirable and highly interesting epitome of the Mahabharata, the best that has been placed in the hands of English readers, and worthy to be recommended to the attention of all who are curious respecting that strange and remarkable product of the human mind. A Table of Contents of sixty-eight pages, and an Index of forty-two, both of excessive detail, drawn out with a truly lavish expenditure of labor, add much to its value, and to the ease with which it may be consulted and used. To receive a similar working up of the Ramayana will afford us high satisfaction.

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16. — *Bibliotheca Americana; A Dictionary of Books relating to America, from its Discovery to the Present Time.* By Joseph Sabin. New York: Joseph Sabin. Philadelphia: John Campbell. London: N. Trübner & Co. 1867. 8vo.

Four parts of this work have been issued by Mr. Sabin during the year 1867, embracing in all 384 pages. To show the extensive plan on which the work is projected we quote the language of the editor: "This work describes bibliographically, and in alphabetical order, all the books published in this country or abroad which relate to its History, — using the word in its widest meaning; including the books described by Rich, Ternaux, White, Kennett, Faribault, Stevens,

Ludewig, Trübner, Trœmel, Harrisse, Boucher de la Richardiere, Lowndes, Brunet, Græsse, and, indeed, all known bibliographers, besides the contents of the catalogues of all the public and many of the private libraries in this country, which pertain to the subject."

As an indication of the manner in which this plan has thus far been executed, it may be stated that the letter A takes up 340 pages of the parts thus far issued. From the examination we have been able to give to this work, we have formed the most favorable opinion of it. It seems to be prepared with care and learning, and if completed on the plan of which we have here the first-fruits, the work will prove indispensable to all American scholars and book collectors.

As has been stated, the works are arranged under the names of authors, "and, in the case of anonymous writers, under the most obvious subject or title." Where a book is published anonymously, and the writer is known, the work is entered also under the name of the author, which is given in brackets. The notes which are appended to many of the curious books show great care, and are an important feature in the plan. Review notices of important books are referred to, and a capital letter preceding the number of the books indicates the public library in which it may be found.

We wish all success to Mr. Sabin's undertaking. The work is beautifully printed, on fine laid paper, by the Bradstreet Press.

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17. — *The Life of Timothy Pickering.* By his Son, Octavius Pickering. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1867. pp. xx., 549.

A work of filial piety is, in this volume, well begun. Nor is it merely a work of duty to a father, but to the truth of history also, and the public memory of a man who was deservedly prominent during the Revolution and the formative period of our government. Colonel Pickering was a person of earnest, even bitter convictions; and he had a frankness in expressing them which made him peculiarly the object of political slander in days when it was, if possible, more unscrupulous than now. He was a good hater, and had something of the Puritan habit of looking upon opinions as wicked which were, at worst, only mistaken. He was what the Scotch call a *dour* man, — one whose conscientiousness may become hardness and sternness, especially where duty is concerned, and whose beliefs are not long in stiffening into prejudices. He could not think well of a democrat, or of a Frenchman after '89. He was one of the leaders of that Federal party, strong in character and ability, — the most respectable party we

have ever had, — which did not and could not believe in the practicability of the French theory that a form of government may be improvised, and that the future may be shaped by anything less powerful and omnipresent than the past. They held it a cardinal truth in statesmanship, that a great part of the power of political ideas lay in their continuity (a truth we could wish to see more steadily kept in view by our members of Congress, who seem to like measures in proportion as they have not been tested by experience); and their mistake was in looking too exclusively to England for precedent, overlooking the fact that America had already developed certain irresistible tendencies more potent than even precedent itself. If we may call it a proof of political sagacity that John Adams and his son, at important crises, both subordinated party to what they considered higher claims, there is also something in human nature which sympathizes even more strongly with Pickering, who clung to a defeated and hopeless party all the more devotedly that it was defeated and hopeless.

This volume brings Colonel Pickering to the end of the Revolutionary War and to his fortieth year. It gives us glimpses of his college life; shows him to us before the war as a good citizen, always eager to be useful and always in earnest; and gives us a minute record of his services during the struggle for independence, as an officer of the line, leading member of the Board of War, and Adjutant-General of the Continental Army. The gentle and kindly side of his uncompromising character is brought out in his relations to home and family. Mr. Octavius Pickering has performed his task modestly, and with a judicious selection from his materials. The volume already published contributes much fresh and valuable material to our Revolutionary history. We get some new and unexpected light, for example, on the famous Newburg letters, the story of which, as here told, is a singular proof how little even the memory of the actors themselves may be trusted in establishing the facts of history. In this case, every survivor of those present, when the event about which a question had arisen took place, recollected differently, and was wrong in some essential particular. Colonel Pickering himself, with no temptation to be mistaken, nevertheless *was* mistaken, as his own letters of the time would have shown him, had he referred to them.

We shall look for the succeeding volumes of this work with much interest. They cannot fail to illustrate many obscure points in our political history, and to help us in forming a fairer judgment of the motives and conduct of the Federal party, — a party more often maligned than understood. When Mr. Pickering shall have finished his labors, we shall hope to do that justice to his subject, and his mode of treating it, which our limits forbid us now.

18. — *The Life of Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts.* By his Son, Edmund Quincy. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. pp. xii., 560.

The verdict of the public as to the interest of this volume has been so unanimous that we need do no more than say that, for once, the public is altogether right in its judgment. It is as interesting a biography of an American as was ever written; and, while the subject of it was in all ways a remarkable man, the taste and judgment of the biographer have enabled him not to obscure that fact in the reader's mind, as has been done before now, in other cases, by unwieldy pens. If Mr. Edmund Quincy may well be proud of such a father, he may also feel a just satisfaction in having so admirably discharged all that was possible of the debt he owed to his example and memory.

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19. — *The First Canticle (Inferno) of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Thomas William Parsons. Boston: DeVries, Ibarra, & Co. 1867. pp. 216.

The name of Dr. Parsons is familiar and dear as a poet to that limited number of his countrymen who have refined perceptions and a cultivated taste. His audience has not been so large as he deserved, not so large, perhaps, as those who appreciate him would have expected; but the quality of applause more than makes up for any lack of vociferation. Competent judges know him as a master of that classical English which culminated in Dryden, of that polished finish which had its last great example in Gray. Perhaps it will be luckier for him hereafter than it is now, that he has not been led astray from style into mannerism by any fashion of the day. His best poems have naturalness of thought, a grace of sentiment, and purity of diction truly Horatian, — qualities sure of general acknowledgment sooner or later. We could name a dozen of them not surpassed in their kind by those of any contemporary. His poetry has the distinguished merit of not seeking for originality by overstepping simplicity, outside of whose limits it is never to be found in the marvellous perfection of its unexpectedness.

It is now twenty-five years since Dr. Parsons published ten Cantos of the Inferno, as a herald and specimen of his translation. He has in the mean while labored at the correction and revision of it with all the diligence of affection. He has chosen for his measure the pentameter quatrain of alternate rhymes, familiarized to all English ears by the famous Elegy of Gray. Davies and Davenant had already shown that

it might be successfully employed at greater length, the one in didactic, the other in epic poetry. Dr. Parsons, by an adroit interlacing of stanzas one with the other, and by an artistic distribution of the pauses elsewhere than at the end of the quatrain, has given to the measure all that it needed for his purpose both of continuity and variety. Davenant sometimes runs one stanza over into the next, but seldom, and apparently from necessity rather than with design. Commonly each stanza is a separate whole, and Gray's poem is a succession of epigrams (in the old sense) each perfect in itself and only connected by the general sentiment. In many cases the order might be changed without detriment either to the continuity of the thought or to the general effect. By Dr. Parsons's device, he cunningly contrives to give something of the effect of *terza rima*, while escaping its difficulty. We shall not enter upon the vexed question of rhyme and blank verse. The kind of fidelity attainable by each is different from that of the other, though it is not always safe to define this difference absolutely, as if it were inherent by the nature of the case, for surely blank verse is as capable of wings, as rhyme liable to jog wearily afoot. The latter, however, in artistic hands, seems to shoe the feet of verse with *talaria*, and surely is worth trying in the translation of a rhymed poem a part of whose peculiar quality lies in the form of its verse. The attempt has been several times made in English to translate Dante in this way, sometimes in *terza rima*, sometimes, as Dr. Parsons has done, with the semblance of it. But it has never before been made by a poet, and therefore never before with anything like the success of the translation before us. The great snare of rhyme for the translator is that it obliges him (what Dante boasted that no word had ever made him do) to say rather what he must than what he would. Some of Dr. Parsons's verses have suffered a little by being caught in this trap, though he has generally avoided it with consummate skill, and where he is best rises easily to the level of his theme. Where Dante is at his height, his translator kindles with a fire and attains a force that give his lines all the charm of original production, and we read real *poetry*, such as speaks the same meaning in all tongues. The most ungrateful part of his task is now done, and we look forward with an interest as keen as it was a quarter of a century ago, and with a confidence based on sure ground, to see him shake out his sails on the *miglior acqua* of the Purgatorio and Paradiso. His translation should be welcomed by all who are interested in native genius and scholarship, not as the rival of Longfellow's, but as a *succedaneum* to it.

NOTE.

THE ARMY LABORATORY AT PHILADELPHIA.

In a notice of "The Military Sanitary History of the United States during the last War, by Dr. Von Hawronitz," published in this journal in July last (North American Review, Vol. CV. p. 287), is the following passage: —

"Dr. Hawronitz was undoubtedly led to believe that the Army Laboratory was an important auxiliary to the army medical service, when in point of fact it was a mere apothecary shop, where the preparations procured for the army from our own chemical laboratories, and in lavish and most injudicious proportions from foreign manufacturers, were 'put up' in the absurd and extravagant manner prescribed by 'Army Regulations.'"

From information which has recently been supplied to us, we are convinced that the preceding statement is incorrect as regards the character and usefulness of the Army Laboratory, and conveys an unfair impression of the manner in which its work was conducted and its functions discharged. Not only were its operations on a scale of great magnitude, but they were directed with judgment, vigor, and ability, and much important work was done in the Laboratory which the private pharmaceutical and chemical establishments in the country could not have been looked to to discharge in an equally satisfactory manner.

We regret that the sentence we have quoted found place in our pages. — [Eds.]

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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ART. I. — *Annual Report of the Metropolitan Board of Health of New York.* 1866. New York. 1867. 8vo. pp. 456.

IT has been said that "the saddest pages in the history of all nations are those which treat of the wholesale sacrifice of human life, through ignorance or neglect of the simplest means of preserving health or averting disease." It is now known that the fearful epidemics, or plagues, so called, that swept with such deadly malignity through the cities of the Middle Ages, had their origin and derived their strength from gross neglect of the simplest sanitary laws. Narrow and filthy streets, crowded, ill-ventilated, and dark dwellings, lack of provision for drainage, and of facilities for personal and general cleanliness, — these were the causes of pestilence no less in mediæval Europe than at the present day. It needs but a glance to see how the frequency and virulence of epidemics have decreased with the application of improved sewerage, the introduction of plentiful supplies of water, the destruction or remodelling of crowded and filthy quarters, and the removal from populous districts of such processes and manufactures as contaminate the atmosphere, and so reduce the vigor and degrade the *morale* of the inhabitants.

It was a consideration of these facts, together with the daily increasing evidence that the city of New York, or at least a large portion of it, was already in a condition, not only to foster such ordinary forms of disease as depend upon foul air and

general uncleanliness, but to invite and rapidly develop contagion and pestilence, that some six years since stimulated the legislative action which resulted in the establishment of the Metropolitan Board of Health.

Many portions of New York and Brooklyn, but especially of New York, had become densely populated, not only, in fact not chiefly, with native citizens, but with immigrants from abroad. Every week added largely to this population. The older portions of the city, where the laboring classes congregated, were becoming overcrowded to a degree that rendered cleanliness and decency almost impossible.

Diseases of every kind, but especially such as have their origin directly or indirectly in the lack of pure air, personal cleanliness, and nutritious food, prevailed constantly and to an alarming extent among the inhabitants of these districts. The mortality was very great, particularly among children; and it was from time to time startlingly evident that the almost utter neglect of sanitary regulation was leaving the city a victim to the poisonous influence of these sources of sickness, which were daily extending their limits, and every year more imminently threatening to destroy the salubrity of a city to which Nature had afforded special facilities for the preservation of life and health.

The engrossing interests of commerce and politics seemed to have blinded the public generally to the shadow that was gradually, but steadily, growing wider and deeper.

Some years since, however, several prominent members of the Academy of Medicine, and subsequently the "Citizens' Association," an organization composed of the more intelligent and public-spirited men in the community, inaugurated a systematic and persistent effort at sanitary reform, and the Legislature of the State was urgently appealed to for aid.

Each year, however, the effort proved unsuccessful, until at last, in the winter of 1865–66, when already from the Old World had come the silent, but fearful, warning of the approach of cholera, the importance of a reform was appreciated.

On the 26th of February, 1866, a Health Law was passed by the Legislature. This law was entitled "An Act to create a Metropolitan Sanitary District, and Board of Health therein,

for the Preservation of Life and Health, and to prevent the Spread of Disease."

This law created a Metropolitan Sanitary District, comprising the cities of New York and Brooklyn and several adjoining counties, which was to be under the control, in all matters bearing upon the public health, of a Board of Health, to be composed of four health commissioners, three of whom should be medical men, the fourth a layman, the commissioners of police, four in number, *ex officio*, and the health officer of the port, *ex officio*, — also the officer, a medical man, who had charge of the quarantine. It provided likewise for the appointment of a sanitary superintendent, an assistant superintendent, sanitary inspectors, clerks, employees, &c.

The Board organized its corps of officers and employees without delay, and commenced at once upon its labors. A plan was perfected by which the district should be under constant and rigid inspection, and the Board notified of the result.

The cities of New York and Brooklyn were divided into districts of limited extent, and a sanitary inspector was assigned to each district. The inspectors thus assigned were instructed to proceed forthwith to "familiarize" themselves with the sanitary condition of their respective districts; to transmit to the superintendent, semi-weekly, written reports on such nuisances found in their districts as in their opinion demanded special and immediate attention, giving the situation and number of the premises, the owner's name, and a brief, but distinct, description of the nuisance itself; to designate such streets or parts of streets as were particularly neglected and filthy; to pay especial attention to tenement-houses; to diligently search therein for local causes of disease, particularly from overcrowding, and the lack of proper ventilation, drainage, and light, and, if possible, to indicate in their reports the remedy for such deficiencies, when found. Whenever individual cases of sickness were met with, which in the opinion of the inspectors should, either for the good of the patient or that of his neighbors, be removed to the hospital, they were directed to effect such removal, if possible, by advice and assistance given to the friends of the patient,

and failing in this, to report the circumstances at once to the superintendent.

By order of the Board, a book was placed in each precinct station-house in the city, in which citizens were invited to enter complaints of nuisances, and a central "Complaint Office" was established in connection with that of the superintendent, where complaints could be made, either in person or by letter, and to which the various complaints entered at the precinct station-houses were forwarded daily. Here all complaints were supervised, assorted, and thence referred to the inspecting officers of the districts in which the nuisances complained of were said to exist. Their reports were carefully examined in the office of the superintendent, with the advice, when necessary, of the attorney of the Board. Such as were found to be properly prepared were at once forwarded to the Board for its action, while those which were found defective in any particular were returned to their respective authors for correction. Some slight modifications in the method of proceeding have from time to time been adopted. In many cases it has been necessary only to call the attention of the property-owners to the evil to have it remedied, and it is customary for the superintendent to send a warning notice to the party responsible. After the lapse of a reasonable time from the date of such notice, a reinspection is made, and if it be found that the nuisance has been abated, no further action is taken in the matter; if otherwise, the original report is laid before the Board to become the basis of an order, the service of this to be followed by a second reinspection, and, provided the nuisance remain still unabated, by the execution of the order under the direction of the sanitary superintendent. Under this system a large number of nuisances are promptly removed by the owners of property, who not unfrequently express their gratification at being notified, while in other instances the more tedious process of forcible execution becomes necessary.

The field of jurisdiction of the Board was very extensive, and presented subjects of reform exceedingly diversified in character and apparently unlimited in number, a large proportion of which demanded, with almost equal urgency, immediate

and decisive action. Naturally the cities of New York and Brooklyn exhibited the most pressing demands. Not only were large tracts covered with densely crowded, ill-ventilated, and filthy tenement-houses, but, scattered everywhere, were individual nuisances of the most aggravated character, contributing their noxious exhalations to the deteriorated atmosphere.

In New York alone there are eighteen thousand five hundred and eighty-two tenement-houses, that is, houses occupied by several families, living independently of each other, but having a common right in the halls, stairways, yards, cellars, and sinks. Of this number, when first examined by the inspectors, fifty-two per cent were found in bad sanitary condition, that is, in a condition detrimental to the health and dangerous to the lives of the occupants, sources of infection to the neighborhood, and of insalubrity to the city at large. Thirty-two per cent were in this condition purely from overcrowding, accumulations of filth, want of water supply, and other results of neglect. The danger to the public health from this state of things, especially in the event of an epidemic, is not, however, adequately expressed by these figures; for while in the upper and newer parts of the city the tenement-houses are comparatively well built and properly looked after, there are many localities where almost entire blocks are composed of such houses, all of which were found to be in bad condition, and where the danger was greatly increased by this grouping.

The causes of the improper sanitary condition of tenement-houses may be classed under two heads, namely: first, those due to faults in the original construction of the buildings; and second, those due to overcrowding and neglect.

Prominent under the first head is, — First, *the custom of erecting a front and rear tenement-house on a single lot.* By this plan the rear end of each rear house is within a short distance, varying in different instances from six inches to two feet, of the rear end of the rear house situated upon the reverse lot fronting on the next street, above or below as the case may be. The result of this is, that the back rooms of the rear houses are entirely cut off from direct sunlight, and the ventilation is

necessarily very imperfect. The spaces, too, between houses thus contiguous are always damp, and very frequently, from being made receptacles for garbage and other offensive matters, give off the foulest exhalations, which are either diffused through the houses, or compel the tenants to keep the rear windows constantly closed, and thus preclude the slender means of ventilation which they might otherwise afford. Even the front rooms of such houses suffer in a similar manner, though not to so great a degree, — the presence of the high front house, separated only by a narrow court, allowing but a meagre share of direct light and fresh air.

Second, *deficient ventilation* is a very common evil in tenement-houses. The halls are close, rarely, except on the lower floor, extending to either front or rear wall, so as to admit of a window. Therefore, as the tenants keep their room-doors closed, the hall is entirely cut off from the external air, save by the chance opening of the street entrance. The dwelling-rooms have no provision for ventilation, except such as may be afforded by the windows, which are usually on but one side of the room. The sleeping-apartments open from these dwelling-rooms, and are simple closets, with absolutely no ventilation.

Third, *absence of light.* For the same reasons that the halls are unventilated, they are also dark and damp. No sunlight can enter them. The space allowed for the hall is so narrow that a proper well is impossible, and no adequate skylight is provided. A large proportion of these halls are so dark that at midday it is difficult to discern objects in them without opening some adjacent room-door. In many instances the floors are damp and rotten, and the walls and banisters sticky with a constant moisture.

Fourth, *basements, or cellars.* The basements, or cellars, are often entirely under ground, the ceiling being a foot or two below the level of the street, and are necessarily far more damp, dark, and ill-ventilated than the rest of the house. Many of these are constantly occupied, and not infrequently used as lodging-rooms, having no communication with the external air save by the entrance, and the occupants being entirely dependent upon artificial light by day as well as by

night. In the lower streets of the city they are often subject to regular periodical flooding by tide-water, to the depth of from six to twelve inches, frequently so as to keep the children in bed until ebb-tide.

Fifth, *deficient drainage*. A large number of tenements have no connection with the common sewer, and no provision for drainage but surface gutters, by which all the house slops are conducted across or immediately beneath the sidewalk into the street gutter, where, from lack of the proper grade, they remain stagnant and putrefying during the summer, and during the winter freeze and turn the flow into the cellars. Indeed, at all seasons, much of the fluid matter deposited by the tenants in the yards makes its way into the cellars, and it is by no means exceptional to find entire blocks of houses where the cellars are constantly flooded to a greater or lesser extent from this cause. In other instances, the flow from the different sinks and wash-basins on the successive floors is conducted by pipes, devoid of traps, to a common wooden drain of inadequate dimensions, running immediately beneath the basement floors of contiguous houses, and thence passing into the street sewer. The current through these drains is generally sluggish, frequently obstructed by accumulations of solid matter or by the decay and consequent breaking down of the drain itself. In the event of such accidents, collections of stagnant and offensive fluids take place beneath the basement floor, or in the cellar, if there be one; the whole house becomes permeated with a disagreeable stench, the cause of which is not discovered until sickness or intolerance of the odor leads to complaint and investigation. These drains are not infrequently furnished with ventilators, consisting of flues immediately connected with the interior of the drain, and thence passing up through the house, with openings in the various apartments, through which the gases resulting from the decomposition below are diffused. The lack of proper traps gives rise to the same difficulty,—the exhalations from the stagnant contents of the drain finding their way up through the waste-pipes into the halls and rooms.

Such, with the occasional absence of Croton water, and the frequent lack of fire-escapes, are the most prominent faults of construction in New York tenement-houses.

Evils of the second class, arising from overcrowding and neglect, are, accumulations of garbage and filth of every description in the yards and cellars; filthy halls, stairways, and rooms, leaky roofs, and broken windows. All these aggravate the results of faults of construction, and render these dwellings unfit for habitation.

To the filthy habits of the occupants, and especially to the indifference of the owners, are due in great measure the origin and continuance of these terrible sources of disease. Some of these tenements are owned by persons of the highest social position, but who fail to appreciate the responsibility which rests upon them. They are frequently entirely ignorant of the condition of their property; and either trust its care to an agent, who of course feels still less responsibility, and whose duty it is in the main so to manage the property as to make it productive of the greatest pecuniary advantage to his employer, or they lease it to "middle men," as they are called, who have no interest in it except its immediate profits, and who destroy even its original ventilation, and aggravate its defects, by dividing the rooms into smaller ones, and crowding three or four families into space hardly sufficient for one.

The latter is not unfrequently the case with houses not originally intended for tenement-houses, but which are abandoned private residences, arranged for the accommodation simply of one family. The "middle men" hire these old houses for a term of years from the owner, who is glad to get rid of them until he is ready to tear them down and improve the property, while meantime it is not for his interest nor that of the lessee to make improvements or repairs.

Disease, especially in the form of fevers of a typhoid character, was constantly present in these dwellings, and every now and then became epidemic in one or more of them. In one it was found that twenty cases of typhus had occurred during the preceding year. In the summer of 1866, tenement-houses were the first resting-place and the permanent abode of cholera.

The effort to ameliorate or remedy these evils has been by far the most difficult labor of the Board; the more so because of their strong tendency to recur, and, unless watched with

unceasing vigilance, to become as rife and malignant as ever. But the landlords and owners of tenement-houses have been roused to co-operation with the Board, and already a great change has been effected in the condition of such dwellings.

The custom of erecting a front and rear tenement-house on a single lot should be discontinued. The front houses might then be made deeper, and yet leave sufficient space between them and abutting houses from the next street to allow of proper provision for ventilation and light.

To improve the ventilation and light of existing tenement-houses, several plans are feasible which involve comparatively moderate expense. To ventilate and light the halls, the hall bedrooms at one end on each floor may be dispensed with, thus giving the halls the benefit of the windows. Into the halls thus improved a moderate-sized window, three feet square, should be cut from the dark bedrooms which have no opening save the door from the dwelling-rooms. In most of the New York tenement-houses these windows have now been introduced, and are of great value.

We desire to invite especial attention to a plan suggested by the engineer of the Board of Health, which is not only admirably adapted to purposes of ventilation and light, but at the same time secures the safety of tenants in case of fire. This plan is, to do away altogether with the present stairway, and substitute one in a tower separate from and in the rear of the houses, and connected with them by a bridge at each story, protected by a suitable railing or sheathing. The space now occupied by the stairway is to be left vacant, and a large ventilator and skylight placed in the roof immediately over the successive openings thus left in the floors of the different stories: these openings also to be surrounded by a proper railing or high sheathing. It is a well-known fact, that, when fire breaks out in a tenement-house, the stairway is often the first thing destroyed, and, except in the rare instances where iron ladders have been attached outside the house, the tenants are entirely cut off from escape.

So many terrible casualties have occurred from this cause, that the demand is certainly most imperative for some change which shall secure greater safety to the thousands who must

necessarily live in these tenement-houses, and who are themselves powerless to make any provision for their own protection. There are in New York thousands of these houses, many of them models in other respects, where there is absolutely no possibility of escape for the tenants in the upper stories, should a fire break out at night in the lower, and not be speedily extinguished. Many are so much higher than the adjacent buildings, that a fire-escape leading out upon the roof is of no avail, and, as we have already stated, the provision of external iron ladders is very exceptional.

The adoption of outside staircases, as advocated by Mr. Worthen, would thus seem to obviate, so far as can be done by construction, many of the remediable evils attaching to the tenant-house system. It would afford ample light and free ventilation to the halls and rooms. It would greatly diminish the risk of death by fire, and would afford opportunity, by means of the tower, of placing the sinks and other similar appointments outside the body of the house, and thus relieve the latter of one great source of infection. This plan has in its essential features been adopted in several first-class tenements, and is very successful, more so than any other we have seen. In these cases the tower is built directly against the rear of the house, and contains, besides the staircase, the sinks and all those appurtenances of a dwelling-house which are the most prolific sources of disease. Where there are front and rear houses, both may be connected with one tower situated between the two.

In the case of two dark bedrooms opening from one dwelling-room, a window should be cut between the two. In addition to this window, the bedrooms should be ventilated by shafts running to the roof, with a separate flue for each room, as otherwise the foul air from the rooms below would enter those above. This plan is carried out in the best tenements, and is very successful.

To remedy defective drainage, it is only necessary that the plumbing of the house should be on the proper plan, especially with reference to traps, the importance of which is now fully recognized by architects; and where there are no sewers, that the grading of the yards and the surface gutters should be faithfully attended to.

A proper system of construction, however, will of itself be of no avail in tenement-houses, unless accompanied by constant watchfulness. Rooms will be overcrowded; windows and doors will be persistently closed; apertures for ventilation will be stuffed with rags; refuse matters will be thrown into the sinks, clogging the waste-pipes, and destroying the efficiency of the plumbing, however perfect; drains will be broken and obstructed; filth will accumulate in the cellars and halls; periodical scrubbing and whitewashing, a most essential measure, will be neglected; the walls will become foul and saturated with the various exhalations of crowded rooms; and the model tenement-house will soon become as unwholesome as the worst.

Reform in this matter can, in our opinion, be made permanent only by forcing upon the owners of such property the responsibility of its management. Weekly, or, if desirable, more frequent inspections of every tenement-house, from garret to cellar, should be made by the owner or other competent authority, who should exact from each tenant strict compliance with such rules as are necessary to the salubrity of a dwelling; and any tenant who persists in living in a manner detrimental to the health of his neighbors should no longer be allowed to remain. Such a system would soon improve the habits of the tenants; and the certainty of a weekly inspection would at least secure a vigorous cleansing at those times, which of itself would prevent the terrible accumulations of filth which are now a disgrace to so many landlords. A competent housekeeper should also reside on or near the premises, whose duty it should be to keep the halls, sinks, and other portions of the house used in common by the tenants clean and in repair. It is in a great measure due to the neglect of these reasonable precautions that so much labor and expense are entailed upon the public for sanitary measures.

These remarks on the subject of tenement-houses are not theoretical, but express the results of observation of the reforms which have been actually carried out in New York during the last two years.

In addition to this greatest source of peril to the health of the city, the neglected condition of the dwellings of the

laboring classes, there were establishments for slaughtering animals, for the melting of fat, for the various processes for utilizing the different kinds of offal, for the manufacture of fertilizing agents, and the preparation of chemicals, besides numbers of crowded and filthy cow-stables, hog-yards, and other nuisances of minor character, which together presented such an array of evils as made it a matter of considerable difficulty to decide where and how to begin the work of reform.

But far more appalling than the magnitude of the material labor before the Board was the apathy which possessed the minds of those who were the more immediate sufferers from these nuisances, and the sullen, but obstinate, opposition of those to whom they had long been a source of profit.

Accustomed for years to the undisturbed possession of what they considered, or pretended to consider, their rights, this latter class stigmatized as tyranny and usurpation every effort to abate the causes of physical disease and moral degradation; while those in whom long-continued submission had engendered a lethargic content were, in many instances, almost equally ready to join in resistance to any measure which would tend to disturb them in their habitual mode of life.

To herd human beings in buildings and rooms almost devoid of ventilation, and without the commonest provision for cleanliness or even decent privacy, to crowd them into dark, damp cellars, to lodge them in subterranean dormitories where not a ray of sunlight nor a breath of fresh air ever penetrated, and to allow these dwellings from year to year to accumulate filth and infection from this dense mass of humanity without an effort at renovation, was, in very many cases, the alleged inalienable right of a property-holder.

To carry on a business or manufacture, in the midst of a dense population, the processes of which resulted in the corruption of the atmosphere, thus undermining the health and destroying the lives of those whom poverty debarred from escape, was also a practice which long-continued indulgence had transformed into a fancied right.

To use the public streets as common receptacles for refuse and filth of every description, and to leave the foul mass there to putrefy and load the air with its poisonous exhalations, was,

in some parts of the city, a practice so universal and popular, that to prevent it was to take away one of the first privileges of a citizen.

We mention these matters merely to show how comparatively easy it is to discover and appreciate the causes of deterioration in the public health, and theoretically to devise measures for their removal, and yet how difficult, and at times almost discouraging, it is to effectually apply the remedy.

The aim of the Metropolitan Board of Health from the beginning was to do its work with a gentle, though firm hand. It was at once apparent that to be successful it must be cautious, and that very often, although the object to be gained might be distinctly recognized from the first, its accomplishment must be reached by slow approaches, lest by too impetuous an attack a recoil should be the result, and the popular support, upon which the ultimate usefulness of the Board must rest, should be lost.

A people long accustomed to order their lives, each individual in his own way, without reference to those about him, cannot all at once be brought to see the benefit of a measure which shall subordinate personal advantage to the general good.

To any measure of this sort the people must be educated. They must be led by their own observation to believe in it. They must be given time, from step to step, to see in what direction the work is tending, and to discern that each individual will in the end enjoy far greater benefits when all shall so live as to contribute to the public welfare.

Trite as these observations are, the principle which they set forth is not always appreciated. In the early days of the Metropolitan Board of Health, there were many of its friends who grew very impatient at what they regarded its timidity, and called upon it, now that it had the power, to use it vigorously, and sweep away at once the evils which it was created to remove.

Happily the Board was guided by wiser counsels. It began by inviting conferences, by appealing to the citizens generally, and especially to such as were principally engaged in avocations which were in some of their results objectionable, to meet with

the Board and advise as to the best method of obviating the existing difficulties.

These conferences, although by no means always successful in reconciling the parties interested to the proposed changes, and in preventing the necessity for subsequent coercive measures, were still of great advantage, in showing to the public generally that the Board had no disposition to use its powers in any unnecessarily arbitrary manner, but, on the contrary, were ready to accord the fullest respect to the rights of every citizen, and so to accomplish the reforms which it was its duty to insist upon as to entail the least possible pecuniary loss or other embarrassment to any individual or class.

A notable instance was the conference with the butchers. Private slaughter-houses of every size and description, some two hundred in number, were scattered through the most populous portions of the city, and especially those chiefly occupied by tenement-houses.

The evil influence of these establishments upon the public health was very decided, not only from the filthy and neglected condition of many of them, but from the defilement of the streets through which the cattle had to be driven, and the constant necessity of carting offal and other offensive accumulations through the city, as well as the corruption of the atmosphere from the crowding together of heated and travel-worn animals in small, confined yards and pens. The constant bellowing of the footsore and homesick cattle, the ceaseless moaning and bleating of the calves and sheep, and the squealing and grunting of the pigs, disturbed and indeed oftentimes entirely destroyed the sleep of the occupants of the surrounding tenements, which were filled with the laboring classes, who could ill afford to be thus robbed of their natural rest. There was no cause for hesitation or delay as to the proper action to be taken regarding these places. The bitter and universal complaints of the throngs of work-people who filled the lofty tenements that overlooked and received the exhalations from these establishments, — their stifling rooms, which were frequently found by the sanitary inspectors with every window closed, especially in hot weather, lest the ingress of noisome odors and swarms of flies should render them untenantable, —

the sickly and vicious children, rendered so by the noxious effluvia and the brutalizing exhibitions of the slaughter-pen, — all pointed with a significance which none could reasonably deny to the expulsion of these nuisances from the city. That this should be the ultimate disposal of them was the early determination of the Board; but as the change would involve serious modifications, on the part of the butchers, in the method of conducting their business, it was deemed best to lay the matter fairly before them, and, if possible, gain their co-operation.

A call was accordingly issued for a meeting of all persons interested in the slaughtering of animals, to consider with the Board the question of the removal of the whole business beyond the city limits. A large concourse of butchers responded to this call.

The views of the Board were laid before them, and a free interchange of opinion was invited. An animated discussion ensued. It was declared by the butchers that the two hundred private slaughter-houses scattered through the city, with their daily and nightly contributions of noxious gases above ground, and of putrid blood and offal to the sewers below, were the necessary and only means for supplying the citizens of New York with meat. In the light of the experience of Paris and London this needed no refutation; yet the butchers remained determined to hold to the existing plan, if possible. But the very publicity of their avowal, and the display of selfishness in their arguments, proved of great advantage to the Board. Showing as it did to the public that these nuisances, the evil effects of which had long been generally recognized, were by no means necessarily incident to a great city, as the proprietors claimed, there was at once a general indorsement of the proposed action of the Board, and throughout the entire year of injunctions, suits, and vexatious contests which followed, to the final banishment of the business of slaughtering from the populous portions of the city, the commission received the cordial sympathy and encouragement of all classes of the community, save that alone which would be temporarily incommoded by the change.

The erection of ample slaughter-houses upon the outskirts of the city, immediately upon the water, provided with every

facility for cleanliness and decorum, and efficient means for utilizing hides, hoofs, horns, bones, blood, and offal upon the spot, before the commencement of putrefaction, is fast adding the evidence of this city to that of the cities of the Old World, that public *abattoirs*, under public inspection, insure the best meat-supply, and at the cheapest rates.

The experience of the Board was similar with reference to the nuisance arising out of the process by which the illuminating gas was purified at the various manufactories, — a process which resulted in periodically deluging the city, especially in the upper portions, with sulphuretted hydrogen gas. This, too, had been bitterly complained of, but had been regarded as necessarily attaching to this mode of lighting the city. Representatives of the different gas companies were therefore assembled at the chambers of the Board, when, after considerable discussion, it appeared that the continuance of this offensive method of purification was a measure, not of necessity, but simply of economy to the manufacturer. This once clearly demonstrated, the mere pressure of public opinion so strengthened the hands of the Board, that this most grievous nuisance was abated with but little exercise of authority on their part. Here was a business which none could deny was certainly most important to the city, and yet the brilliancy of its results was dimmed, and the enjoyment of its benefits grievously impaired, by the penetrating and disgusting odors which accompanied one of its essential processes. The purification of the crude coal gas was accomplished by passing it through immense chambers filled with lime. This lime absorbed, that is, took up and mechanically held within its substance, the impurities, which consisted chiefly of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, the most offensive of all gases. At certain regular intervals the lime became saturated with the gas, when it was necessary to empty the purifying chambers, and renew the lime. Then came the nuisance. The lime, surcharged with the noxious constituents of the crude gas, as soon as it was removed from the confinement of the close tank, evolved clouds of the noisome sulphuretted hydrogen, which floated over the city, poisoning the atmosphere, and penetrating the houses in spite of the most prompt and careful closing of every window and door.

When the question of abating this nuisance was first agitated, the reply was, that there was no remedy: the city must either be in darkness, or pay this dreadful penalty for light. The alternative, however, was not accepted. The subject was fully investigated, and a satisfactory result soon reached. The process of purification was changed, and the trouble disappeared. It was ascertained, that, by the use of oxide of iron instead of lime, the offensive elements of the crude gas were chemically destroyed, entering into combination with the iron, instead of being merely held mechanically, as with the lime. The requisite substitution was made, and the gas companies still continue to illumine the city, without contributing their former liberal share to the corruption of its atmosphere.

Very many other manufactures are essential to the maintenance of a populous community, which, if conducted in improper situations or without the proper appliances, are most prolific sources of disease. Many such attracted the early notice of the Board, — for example, fat-melting, the utilization of various kinds of offal, and the manufacture of fertilizing agents from refuse bones and other material.

The deleterious effect of these processes upon the public health was frequently and strenuously denied, on the ground that the employees in the manufactures were healthy, that no specific disease in the neighborhood could be traced to emanations from the establishments, and sometimes even that chemistry itself failed to detect in the fumes any substance directly injurious to any organ or function of the human body. A little reflection will show the sophistry of these arguments. The fact that men and women may by long and constant habit become inured to the presence of offensive gases is no proof that they are innocuous to those who are unaccustomed to them. Nor is it necessary that any specific disease shall result to prove their deleterious character. That they lower the general tone of the system, disturb digestion, and impair the healthful and pleasurable exercise of all the functions of the body, is, even more than the production of a definite and recognizable form of disease, a reason for condemning and prohibiting their continuance. This radical course, however, is frequently found to be unnecessary. The advance of science, and

improvements in apparatus, have rendered it possible to conduct almost any process, however offensive and unwholesome the gases resulting therefrom may be, in such a manner as to cause no pollution of the surrounding atmosphere. Thus it is with the business of fat-melting, which two years since was carried on in New York very extensively in large open kettles, the foul steam from which, loaded with organic matter frequently in a putrid condition, escaped in dense volumes into the streets, and was borne by the wind over wide and populous districts, compelling the inhabitants to close every window and door, and endure the confined and heated air of their own apartments, rather than the intolerable stench from the outside. When the nuisance was attacked by the Board, the reply was, that these odors were the unavoidable results of a business essential to the life of the city, and must be submitted to; and it was only after a long and hot contest in the courts that the Board was finally sustained in its order that no fat-melting should be permitted at any factory until the apparatus employed should be so modified as to prevent the escape of any offensive odors into the external air. This prohibition at once caused a change in the whole business; and the prompt substitution of the steam tank for the open kettle completely abated one of the foulest nuisances with which the city was afflicted, and that not only without really damaging the interests of the fat-melters, but, on the contrary, permanently benefiting them. This business is carried on today as extensively as it was two years ago; but now the offensive vapor, instead of rising from the large open caldrons, and escaping unhindered into the air, is conducted from the tight tank in which it is generated, through a pipe, into a condenser, whence, in a liquid form, it passes beneath the factory and is discharged into the street sewer.

Such was the course pursued, not only with reference to nuisances of this general character, but also in dealing with those of more limited influence. No individual has ever been compelled to change the mode of conducting his business, or alter the condition of his premises, without an opportunity being first offered him of personally appearing before the Board or some responsible officer of it, and showing cause why an order

on the subject should be modified or rescinded. In very many instances the execution of an order has been stayed, on the representation by the party upon whom it was served that its delay or modification would enable him to protect himself from undue damage without causing the public to suffer in consequence.

This deference to the rights of every citizen, combined with a firm enforcement of its regulations, has been the stronghold of the Commission. At first the visits of the sanitary inspectors were looked upon with distrust and suspicion; but as it became evident that their investigations and reports were made with strict regard to private rights, and in a spirit of justice, with no partisan ends in view, or reference to anything but the true merits of the case, the manner of their reception changed, and later, as the results of their visits began to appear in the relief of suffering, and the removal of sources of discomfort and disease, the change was still more marked. While in the early days of their work information was given to these officers most grudgingly, and the materials for their reports were obtained only after the most disagreeable and sometimes dangerous experiences, now they are welcomed, and treated with all respect and courtesy.

Undoubtedly, during the first year of the existence of this department of the metropolitan government, the presence of cholera, with the vague dread which it inspired, had a powerful influence in recommending the measures adopted by the Board. When it became evident that the pestilence had actually reached the country, and was searching out the places where congenial surroundings should add to its power and promote its development, the efforts of the Board to anticipate its progress, and destroy everything that could nourish its strength, were warmly seconded, and an occasional summary exercise of authority was applauded; and it was in this emergency only that peremptory orders were issued and promptly executed.

The course of the epidemic corroborated the evidence which the history of previous ones had invariably afforded, namely, that tenement-houses offered by far the most favorable fields for the development and spread of the disease. The first victim was an occupant of one in a conspicuously insalubrious

condition, and its immediate evacuation by order of the Board, and its prompt cleansing and disinfection, were followed by entire immunity throughout the season, although the occupants were allowed to return after a few days. This action, arbitrary and usurping as it might seem, was cheerfully acquiesced in by the owner of the property, and the expenses attending it were defrayed without complaint. During the prevalence of the epidemic, each new case was treated in a similar manner, and even all the houses in the vicinity of the one infected were subjected to precautionary measures without giving rise in any instance to serious complaint.

In all cases disinfectants were promptly and freely used, though necessarily at first in a somewhat experimental manner, owing to a lack of accurate knowledge as to the peculiar power of disinfectants, the exact quantity required, the time for which it was necessary to subject articles to their action, and other practical details. It was therefore frequently thought best to burn soiled articles, especially beds, lest the disinfection should be slow or imperfect.

A great variety of manufactured and patent disinfectants were brought before the Board or the superintendent. Many of these were of but little value, while those which were thought worthy of a trial were invariably found to depend for their efficacy upon the preponderance in them of some one or more of the well-known and long-tried disinfectants. A large quantity of chloride of lime, carbolic acid, sulphate of iron, and permanganate of potassa was therefore purchased, — all of them articles which abundant experience in hospitals civil and military, and in private practice, had proved to be most effectual for ordinary disinfection, and the recent use of which abroad had given evidence of a probable efficacy in arresting the progress of cholera. Measures were at once adopted for the constant use of these agents, and a plan was put in force by which every case of cholera that could be discovered should be promptly investigated, the patient cared for, and every possible advantage derived from disinfection. All persons were called upon to give intelligence at once, at the nearest police precinct station, of any case of supposed cholera coming under their notice. The officer in charge of the station-house was to

notify the nearest sanitary inspector, and it became the duty of the latter immediately to investigate the case, report its true character by telegraph to the central office, and render such professional aid, and, in cases proving to be cholera, direct such measures for preventing the spread of the disease, as might be necessary. The office of the superintendent was constantly open, and four inspectors were detailed for extra duty at night and on Sunday, two of them being at the office on alternate nights and Sundays. It was the duty of these officers to attend to any cases which might become known to them directly, or which might be referred to them from a precinct station-house, when the officer in charge there had failed to find an inspector close at hand. It was also their duty to send disinfectants, when necessary.

Under the direction of the Board, a disinfecting depot and laboratory were established in a building adjacent to the central office. The depot was placed under the immediate charge of a competent druggist. Several assistants were employed; and a sufficient number of horses and light covered wagons were purchased, and kept in a neighboring stable, ready for use at any moment.

The laboratory was in constant operation for experiments in the use and combination of various disinfectants, and the men were instructed in their proper and faithful application. The officer in charge and his men lodged in the building; and the latter were organized into various squads or reliefs, for duty in successive portions of the twenty-four hours. This duty, as the season advanced, became very laborious, and often hazardous.

The men were constantly visiting infected districts, entering the houses, and handling the bedding and clothes of cholera patients; they were obliged to disinfect all bodies of those who had died of cholera, and frequently to place them in coffins and remove them to the morgue. The process of disinfection consisted in putting sulphate of iron, either in saturated solution, or dry, if used in wet places, wherever infectious matter had been deposited. All bedding and clothing soiled or used by the patient was boiled for two hours in a solution of permanganate of potassa, of the

strength of one ounce to five gallons of water, and then taken out and re-boiled in pure water. For purifying the atmosphere of the room without incommoding the patient, chlorine was gradually set free by adding sulphuric acid to a mixture of binoxide of manganese and chloride of sodium (common salt). In addition to these measures, chloride of lime or Labarraque's solution of chlorinated soda was scattered freely over the floors of the rooms and halls of the house. Dead bodies were washed in a solution of chloride of lime or chlorinated soda, and then packed in the coffins with chloride of lime.

A large quantity of common lime and charcoal-dust was purchased, and used in the general disinfection of filthy localities, without reference to the occurrence of cholera. A number of horses and carts were hired, with a sufficient number of men to furnish each cart with one helper besides the driver, to distribute this material. The plan adopted was to pass through each street in the filthy parts of the city once a week, and in some instances twice, and sprinkle the disinfectants freely along the gutters and through the alleys and yards, and deposit a certain amount in each garbage-box and foul cellar. Now and then a few cart-loads of sulphate of iron and chloride of lime were used in the worst places. At first the inhabitants misunderstood the proceeding, but it soon became popular and received their hearty co-operation.

Additional instructions were issued to the sanitary inspectors "to immediately investigate any case of supposed cholera reported to them at any hour by any officer of the Metropolitan Police, to do what might be immediately necessary professionally, and give instructions as to the proper method of obtaining medical attendance from the dispensaries, or, if the case required it, of gaining admission to hospital, and to furnish the necessary certificate." They were at once to decide what was requisite in the way of disinfection; and if the parties were able to procure and employ the necessary articles themselves, to give them detailed instructions regarding the same, and make a reinspection of the premises six hours later to ascertain if their instructions had been carried out. In any case where the parties were unable to procure and employ the necessary articles,

the inspector was to apply at the nearest police station, and, through the officer in charge, telegraph to the office of the superintendent that disinfection was required at such premises, giving the street, number, and room accurately. It was his duty then to reinspect after six hours and ascertain whether the proper measures had been taken, and to report his action at the office of the superintendent, in person, by telegraph, or in writing.

The sanitary inspectors kept watch of every case of cholera investigated by them until either recovery or death took place, and then promptly reported the result to the superintendent,— in writing, if recovery, by telegraph, if death. The inspectors in the country districts were instructed to "forward to the office of the superintendent a written report upon each case of supposed cholera investigated by them, whether proved to be genuine or not, within twenty-four hours subsequent to said investigation." The inspectors also made thorough examination of premises where any cases of cholera occurred, and visited every family residing on or near such premises, inquiring carefully for any premonitory symptoms resembling those of cholera, and, on finding such, giving advice, and, if necessary, treatment. This investigation extended through the whole block, and as much farther as the situation and circumstances required. These visits were repeated from time to time during the week or two following the occurrence of any case, so as either to make sure that no second case was to appear, or, in the event of such appearance, to meet it promptly.

The practical application of disinfectants was soon reduced to a simple system, which was followed in every case, and with apparently satisfactory results. Whenever a despatch was received at the central office that disinfection was needed at any house, men of the disinfectant corps, with a wagon loaded with the requisite material, were at once sent to the spot. The officers and men of the police force were prompt in their cooperation, and the disinfecting men were usually at their work on the premises within an hour from the time at which the despatch was forwarded from the station-house.

The plan of disinfection thus described gave entire satisfac-

tion as regards clothing and other immediate surroundings of the patient; but frequently the recurrence of successive cases in tenement-houses showed that the power of such measures was too limited, and at an early date general fumigation of such buildings was resorted to, either with chlorine or sulphurous-acid gas. The process was this. All tenants were removed from the house, being allowed to take out nothing more than the clothing then upon them. All the windows and chimneys were closed. The gas was then set free in quantity, — if chlorine, by the addition of sulphuric acid to chloride of lime, — if sulphurous acid, by the burning of sulphur in large open pans supported by long iron legs. The men employed commenced the process on the upper floors, and descended, leaving the pans in operation on the different floors, and finally closed the street-door. The house thus filled with the gas was left undisturbed from eight to twelve hours. It was then opened and freely aired, and finally the tenants were allowed to reoccupy.

After the subsidence of cholera, the plan of disinfection and cleansing was continued, though with less magnitude of apparatus, and applied to houses where the existence of fever of an infectious character was discovered, or the condition of which was found to be such as to impair the health of the occupants.

The practice thus instituted and submitted to under the fear of contagion became, by an easy transition, a permanent custom. The tenement-houses, as well as other premises likely to be detrimental to the public health, remained constantly under the strict supervision of the Board, and subject to its authority, until, at the assembling of the Legislature in 1867, new and more extensive powers were given to the Board, and a tenement-house law was passed, which it is hoped will establish on a permanent basis improvements which might otherwise be but temporary.

The control of small-pox by periodical inspections of all public schools and other educational institutions, and the vaccination of the inmates, we need not dwell upon, and will only mention in passing.

There is still great necessity for the regulation of occupations injurious to health, such as those followed by needle-women, tailors, bakers, printers, etc., whose work-rooms are generally

crowded and ill-ventilated, and whose modes of life, induced by the conditions under which they earn their livelihood, are in a high degree conducive to disease, especially consumption.

In several of the suits that the Board has been engaged in, having reference to the abatement of nuisances consisting of offensive odors, the question has been mooted as to what particular odors are and what are not detrimental to health. We are convinced that the only consistent and philosophical position on this question is, that all odors are detrimental to health, — that is, that unadulterated atmospheric air is best adapted to preserve all the organs in a perfectly healthful condition, and that anything which impairs the absolute purity of the atmosphere must of necessity be deleterious.

When, however, we consider the conditions under which a great city exists, the multitudinous necessities which attach to its traffic and its growth, we cannot expect that the atmosphere which pervades it shall be absolutely pure; still, we must not lose sight of the principle that the odors which attend on the various life of the city are so many warnings of danger, and that it is incumbent upon us to watch jealously these warnings, and see to it that they do not reach an intensity beyond that demanded by actual necessity.

The vast multitudes that throng the avenues of a metropolis, whose thoroughfares are bounded on either side by lofty warehouses or dwellings, whose streets are tunnelled with sewers, the contents of which, made up of all the various *débris* of the growth and decay of the community, are poured into the rivers that wash its shores, whose buildings are illumined with gas, the manufacture of which must be carried on either within or close upon the city precincts, whose wharves are crowded with vessels from every foreign port, and whose population is made up in great measure of the surplus of every country of the Old World, cannot expect to breathe the bracing air of the mountains or the sea-shore. But they can expect, and should demand, that the impurities be reduced to the minimum that unavoidably attaches to the prosperity and progress of the city. To reach this point is the aim of the Metropolitan Board of Health.

Edward B. Dalton, M. D.

Art. II. — The Church and Religion.

The student of history finds in every period two diverging and frequently opposing currents of thought in respect to religion, and those institutions intended for its support which are classed under the generic name of The Church. Without intending to criticise either of them by an appellation, one may be called the current of authority, the other of liberty. One is the expression of the tendency of the mind toward form, and the influence upon it of tradition, exhibited in creed, dogma, and superstition; the other of its search for reality, simplicity, and independence of external control. In the past, the former has been the wider, and has seemed to be the stronger current; at the present day the latter has a growing force.

"If we begin," says a writer in a recent number of the "Pall Mall Gazette," "by considering the Church as it was when it emerged from the Dark Ages, and was completing the conversion of the Northern barbarians, we cannot fail to see that it was then the great representative of whatever light and knowledge there was in the world. The clergy were, and were felt to be, the natural and rightful moral and intellectual leaders of the human race; nor need it be denied, that, though the spirit of their rule was as narrow as was to be expected from the state of knowledge in those times, it was on the whole highly beneficial. How the clergy failed to keep pace with the growth of knowledge,—how they quarrelled amongst themselves as to the true character of the revelation of which they claimed to be the keepers,—how the laity took part in the quarrel, and examined into their credentials, and with what results,—how that part of human life which was to be regarded as the spiritual province of affairs was gradually narrowed, and the part which was to be regarded as the temporal province was gradually enlarged, are the principal subjects of modern history, the whole of which must be denied to be true by any one who really maintains, that, taken as a whole, the clerical view of life has been gaining, and the temporal view of life losing ground."

It is true, indeed, that the sacerdotal view, as it may be

called, of religion, and of the office of the Church, was never more ardently professed, and never more vigorously asserted, than it is in some quarters to-day. The Papal Encyclical of the 8th of December, 1864, and the accompanying Syllabus of opinions and doctrines which "are altogether reprobated, proscribed, and condemned," afford probably the most extreme instance of the extent of the claims now put forward by the adherents to the principle of authority in matters of religion. The 15th Article of the Syllabus condemns as a pernicious heresy the proposition, that "Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion which he, guided by the light of reason, shall believe to be true." The 24th Article denounces the error, that "The Church has not the right to employ force"; a subsequent Article — the 47th — denies that "Science ought to be exempt from ecclesiastical authority"; while the last Article of all reprobates the notion, that the Church "ought to reconcile itself and compromise with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." The whole Syllabus is, indeed, a denunciation of the principles most efficient in the progress of the world, and on which existing society is founded.

The doctrines thus affirmed are not mere empty words; they are accepted by every genuine member of the Roman Church as truths necessary for salvation. Nor is the Papacy short-sighted in issuing what might seem a defiance *à l'outrance* to the enlightenment of society. Under this war-cry it gathers to its banners a host of zealots and enthusiasts, whose spirits are raised to the highest pitch by the sense of the impracticability of a peaceful composition with their opponents.

Thus, in a volume of Essays written by members of the Roman Church in England, and edited by Archbishop Manning, which was published a few months since, and may properly be considered as an authoritative exposition of the opinions and temper of a large body of the most enlightened and devoted Catholics, we find much that indicates their absolute subjection to the doctrines of the Encyclical.

"The Church," says one of these writers, "we must never forget, is our infallible guide, not in faith only, but in morals also; and every single proposition of which right or wrong is the predicate is under her direct jurisdiction." (p. 90.)

And again: "The foul poison of worldliness has, ever since the Fall, overspread the whole moral world; and our one security from its infection is to sit ever at the Church's feet, and listen to her voice, and make her utterances *our one test and measure of human morality.*" (p. 94.)

"To speculation," says another of these essayists, "the Church leaves within the limits of the Christian domain a wide and open space to move about in at will. To step over these boundaries is not liberty, but license; it leads not to knowledge, but to confusion,—to darkness, and not to light. Hers is the hand *to appoint the paths and the boundaries*, hers the controlling will, and hers the infallible judgment to allow the more or the less, to separate the sound from the unsound, *to define the true or the false*. Her infallibility is man's security; it is not so much a yoke to the will as a light to the reason." (p. 473.)

It would not be difficult to find among recent writers belonging to various branches of Protestantism expressions which, though different in terms from those we have just cited, are not less absolute in the assertion of the existence of an infallible authority to which the intellect should be subjected in matters of religion, and of the necessity to salvation of the acceptance of certain doctrines or dogmas.

The revival of the sacerdotal spirit, which is to be remarked in America as well as in Europe, is in fact a protest of the churches against the growing force, not of scepticism or irreligion, but of religion independent of ecclesiastical formularies. It is an indication, on the part of the churches of all denominations, of a sense of common danger to their supremacy in the regulation of religion. The spirit of individual independence in religious no less and no otherwise than in secular affairs is gaining ground, and growing in distinctness and consistency; and as the natural effect, the sacerdotal spirit for the time gains in intensity and eagerness. It is vigorous, because put on its defence, and driven to its strongholds.

A complete statement of the historic causes of the decline in the power of creeds and churches would be a history of the intellectual development and social progress of modern times. But it is evident that two principles have been mainly instru-

mental, during the last century, in bringing about the existing condition of religious opinion, and it is difficult to say which has been most operative. It may perhaps be fair to assume that the decay of belief in creeds is due in large measure to the progress of science, and the application of the scientific method — the method of all true knowledge, that of induction from the facts of particular observation — to the investigation of religious truth; while the decline in the authority of the churches is due more especially to the progress of political liberty. Certain it is that the combined influence of these two principles upon the minds of enlightened men has wrought a change of which all are conscious in religious faith, opinion, and spirit, and one likely to produce results on human character and on social institutions which as yet can be but very imperfectly estimated.

That point of progress has now been reached, when, for the first time in the history of civilization, it is not only free to a man to believe what he likes, but safe for him to profess what he believes. The time has come when not only the right of free thought in matters of religion, no less than in other matters of speculation, is generally allowed in society, but the propriety of free expression is almost equally acknowledged. The position is unexampled, and marks a definite era in the advance of civilization. To put all opinions upon equal ground, so far as the right to hold and to express them is concerned, is the opening of a new order of things. "In modern times," said Hume, writing a hundred years ago, "parties in religion are more furious and enraged than the most cruel factions that ever rose from interest and ambition." But Hume's modern times are not ours. However active and bitter the spirit of intolerance may be in some quarters, or however "irritated prejudice may oppose the gentle advent of new truth," the general temper of society does not allow force or violence to be exerted to control opinion. The recognition of the inviolability of private judgment, and of the sanctity of individual belief, is gradually depriving parties in religion of their fury, and rendering their manners as accommodating as those of parties in politics. Even those sects that hold to a creed which, if logically followed out, would require the persecution of its adversaries, are com-

pelled by the very constitution of society to relinquish the hope of enforcing conformity, and gradually learn to partake of that charity which is the direct growth of freedom of thought. For the influence of this freedom is to liberate men from conceit of opinion, from prejudice, from subjection to narrow and exclusive modes of belief; and whatever may be the disposition of those who shrink from claiming freedom for themselves, and who would, if possible, deny it to others, the free-thinker or liberal in religion is required, if he would be consistent with his own principle, cheerfully to admit, not only the right of others to hold what opinions they may, but their equal claim to respectful treatment and moral equality.

The establishment of the principle of freedom of opinion has thus not only a direct influence to increase charity, but also to bring about the only conformity which is desirable or practicable among men, — a conformity of moral intention and aim. As men learn that agreement of opinion on speculative matters is neither to be enforced nor to be desired, their efforts become more and more directed to the accomplishment of the common ends the promotion of which is the main object of every form of religious faith, and to the development of that harmony which is the ideal of society. "To be still searching," as Milton says, "what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it, this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly divided minds."

But it is not to be supposed that the charity which freedom promotes is allied to indifference, or to carelessness concerning the truth, or to a low regard to the consequences of opinion upon the character and moral disposition. On the contrary, the widest charity for the opinions of others implies no want of just confidence in our own, or of zeal in maintaining them. It teaches us, however, the limits within which alone zeal is compatible with justice; it modifies the methods adopted for the propagation of opinion, and substitutes in controversy the armory of reason for the irrational weapons of force. Devotion to truth in freedom has a calming influence upon the temper, even in dealing with those who cling to what we esteem error

with a constancy such as truth alone has a right to claim, and who defend their convictions with a zeal which blinds them to the dictates of equity, and leads them to mistake pride of opinion for fidelity to principle.

In saying these things one runs the risk of seeming to rehearse truisms. But in such new conditions as those in which advanced religious thought now finds itself, there is need to enforce the application of truths which have been familiar in old relations, but which may be overlooked in their bearing upon present circumstances.

And there is the more need to enforce the grace of charity as the best expression and proof of liberty, from the fact that the actual triumph of freedom is the result of a long and bitter struggle, from the passions of which we have not yet fairly escaped. Liberty has been born of strife; and we, if not sore with wounds, are still covered with the dust of the battle, and still hot with the fight. And though liberty of thought is essential to the progress of religion, — nay, in a sense, even to the existence of true religion, — the possession of liberty is not to be esteemed as the absolute acquisition of truth, but only as the means by which the continual search after truth is secured, and as an indispensable condition of such partial acquisition of it as is alone competent to man.

Liberty substitutes the authority of the individual will, directed by sound reason, and enlightened by the moral culture which is implied in the very existence of free society, — liberty substitutes the authority of this enlightened and restrained will in place of every external authority of whatever claim or nature. But religion has been commonly, indeed is still commonly, regarded as embodied in the churches. Even in the Christian world the ecclesiastical interpretation of Christianity has been so generally accepted that it is difficult for the mass of men to separate their notions of the spiritual teachings of Christ from the great system of ecclesiastical dogma and tradition with which they have become invested. In the decline of the power of the churches, and in the rejection of their authority, many consequently see a rejection of the authority of religion itself. But this is far from being the case. On the contrary, the increased sense of personal responsibility, which is the direct effect of individual

freedom, leads rather to an increase of the religious sentiment. The formal religion of tradition and habit gives place to the vital religion, which is a new growth in each man's soul, and the expression of his sincere devotion to the object which he acknowledges to have absolute claim over the whole of his life.

The work which the Church (embracing under this generic name all its varieties) effected in past times for the progress of society, and for the maintenance of the religious spirit, was of inestimable worth. The authority of the Church was helpful to generations which were still in a childish period of development, as its authority is still helpful to that portion of society which partakes least in the general advance of intelligence, and consequently of capacity for intellectual freedom. And although the power of the Church is declining, it is still very strong even among the enlightened classes, through the influence not only of the sentiments which its history and pretensions are fitted to inspire, but of those tender and sacred feelings naturally connected with the office it fulfils, with the religious associations of childhood, with the habit of worship within its walls, and with its solemn and consecrated symbols and forms.

But so far as the most intelligent portion of society at the present day is concerned, the Church in its actual constitution is an anachronism. Much of the deepest and most religious life is led outside its walls; and there is a constant and steady increase in the numbers of those who not only find the claims of the Church inconsistent with spiritual liberty, but also find its services ill adapted to their wants, and regard it as failing to fulfil the most important functions which the constitution of modern society demands of it.

For the Church, ideally considered, has still a place second in importance to no other social institution; but it is hindered from occupying this place, not only by its claim to authority over the soul, and by the substitution of special systems of theology in place of the universal truths of religion, but by the vice inherent in its ancient constitution, and superstitiously transmitted to modern times, of sacerdotalism. This vice, which attaches to the most liberal scarcely less than to the most orthodox de-

nominations, steadily acts to diminish the value of the services of the Church, and its appropriateness to the existing conditions of intelligent moral, and intellectual life. The reason which once existed in the religious dogmas of Christendom for the elevation of the priesthood into a superior caste exists no longer, outside of the Roman faith; but the Church still centres around the priest, the clergyman, or the minister. Instead of realizing the idea of a community bound together, not by the constraining tie of a creed, but by interest in the pursuit of common ends under the guidance of religion, — a community in which each individual should bear a responsible part, — it becomes more and more a simple assemblage of persons gathered to go through with certain formal ceremonies, the chief of which consists in listening to a man who is seldom competent to teach.

The Church is now mainly an institution for occupying the leisure hours of Sunday with what is called religious services. Undoubtedly many churches engage in work outside the walls of the church edifice; but this work is rarely assumed to be necessary to the conception and existence of a church, and the functions of the pulpit are, at least in popular regard, its essential characteristic.

But even accepting this low conception of the object for which a church exists, the churches, with few exceptions, fail to secure its fulfilment in a satisfactory manner. The modes of nominal worship, and the forms of thought traditionally familiar in the pulpit, are for the most part ill adapted, from their conventionality, formalism, and actual, though unintentional, impiety, to produce a good effect, or to supply the spiritual needs of an intelligent community. To men whose religion is sincere, undogmatic, the result of serious personal experience and deliberate conviction, and to whom the fit expression of religious thought and sentiment seems one of the highest and most difficult of intellectual efforts, the perfunctory manner and loose thinking common in the pulpit are scarcely tolerable.

A writer in the London Spectator not long since gave the reasons why he did not go to church. They are such as influence many persons whose natures and lives are not less

religious than those of the most punctual attendants on church services. He says: —

"'Church,' as we use the word every week, implies an hour and a half of worship among other worshippers, and half an hour's steady listening to a sermon, bad, good, or indifferent. I dislike both, though not from the same reasons. Prayer is not only sacred to me as an exercise, but I believe in the Divine response to it with a strength which would compel Professor Tyndall to set me down as a fool; but public prayer is merely a disagreeable formality. I do not pray, and cannot pray, with the prayers. I want in prayer to think my own thoughts, and use my own words, and do both at my own time, and be, above all, truthful before the Almighty; not to plead to Him, for example, against sudden death, when I think it decidedly preferable to slow dying. The thoughts of those who framed the Missal, which we translated, are very noble thoughts, and I recognize their nobleness; but they are not my thoughts, — are not like my thoughts at the time when they are uttered. No thoughts could be, if I had to say them twice over under two different sets of mental circumstances; and to say them every week, under indefinitely changing pressures and experiences, gives me a feeling of hypocrisy. I have no objection to the services. Loftier ideas were never couched in words fitter to convey them; but when once learned by heart, their advantage for me is ended. They benefit as a psalm benefits, and I cannot pray a psalm. It is right to pray for all conditions of men, if I am feeling for all conditions of men at the moment; but if I am not, it is an act of hypocrisy for which I am morally greatly the worse, and I can never make my thought and the Prayer-Book thought run together. I am wanting to pray for more light when the congregation is singing the *Te Deum*. That emotion of worship which mere association with multitudes also worshipping produces in some men I cannot feel. I ought, it may be, but I do not, not being by nature gregarious. I could pray in an empty church, or one of the Continental cathedrals, which give the mind a sense of solitude; but not in a crowd, still less in a crowd emitting intermittent murmurs, least of all in a crowd not praying its own thoughts. Chapel is worse than church. The thought is not mine any more than before, and is

expressed in far inferior words. Of course, if I believed association in worship a duty, I should try to do it, however disagreeable; but I do not. The object of worship is to establish a closer relation with the Almighty; and as this object is not attained by me in attending any external service whatever, whether of prayer or praise or commemoration, I stay away. Other people go, and benefit, as other people go to public meetings and benefit; but why should I be required to feel gregarious worship healthful, any more than gregarious discussion?

"Then there is the sermon. As to worship, my feeling is, I imagine, individual, or so far individual that there is little sympathy to be hoped for or feared, the majority of human kind feeling the electric influence of association. But about the sermon I am about to state honestly what I believe thousands of men feel secretly. I dislike good sermons just as much as bad. It is not the length, or the feebleness, or the mannerism of the speech which annoys me, as it seems to annoy most men who write about sermons, but the speech itself. I do not want to be lectured even by a great lecturer. I object to the usual basis of the very best sermon ever delivered in a Christian church, — that I am a great sinner, come there to help to be saved. I am not. I am rather a good fellow, with a distinct purpose to lead a good life according to my lights, and a strong wish that it could be made, and I could be made, nobler and more efficient for the service of God and His creatures. If the preacher can help me towards that, I will go and hear him; but he never does, and never will do it. He tells me I have deserved hell, and shall have it, unless I go this way or that. I have not deserved anything of the kind; no decent bishop, who knew the whole truth, would inflict anything of the kind; my dearest friend would shrink with horror at the idea of imposing anything of the kind; and God is better than any bishop, more loving than any friend. I want to get nearer Him, not to escape a doom I do not believe in; and I cannot get nearer by assenting in external act to ideas I at heart reject. That eternal preaching of selfishness as the highest impulse offends and annoys me till every sermon does positive harm. Better starve to feed Bethnal Green, than

starve to be released one's self from all future sense of hunger. Then, be the preacher ever so good, he must, in each sermon, have one of three objects, — to state Christian doctrine, or illustrate Christian ethics, or warm his hearers' hearts towards Christ and God, — must be either theologic or moral or emotional. I do not want his theology. In nine cases out of ten, I know three times or thirty times as much theology as he does. No doubt, in the tenth case he can teach me; but he would not do it in a sermon intended for babes and sucklings. If he would give me information about the things which worry me, the doubts whether law is not irreversible, whether God be the author or the exponent of the law, whether virtue and vice are not mental phenomena, whether all that we say or seem be not 'a dream within a dream,' he might do me good; but he will not do it, — is perhaps right in not doing it. . . . . Emotional preaching ought to do me good, no doubt; but the simple truth is, it does n't. I am not warmed to religious feeling by a 'splendid sermon,' any more than I am warmed to political feeling by a splendid speech. It may be very wicked, but that is the simple truth. You might as well ask a deaf man to tremble under Handel's 'Israel.' I belong to the Englishmen of the day. I have been trained all my life to dissect eloquence, and distrust sentiment, and dislike unction; and the training tells on eloquence in the pulpit just as much as eloquence in the forum. I can no more be made into a Christian by Mr. Spurgeon than into a Radical by Mr. Bright. There is conceit in all that, bad conceit; but then, if every man said his thought, would not every man seem conceited?"

It is evident that this writer's objections apply mainly to the Church as represented by the clergyman, and regarded as an institution for maintaining certain definite doctrines, and for supporting stated devotional exercises. This is no doubt in great measure the true character of the existing Church, and it is no slight misfortune alike to religion and to society that it should be so. The churches of the present day fulfil but a very small part of the legitimate functions of a church in society. They have no proper relation of sympathy with the intelligence of the community. Its morality, no less than its religion, is in great measure independent of them. Habitual

attendance on church services, or even church membership, as it is called, affords no assurance of improvement in character or of advance in the religious life.

Worship, the highest act of religion, is one of the professed objects for which the churches exist. But the worth of worship depends on its sincerity, — on its being the genuine expression of the spirit of the individual. Whatever conventionalizes or formalizes the act is an injury to the integrity of the spiritual nature. To go through with the forms of worship, to profess to call upon God, if one is repeating words without a corresponding emotion, is an act of impiety; the windmill prayers of Thibet are to be preferred. It is not to be disputed that in all churches, of whatsoever name, and whatever be the forms they adopt, there is a tendency hardly to be resisted to this act of impiety. If we could divest the idea of worship from the formalism and unreality of its prevailing modes, if we could free ourselves from traditionary sentiments and the delusions of superstitious observance, and if, by exercise of imagination, we could vividly represent to ourselves the real nature of the act, the purity of affection and self-concentration demanded by it, there is no one who would not be shocked at the character of the services usual in our churches, no one who would not feel how deep an injury they may inflict on the characters of those who unthinkingly, but seriously, engage in them.

It is, however, but a small number of those who attend church who really attempt to engage in worship. The larger part leave worship to the clergyman, and look to him not only to "conduct," but to perform the whole service. They throw the responsibility upon him, and do not ask as to the integrity of his emotions. The only thing required of him is the proper devoutness of manner. In substance, many of the prayers recited in our churches, including those of the liturgies in common use, are expressions of unworthy conceptions, not only of the Divine attributes, but of human nature, and are devoid of that spirit which it is the object of true worship to cultivate and to utter.

If the prayer be unmeaning or unworthy, the existing churches lose one of their chief professed *raisons d'être*. But

the defect in the portion of the services devoted to the forms of worship might be compensated in some degree by excellence in that portion of the ceremonies devoted to instruction or exhortation. It is not, however, to speak with disrespect of respectable men, to say that not one educated man in a thousand, and consequently not one clergyman in a thousand, has intelligence, culture, experience, imagination, sympathy, and humanity enough to qualify him to prepare one or two discourses a week for a single year, much more for a series of years, capable of benefiting an audience by the thought contained in them. In the absence of thought, a sermon may indeed be pervaded by a sentiment of a sort to affect beneficially minds susceptible of vague moral impressions, or it may deal with subjects fitted by association to awaken virtuous reflection. But the common run of sermons derive whatever power they exert mainly from the superstition of authority which still attaches in the minds of the mass of church-goers to the office and dignity of the clergyman, — a tradition from times when the priesthood was not only the most enlightened portion of society, but when the priest claimed to be invested, by virtue of his office, with a mystic mediatorial character, and arrogated to himself not only the respect due to a teacher, but the reverence due to the minister of the judgment and mercy of the Lord. In the Church, as nowhere else at the present day, are to be found the still-flourishing relics of the childish elder world. But except in the Roman Church, — a church whose power lies in the special adaptation of its dogma and its forms to the needs of the ignorant and the childish, and to the temperament of those who are ruled by imagination rather than by reason, — a church which still performs by its very nature a most important function in society, and will continue to perform it as long as great masses of men in civilized countries lie outside the pale of genuine civilization, in the ignorance and childishness of the Dark Ages, — except in this church, the real authority of the priest or the clergyman, so far as it claims to be a special divine grace inherent in the priesthood or the ministry, has almost passed away. Its shadow, however, remains, and the clergyman is very generally regarded with a vague reverence, such as is not accorded to a

lawyer or a schoolmaster, and his utterances often carry weight which their intrinsic value does not justify.

But it is not merely on the supernatural side that the authority of the clergyman has declined. It has fallen off quite as much on the natural side. He is no longer a member of a class more enlightened than the rest of the community, and consequently authorized to instruct it. The school, the newspaper, and cheap books have not only superseded the pulpit as instructors, they have raised the level of general culture, and have quickened the intellectual perceptions of the laity. More is demanded of the pulpit than of old. It is exposed to sharp competition. But the clergy are naturally slow to admit that their office gives them no title to teach, save as education, faculties, and experience may fit them, in like manner as education, faculties, and experience fit other men, for the task.

The education in theology which the clergy usually receive is, for the most part, not so much a discipline of the mind to qualify it for the investigation and statement of truth, as a training in the grounds of certain received opinions under a strong prepossession in their favor. Its methods are the opposite of scientific. It has a tendency to unfit men to judge correctly of the nature of evidence, and the character of arguments founded upon it. As a body, at this time the clergy are not the best educated or the most intelligent men in the community; and this is true, whether we regard general culture, or that learning which might seem to belong specially to their profession. Even Biblical criticism owes more to laymen, in this generation, than to clergymen; and in the debates which at present occupy all serious thinking men with regard to the ultimate positions of metaphysical science, the origin and test of moral ideas, and the very foundations of religious opinion, the clergy take no important part. It may be urged, indeed, that the work of instruction required of them is rather that of applying religious and moral truths to the practical affairs of life, than of discussing the speculative questions of moral or metaphysical science. But upon the justness of speculative opinions depends the propriety of the practical applications of truth; and ample illustration could be brought, were it not already within the cognizance of every

reader, of pulpit teachings opposed no less to good morals than to good sense.

If we take the volumes published by the clergy of this country, for example, during any particular year, — volumes mainly of sermons, — we shall hardly find one of them which is a valuable contribution to thought, or which deserves even slight regard for its literary merit. There is hardly one of them which is an addition to literature, — not one of them with which the future will have any reason to concern itself, except nominally. The general shallowness of American culture doubtless affords a partial excuse for the poverty of the productions of the pulpit. The clergy are neither supported by a high standard within their profession, nor stimulated by judicious criticism from without. So little is excellence expected either in the substance or in the form of their work, that there is no longer any sarcasm in the use of the term "pulpit argument" as synonymous with unsound reasoning, and "pulpit rhetoric" as the designation of a feeble and stilted style. No doubt much of this is the result of the fact, that a work is required of the clergyman, by the custom of the churches, which only a man of exceptional ability could properly perform.

But it is not mere intellectual incompetence or exhaustion which vitiates pulpit literature. The worth of a sermon may be in depth and purity of sentiment, rather than in mental power. But the capacity to be genuinely in earnest is almost taken from the clergyman by his false position. He is not, while he remains in the pulpit, and assumes by so doing a professional authority, in harmony with his times. He is an anachronism, and more or less feels himself to be so. Habit and traditional association are the great pillars of the modern pulpit. They are strong and enduring supports; but they are giving way; and when they fall, when at last the clergyman finds himself on the level of his congregation, standing on solid mother earth, he will find the inspiration which he now seeks in vain, and will gain a power more serviceable than that which is now slipping from him.

The complaint is general in all the sects, that few young men of ability seek the ministry as a profession. This fact

is sometimes attributed to the superior attraction of other professions as means of winning distinction and wealth, and of thus satisfying the most common ambitions. But there is a deeper reason in the recognition by young men generally that the relation between the Church and the world is at present unsatisfactory, and that in choosing the ministry or the priesthood as a profession they run the risk of finding themselves soon in a position in which there is little room for the free development of individuality, and which requires efforts and sacrifices of a sort which few men are capable of making without loss of mental vigor and moral sincerity.

We should be greatly misunderstood, if we were supposed to underrate the value of the services which the clergy, even under their present disadvantages, render to society outside the walls of the churches. It is in the world that their functions are of chief worth. Their profession brings them in contact with men in intimate and domestic relations in a manner which enables them to be ministers of peace and charity and comfort; they are called to the performance of difficult and delicate duties, and a large measure of self-denial and devotion and purity is required of them. It is this field of what we would gladly call pastoral duty, had not the phrase almost lost its sweet original significance under the formal associations that have invested it, which is the one that now needs to be chiefly cultivated, and in which the true work of the clergy is mainly to be done. Ecclesiastical services usurp the place of social duties, and the performances of Sunday exhaust the strength which the clergy require for the discharge of week-day labors. And we should be still more seriously misunderstood, if we were supposed in these remarks to speak otherwise than in the real interests of the clergy themselves. It is because we desire to see the profession brought into harmony with the conditions of modern society, and freed from the trammels which limit its usefulness and lower its character, that we set forth thus distinctly some of the more obvious evils which attend its actual position.

And here the question naturally arises, How are these evils to be remedied? And this leads to the broader one, How is the Church to be regenerated, that it may take its true place, and

realize its legitimate object and ideal as an institution not less essential to the best order of society than the institutions of political government are to the legal order of the State? It is not by destruction that this end is to be effected, but by slow and natural processes of modification and improvement. It is plain that the gulf must steadily widen between the churches and the real opinions and interests of the advanced section of the community, — that the Church must become steadily more and more a mere decaying instrument for influencing the lower orders of society, and for affording to the refined class a respectable mode for the perfunctory fulfilment of certain recognized obligations to the name of religion, unless its spirit, methods, and organization be gradually and profoundly modified. No great social institution changes its form to bring itself into accordance with changed ideas by an easy or rapid process. The wider the difference between the principles embodied in ancient forms and those which seek embodiment in forms appropriate to themselves, the longer and the more laborious is the period of transition. The Church of the past has rested on the principle of authority in matters of religion; the Church of the future must rest on that of liberty. The opposition is complete, so far as principle is concerned; but there is ground for peaceful transition in the common end of each, — the improvement of mankind by bringing them to a stronger sense of duty, of the responsibility attaching to life, and to a clearer recognition of the claims of the spiritual nature of man.

The exact process of change is not to be determined beforehand; the forms in which the new ideas will take shape are neither to be prearranged nor predicted. It can only be asserted in broad terms that they will be a natural growth, the expression of needs widely felt, and determined by the general constitution of society. The Church of the future is not to be moulded with set purpose. It must be the continually renewed product of the new thoughts and wills of each new generation. The Church which claims to be immutable, the same *semper*, *omnibus*, *ubique*, is a useless petrifaction, from which life and virtue have hopelessly departed.

But a Church based on the principle of liberty may at least be conceived of, which shall exist, not in virtue of its exclusive-

ness, but as a natural human brotherhood, — a Church which shall embrace not only those attracted to it by considerations foreign to religion, by superstition or by fashion, by tradition, custom, and association, — not only those who seek to lay down the privilege and responsibility of independent thought, or those who attend its services for the sake of amusement or excitement, or who know not how to express their respect for what the Church professes to represent otherwise than by regular attendance on its services, or who fancy that the example of church-going is one that has a good influence on the public at large ; — a Church may be conceived of not only for such as these, but for all, with scope wide enough to embrace, and methods various enough to employ, the most enlightened and the least enlightened members of the community, the most religious and the least religious, the philosopher and the skeptic, no less than the ignorant and the superstitious.

Such an image as this at least may be formed of a Church in a society which recognizes the reality, the universality, and the unity of the religious sentiment, while acknowledging the diversity of religious opinion and of dogmatic affirmations. A faith seemingly little justified, indeed, by the appearances of the world may be required for confidence in such an advance in the moral and intellectual culture of man as shall render possible such an institution. But there are deeper lying grounds for this faith than superficial appearances afford.

In such a community as that which is now growing up in the United States, — a community which began, as one of the old New England divines said, as "a plantation religious," whose people "bought the truth with realities," — a community whose political system rests upon moral principles, and whose nationality is founded in the doctrine of the equal moral rights of man, — in such a community, it is hardly extravagant to anticipate that the Church will become actually, in a measure, what it is ideally, the natural instrument for securing those ends to the pursuit of which individuals in society are directed by the religious sentiment, and which the political institutions of the State do not undertake to accomplish. The Church might thus become the complete expression, and afford the most effective organization of the moral order which un-

derlies the political system. A vast field of social and individual interests lies altogether outside of the reach of political government, and objects not less important to the general welfare than any over which the government has direct control are left to be secured by other instrumentalities, and by the use of other than legal means. The spontaneous action of individuals, either separately or united in a community, is insufficient to secure steady improvement. For this end there is need that the spontaneous effort should be confirmed, regulated, and directed by organization; and the organization best fitted for the purpose is that of a free Church, — a Church existing as a natural human fellowship, its members bound together simply by the spiritual tie of devotion to the highest good that each is capable of recognizing; claiming no authority, whether original or derived; with no test of membership but that of interest in the common good; with no limits short of those of the community itself; organized so as to combine most effectively the separate good-will and the scattered efforts of its members; — such a Church would appear to be an instrumentality by which society may accomplish those ends which lie without the province of its constituted government, and which the spontaneous efforts of individuals are incompetent to reach.

Existing not as a close corporation, for the purpose, express or implied, of upholding any selfish ecclesiastical supremacies, of maintaining the fictions and traditions of dark and superstitious times, of enforcing any doctrinal system, of restraining the free exercise of the reason of man in any department of thought, or of formalizing the expressions of religious sentiment, but as a fellowship embracing all men as equal members within its ample and elastic fold, for the end of developing the religious character of the community, of inspiring and regulating active efforts for the improvement of man, it would apply the spirit of religion to the solution of the difficulties of society by methods and offices as various as the needs of men, and by services as various as their different temperaments, culture, experience, and desires; it would form the channel through which the currents of beneficent impulse and action, now so greatly diffused and wasted, would flow into all parts of the body of the State.

While each individual in such a Church would have a recognized share of responsibility, and an acknowledged duty to his fellows, the clergy would be leaders and agents in every work of practical humanity, and would find their field of pastoral occupation enlarged in proportion to the narrowing of that of pulpit duty.

Whatever of good or beauty or power legitimately belongs to the actual Church would inhere in greater measure in a Church which would neglect no means suited to the development of religious character and life, would be constrained by no formalities, and would not suffer itself to be deprived of the use of any rational mode of influence upon the sentiments and the imagination, or of appeal to the spirit of man. All art, every beneficent or beautiful form of life, would belong to it by right. Proceeding from a natural principle of growth by gradual evolution, and not springing from a violent revolution destructive of historic continuity, it would cherish all ancient and endeared associations, and would incorporate every venerable form consecrated by the experience of the race, leaving undisturbed every conviction, habit, nay, every prejudice as well, that did not interfere with the advance of society in the free inquiry after truth and the independent practice of religion. The social element in the life of this Church is so essentially predominant, that it must adapt itself to the weakness as well as to the strength of man, and must "beware of sundering the sacred links which bind together the generations of men, and of rudely cutting off the solemn perpetuity of the religious commonwealth." "The burning visions of a future brotherhood were inadequate without the support of a religious consciousness of what we owe to past effort."

Nothing can be more fruitless in speculations relating to society than a mere abstract ideal formed without reference to positive conditions, to practical needs, and to actual desires. So far only as the image of the Church which is here sketched conforms to these conditions can it possess any value as a view of a probable development. But whatever may be the worth of the conceptions here presented, there can be no legitimate question of the certainty of coming change in the relation of the Church to society, and of a development of religion as the fun-

damental element of progressive social life. The decline in ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism is the advance of religion, and implies the growth of the true Church of universal humanity, — the symbol and manifestation of the brotherhood of man.

Such a Church is, indeed, already potentially existing, wherever men, discarding the old notion of religion as something external, to be got by special experience, as a system of dogmas to be accepted, and of forms to be regarded, arrive at the true idea of religion as devotion — utter, absolute devotion — to whatever they know and feel to be best. It exists wherever the individual has learned that he has no private ends, — that for all he is, and all he desires, and all he does, he is responsible to the community of which he forms a part, and which endows him with its united powers, — that possession conveys no absolute right to property, but that every man holds whatever he possesses, be it genius, faculties, opportunities, or lands and goods, not as owner, but as trustee, — and that the true worship of God consists in the service of His children, and devotion to the common interests of men.

C. E. Norton.

Art. III. — 1. *Pompeianarum Antiquitatum Historia, quam ex Cod. MSS. et a Schedis Diurnisque* R. Alcubierre, C. Weber, *etc., etc., quæ in publicis aut privatis Bibliothecis servantur, nunc primum collegit Indicibusque instruxit* Ios. Fiorelli. Neapoli. Vol. I. 1860. Vol. II. et Vol. III. Fasc. 1. 1864. 8vo.

2. *Giornale degli Scavi di Pompei.* Pubblicato da Giuseppe Fiorelli, Professore di Archeologia nella R. Università di Napoli, Ispettore degli Scavi di Antichità. Napoli: Stamperia della R. Università. Dall' Anno 1861, in Quaderni mensuali, con Tavole esplicative del Testo.

3. *Pompeji in seinen Gebäuden, Alterthümern, und Kunstwerken, für Kunst- und Alterthumsfreunde dargestellt von* J. Overbeck. Zweite vermehrte Auflage mit über 300 Illustrationen. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann. 1866. 2 Bände. 8vo. pp. xviii., 346. ix., 261.

4. *Pompeii: Its History, Buildings, and Antiquities.* By THOMAS H. DYER, LL. D., of the University of St. Andrew's. With a Map and nearly three hundred Wood Engravings. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867. 8vo. pp. xvi., 579.
5. *Pompéi et les Pompéiens.* Par MARC MONNIER. Paris: L. Hachette et C^ie^. 1867. 16mo. pp. 272.
6. *Graffiti de Pompéi. Inscriptions et Gravures tracées au Stylet, recueillies et interpretées par* RAPHAEL GARRUCCI, de la Compagnie de Jésus, Membre résidant de l'Académie d'Herculanum, etc. 2^e^ Édition augmentée. Paris: Benjamin Duprat. 1856. 4to. pp. viii., 104. Avec Atlas de 32 Planches.

THE bibliography of Pompeii is exceedingly rich and voluminous. The first really important works on the subject were the large folio in nine volumes, entitled, *Le Antichità di Ercolano e Pompei*, published at Naples between 1755 and 1792, and Martini's *Das gleichsam Auflebende Pompeji*, which appeared at Leipsic in 1779. Since that time the literature of every European nation has been annually enriched by tomes and monographs illustrating the exhumed city. The genius of the romancer has also supplemented the erudition of the antiquary, and, by a touch with his magic wand, has been able to reanimate the ruins, and

> "create a soul
> Under the ribs of Death."

Those who may prefer their archæology in infinitesimal doses "sugar-coated" with fiction will find their taste gratified in Bulwer's popular story, in the "Arria Marcella" of Théophile Gautier, and in the "Pompei" of Signor Vecchi, recently issued by Botta, at Turin. The principal English works are Sir William Gell's "Pompeiana," in two series of two octavo volumes each, and Donaldson's "Pompeii illustrated with Picturesque Views," with engravings by Cooke. These publications, although the result of careful and original researches, do not contain any discoveries later than the year 1826. Owing also to the puerile jealousy of Neapolitan officials towards foreign archæologists, these volumes were prepared under peculiar difficulties, and are therefore less complete than they might otherwise have

been. Under the Bourbon rule, antiquities, like everything else in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, became the monopoly of a "ring." Even Sir William Gell, although a resident of Naples and a member of the Academy, was strictly forbidden to make the least sketch, measurement, or other memoranda of the excavations; and this prohibition was finally extended to the collections in the Museum.

The great authority on the architectural remains of Pompeii, comprising tombs, public and private edifices, and all sorts of structures, is the large folio of Mazois, entitled *Les Ruines de Pompéi*, etc., 4 vols., Paris, Didot, 1812–1838. It contains one hundred and ninety-three plates, and embraces the results of the excavations from 1757 to 1821. The author lived at Naples during the reign of Murat, and enjoyed the patronage of Queen Caroline, who took a lively and generous interest in his antiquarian labors. His restorations of ancient buildings are invaluable to the student of Roman architecture. After the death of Mazois, in 1826, his work was continued by Gau. An Italian work of great magnificence is Niccolini's *Le Case ed i Monumenti di Pompei*, Napoli, 1855. The text is confided to several scholars of acknowledged ability, and is amply illustrated by cuts, plans, and chromo-lithographs. More than thirty numbers in folio, at fifteen francs each, have already appeared; and the work is but little more than half finished. The genuine bibliophile will certainly desire that it may be completed only with the entire disinterment of the buried city. Zahn, Ternite, and Raoul Rochette are the fullest and most accurate sources of information as regards the paintings and mural decorations of Pompeii.

We have no space to specify all the monographs that have been published on particular subjects, such as Quaranta on mosaics, Avellino on pictures, Ancora on sculptures, Savenko on surgical instruments, Millin on tombs, &c. Some conception of the multiplicity of these separate studies may be derived from the fact that the single mosaic representing the Battle of Issus, which was discovered in the house of the Faun, October 24, 1831, called forth dissertations from Bernardo, Niccolini, Quaranta, Avellino, Vescovali, Fea, Sanchez, Jannelli, Marchand, Quatremère, Schreiber, Welcker, Müller,

Gervinus, and a host of Italian, French, English, Russian, Swedish, and German artists and antiquaries too numerous to mention. The most valuable of such special contributions may be found in the *Bulletino Archeologico Napoletano*, established by Avellino in 1843, and subsequently conducted by Signor Minervini; * in the *Memorie della Reale Accademia Ercolanese di Archeologia di Napoli*, commenced in 1822, and forming nine quarto volumes; and in the *Annali dell' Istituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica*, published alternately at Rome and Paris, from 1829 to 1857. In this connection we may also refer to the elder Niccolini's *Museo Borbonico*, in fifteen volumes of very unequal merit, but furnishing, on the whole, a peculiarly rich and useful repertory of antiquities.

The works whose titles we have placed at the head of the present article embody the most recent results of the Pompeian excavations. The most full and comprehensive of these is without doubt the *Historia* of Fiorelli, which stands first on our list. It is not so much a well-digested history as a vast storehouse of historical materials, a careful and complete compilation of the official records of Pompeii, from its resurrection in 1748 to the year 1860. Nothing is omitted; the discovery of a nail or a fragment of common pottery is as conscientiously noted as the exhuming of the finest fresco or the most beautiful statue. To the archæological student this work is indispensable; it is unfortunate, however, that the author has not yet found leisure to add the promised *Commentarius perpetuus* and *Indices locupletissimi*, whereby its perusal would be facilitated, and its practical value greatly enhanced. Immediately after the revolution of 1860, by which the union of Naples with the Kingdom of Italy was effected, Fiorelli was appointed Inspector of the Excavations. On the last day of July, 1861, he published the first number of the *Giornale degli Scavi*, which may be regarded as substantially a continuation of the *Historia*, and contains not only an exact register of the number and quality of the objects and edifices discovered, *con la più minuta descrizione di tutte le particolarità del loro rinvenimento*, but also excellent engravings of the best

* The publication of this journal was resumed by Minervini in 1860, under the title of *Bulletino Archeologico Italiano*, but survived only two years.

paintings and statues, as well as literary and critical disquisitions on various matters pertaining to the history, bibliography, and archæology of Pompeii. The *Giornale* was published monthly during the first year of its existence, but since then it has appeared only irregularly and at long intervals. We have been unable to procure any very recent numbers, and fear that this valuable serial has been brought to a premature conclusion. Overbeck's *Pompeji* is a new and enlarged edition of a work which was originally issued in 1856. At that time the author had never visited the place of which he wrote, and was consequently obliged to "evolve from his consciousness" many things that are more clearly understood when discerned with the bodily eye. An "autopsy of the ruins of Pompeii" has corrected the errors and remedied the inevitable imperfections of the first edition, and given us a book which in fulness, compactness, and accuracy of scholarship is decidedly superior to any other work extant. The first volume treats of the history, topography, and public and private buildings of the ancient city; the second volume discusses the shops, tombs, furniture, weapons, implements, inscriptions, and works of art. The chapters on the fine arts are the most complete and satisfactory that we have read on this subject. Of course, the acknowledged *Hauptquellen*, from which Overbeck has largely drawn for the purpose of supplementing his personal observations, are the *Historia* and the *Giornale* of Fiorelli. Dr. Dyer's volume is the revision of a work published nearly forty years ago by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." The redaction shows marks of haste, and there still remain many defects and unpardonable blunders, especially in the interpretation of inscriptions. The account of recent excavations is also very meagre, and the illustrations are, from an artistic point of view, far inferior to those of Overbeck. Nevertheless it is as yet the best book on the subject accessible to the English reader. The very entertaining booklet of Marc Monnier is well characterized by himself as *un petit livre exact et consciencieux, à la portée de tout le monde.* The substance of it first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September 1, 1863, and was expanded into a volume two years afterwards. The present edition is rendered additionally attractive by illus-

trations. Garrucci's *Graffiti de Pompéi*, although published twelve years ago, is still the most recent and most comprehensive treatise on this class of inscriptions. Overbeck, however, accuses Garrucci not only of false readings, (which in a branch of paleography so difficult and obscure are almost unavoidable,) but also of intentional forgeries and interpolations. An exposure of the supposititious and untrustworthy character of Garrucci's cursive inscriptions is promised by Dr. Karl Zangemeister in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*. Whether these grave charges can be substantiated remains to be seen. We must not forget, meanwhile, that antiquaries are a jealous folk and excessively prone to mutual recriminations. We have no means of testing the correctness of Garrucci's facsimiles, although we have observed occasional discrepancies between them and his transcriptions. The first half of the quarto is devoted to a learned and ingenious discussion of the history of graffiti, the origin of alphabets, and other recondite questions of epigraphy. — We hope the general reader will pardon us for dwelling thus long on the rather dry subject of Pompeian bibliography, in consideration of the possible value which our suggestions may have for those who wish to make more extended investigations, and would be grateful for any indications of the best and most available sources of knowledge.

The origin of Pompeii goes back and is lost in the misty regions of mythology. Like Herculaneum, its neighbor and companion in misfortune, it was believed to have been founded by Hercules; and, according to Solinus, surnamed Grammaticus, was so called in honor of that hero's feats in freebootery, and especially in gratitude for the long procession (πομπή) of stolen kine which he brought from Spain to Italy. A more credible as well as more creditable etymology is the word πομπεῖα, signifying *arsenals* or *storehouses*. The place was doubtless so named because, being situated on the Sarnus, once a navigable stream, but now shrivelled into an insignificant rivulet, it formed a common *entrepôt* and emporium for the adjacent country and the more inland towns. Its position was not only very convenient for a commercial mart, but under the Roman Empire it was also a favorite resort of the vast concourse of people who flocked to Campania in search of health

and recreation. Its environs were dotted with elegant country-seats, some of which were built high up on the verdant slopes and wooded summit of Vesuvius, five or six miles distant. Livy and Florus speak of its harbor as a magnificent naval station. The country round about is a broken plain, almost wholly encircled by a belt of picturesque mountains, and open only to the west, whence it receives the cooling breezes of the Mediterranean. The fruitfulness of this volcanic region has been celebrated for more than twenty centuries. The pulverized lava mingled with earth and ashes forms a generous soil, which nourishes luxuriant vineyards and groves of olive and mulberry trees. Fifty years before the Christian era, the geographer Strabo praised the excellence of its oil and grain, and Horace immortalized in verse its noble Falernian and Massican wines; and in our own day the sunny hills of Campania are famous for their *Lacrima Christi*, the *nobilissima vendemmia* which the Italian poet Chiabrera eulogizes as

"Il vin che sovra gli altri il cuor fa lieto."

Art also, and the wealth of Roman patricians, had embellished Nature by adorning the landscape with splendid villas. The walls of these rural palaces lined the coast for many miles; and the neighboring heights were crowned by less pretentious, but more substantial abodes, erected by such solid men of Rome as Marius, Pompey, and Cæsar; so that, in fact, the whole shore between the promontories of Minerva and Misenum presented the appearance of a vast and almost continuous city.

It is not surprising that Pompeii, situated in the midst of so much beauty and fertility, was the favorite retreat of many distinguished men. Here Cicero had a charming villa, which, in one of his letters to Atticus, he associated with the more celebrated one at Tusculum, — *Tusculanum et Pompeianum valde me delectant.* In this delicious retirement he composed his treatise *De Officiis*, and wrote a discourse on public affairs.

"Here whilom ligg'd the Æsopus of the age,"

Phædrus, the fabulist, when he fled from the persecutions of Tiberius and Sejanus. The Emperor Claudius, too, had a delightful *maison de plaisance* at Pompeii, where he lost his son Drusus by a singular serio-comic accident. The youth was

amusing himself by throwing pears into the air and catching them in his mouth as they fell; unfortunately, one of them went too far, and choked the imperial *gamin*. The street urchins of Naples do the same trick now; but they use figs, which are much safer. Seneca also passed his early years here, and, in his letters to Lucilius, recalls the beautiful reminiscences of this period of his life. And finally, it was here that Herod Agrippa, a nephew of the last king of Judæa, lived, and perished with the destruction of the city itself.

This catastrophe, which occurred on the 24th of August,* in the year 79 of the Christian era, seems to have given little or no warning of its approach. Sixteen years before, it is true, a violent earthquake had shaken the most solid foundations and overthrown many houses and temples. The inhabitants had then fled, and some never returned to the treacherous soil of Campania. But the great majority of them soon forgot their terror, and were now engaged in rebuilding their dwellings, and restoring their paintings and statuary. The magistrates even took advantage of the ruin wrought by the earthquake, and resolved not only to reconstruct, but also to rejuvenate the city. Oscan and Grecian art gave place to Roman taste. The pseudo-Corinthian architecture of the age of Nero was being substituted for the old Italic style, so that, by this process of renovation, many of the primitive and most precious monuments perished. Workmen were busy in hewing columns for the elegant neo-Doric peristyle of the Forum; others were engaged in cutting slabs of lava with which to renew the worn-out pavements. All traces of this sudden convulsion were being rapidly hidden from the eyes, and all thoughts of it were vanishing. Vesuvius had never excited any fear, for it was silent, and within the memory of man had never shown signs of activity. Martial (Ep. *De Vesuvio Monte*, IV. 44) praises the luxuriance of its vegetation, the exquisite beauty of its flowers, and its vine-clad

* The best-authenticated MSS. read *Nonum Kalend. Septemb.*, although others have *VIII. Kal. Septemb.*, and others still *III. Non. Novemb.* The last date is adopted by Fiorelli, *Giorn. degli Scavi*, 3 e 4, p. 92: *il novembre, mese in cui sepolta Pompei.* But we do not know where Monnier gets his authority for writing *le 23 novembre*; it seems to be a confusion of the different readings.

slopes, "more dear to Bacchus than the hills of Nysa." Strabo described its summit as a truncated cone, with deep hollows in its dark, porous rocks, "which look as if they had been formerly fretted by fire." Vitruvius, Diodorus Siculus, and Plutarch bear the same testimony. It is evident that the volcano was thought to be extinct; there was not even a tradition that it had ever been eruptive; the only record of the fact was written in the soil of the mountain itself.

But the illusions of security in which the Pompeians indulged only rendered their impending doom more terrible. The first premonition of disaster was a vast column of smoke and vapor which seemed to rise from the top of the mountain. This "pillar of cloud" was seen about one o'clock in the afternoon. Pliny, the celebrated naturalist, was at that time commander of the Roman fleet stationed at Misenum. Prompted by scientific curiosity, as well as by a humane desire to rescue the unfortunate inhabitants, from whom he received urgent appeals for help, he ordered the galleys to put to sea. As he approached the belching volcano, the ashes and cinders fell thicker and hotter into the ships, which were also in danger of stranding, on account of the upheaval of the land and the retreat of the waters. But he finally succeeded in reaching Stabiæ, where he found the people in the utmost consternation, not daring to remain in their tottering houses, but running about in the open fields with pillows on their heads, as a protection against the showers of stones that filled the air. He did what he could to encourage and assist them, but in the effort lost his own life, either by suffocation or apoplexy. Meanwhile his nephew, the younger Pliny, had remained at Misenum, and to him we are indebted for a graphic description of the eruption, in two letters addressed to his friend the historian Tacitus. He compares the column of vapor to a gigantic Italian pine which overshadowed the earth with its spreading branches. Sometimes this colossal tree, with its trunk of blackness and its boughs of fire, waved to and fro as it was driven by gusts of wind, and flashed into a sudden foliage of green and bluish flames. Again it assumed a dull reddish glow, and then grew "dark and spotted as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders." This phenomenon was followed by show-

ers of hot pumice-stones, emitting stifling fumes; after which came spouts of boiling water, that mingled with the ashes, and flowed down the mountain-side in streams of steaming mud, coursing through the streets, pouring into the innermost recesses of the houses, and wrapping everything in its pitchy folds. The burning pumice-stones were so light that they were driven and drifted by the wind. Imagine a furious snow-storm in which each flake is a flame! Scorched and blinded, suffocated by sulphurous exhalations, or struck down by falling cinders, multitudes perished miserably by the highways and on the seashore. The dense darkness, "like that of a room when it is shut up and all the lights extinguished," continued, according to Pliny, for three days. At Rome, the earth trembled, and the sun was overclouded; in Sicily the rain fell in scalding drops; and some of the ashes were borne to Africa, Syria, and Egypt. Finally a dim light appeared, like that of the moon laboring in eclipse. It sufficed to reveal the fact that Pompeii had been buried under masses of cinders and volcanic mud.

There is conclusive evidence that many of the inhabitants returned to the ruins of their homes to dig for the treasures which they had abandoned in their flight. Many of the poorer class even erected dwellings near the same site, and thus a little village sprang up, bearing the same name. This little burgh existed till A. D. 472, when it was also destroyed by an eruption. Its position is indicated on a map prepared at Constantinople towards the close of the fourth century, and published at Augsburg by Peutinger in the year 1598. This circumstance has led Laporte-Dutheil, the Abbé Ignarra, and other antiquaries, to maintain that Pompeii was not wholly covered up in the year 79, but was repaired and continued to be inhabited till the eruption of 472. The origin of this misconception is obvious. In like manner, a monkish chronicle quoted by Fiorelli (Gior. d. Scavi, 2, p. 57) states, that, in the year 838, Sicard, prince of Benevento, with a view of preventing a disembarkation of the Saracens, encamped *in Pompeio campo, qui a Pompeia, urbe Campaniæ nunc deserta, nomen accepit.* It is probable that the writer had in mind the modern village rather than the ancient city.

The Emperor Titus thought seriously of exhuming and re-

building the ancient town, and commissioned two Senators to examine the ground. But the labor seemed so formidable to these dignitaries, that they reported adversely to the project, which was therefore abandoned. Nevertheless, for more than a century afterwards, researches continued to be made for the recovery of jewels and works of art; and Alexander Severus caused many statues and marble columns to be transported from Pompeii to Rome, for the purpose of adorning the Alexandrian Baths and other public edifices of the metropolis. Gradually, however, even these spoliations ceased; a rich soil of vegetable mould and disintegrated lava accumulated on the volcanic deposits, and the vine, the olive, and the mulberry flourished above the city of the dead.

But if Vesuvius destroyed Pompeii, it also preserved it. It saved it from the violence of time and the vandalism of man. It kindly shielded it from all the barbaric hordes and devastating armies that have overrun Southern Italy during the seventeen centuries which separate the reign of Titus from that of the Bourbon Charles III. It has preserved it, too, in another peculiar sense, to appreciate which we must remember, that, whilst Herculaneum was buried under lava that has become so hard as to render all excavations extremely difficult, Pompeii was overwhelmed first and chiefly by vast quantities of white or whitish-gray pumice-stones, called *lapilli*, of irregular shape, and varying in dimensions from the size of a small pea to two or three inches in diameter. Then followed torrents of volcanic mud, formed of mingled ashes, pozzuolana, and water, and known as *lava bavosa*, or froth-lava. These materials lie in regular and well-defined strata, and cover the city to the depth of from twenty-five to thirty feet above the pavement of the streets. According to Overbeck, the lowest stratum (*lapilli*) is about five sixths of the thickness of the whole. Above this is a layer of lava bavosa a little more than two feet thick, over which, in process of time, a fine arable mould has accumulated, now bearing corn, lupines, and a variety of trees.*

* Sir William Gell, in the first series of his *Pompeiana* (Vol. I. p. 9), and Guglielmo Bechi, in the first volume of the *Museo Borbonico* (Appendix, p. 10), give more complicated analyses of vertical sections of the volcanic deposits. But Over-

Fire was not, as is commonly supposed, a prominent agent in the catastrophe. The lapilli, though hot enough in some cases to affect the color of the walls with which they came in contact, changing red into yellow, and blue into green, did not produce ignition, except in a few instances. Nor is it true, as has been stated by a recent writer, that "some of the strata of volcanic substances above the ruins came from subsequent eruptions." The most careful examination has failed to find the slightest trace of vegetation between the different strata, — a clear proof that they all originated in the eruption of A. D. 79. Here and there, to be sure, is a thin layer of bluish lapilli, covering vestiges of carbonized plants, and evidently ejected from the mountain at a later period; but it contributed so little to the general result, that it is not worth taking into the account in estimating the depth to which Pompeii was first buried. The lava bavosa deposit is especially interesting from the fact that it soon hardened about all the objects which it covered, and thus formed a perfect mould, in which there remains a delicate impression of things that have long since perished. Articles of furniture, wooden doors and carvings, the forms and features of human beings, and their expressions of countenance in the agony of their terrible death, even the fashion and texture of their garments, have all imprinted themselves in this black, indurated mud, and thus left us an indelible and impartial record of the manner in which the inhabitants both lived and died.

The number of persons that perished seems to have been a very small proportion of the population. The statements of ancient writers on this point are greatly exaggerated. Dion Cassius says that the people were overwhelmed while sitting in the theatre; but the excavations have brought to light no human remains there, except a few skeletons in the amphitheatre, probably of gladiators slain, or too severely wounded to save themselves by flight. It was principally those who took refuge in the houses and cellars, around the altars of the temples, or under the arcades of pub-

beck's description is certainly true of the present excavations, and also corresponds to the report of Signor Arditi (the most trustworthy of the former directors) for February 28, 1809, as published in Fiorelli's *Historia*, I. 227.

lic buildings, or whom cupidity tempted to linger for the purpose of securing their own or others' treasures, that were the victims. As nearly as can be ascertained from the very imperfect records made of such discoveries by the earlier directors, between six and seven hundred bodies have been already found; and in the comparatively small space exhumed by Fiorelli since 1861, forty skeletons of human beings have been disinterred, besides those of two horses and several goats, dogs, and cats. As about one third of the city is now uncovered, it may be estimated that at least two thousand persons, or one tenth of the inhabitants, lost their lives.

Some of the details of these discoveries, contained in the journal of the excavations, are extremely curious and interesting. Thus we read, that, on the 30th of August, 1787, a human skeleton was found in the corridor of a house which the volcanic matter had not penetrated, but had so completely closed up by obstructing the doors that escape was impossible. Here the wretched man lived in utter darkness, we know not how long. It is a significant circumstance, that his bones, instead of lying in one place, were scattered about the apartment, and showed marks of having been gnawed. Near them lay the undisturbed skeleton of a dog. It is evident, therefore, that the brute had not only survived his master, but had also eaten him. In a shop connected with the public baths, not far from the forum, were also found two skeletons of persons who had died in each other's embrace. They were both in the freshness of youth, and of different sex. The affecting spectacle excited an unwonted effusion of sentiment in the antiquarian bosom, and the bony twain were christened The Lovers. On the 14th of June, of the same year, eight skeletons were found under the ruins of a wall, and in May, 1818, another skeleton was discovered near the Temple of Jupiter, crushed by a marble column; thus proving conclusively that the eruption was accompanied by an earthquake. In the Temple of Isis, also, were discovered the remains of several priests, with chicken-bones, egg-shells, wine-goblets, and other indications of a banquet on a table near them. One of them had seized a sacrificial axe with which to effect his escape, but sank down exhausted, or probably suffo-

cated by the mephitic vapor, before accomplishing his purpose. The statement made by several writers, and reiterated by M. Monnier and Dr. Dyer, that the said priest actually cut his way through two walls, is entirely erroneous ; the walls do not exhibit any traces of such operations. Tradition tells of another priest who lay in the centre of the adjacent *Forum triangulare*. This man, whom Bulwer calls Calenus, was said to have been carrying off some of the rich silver furniture of the temple when death overtook him. As the Journal makes no mention of this circumstance, the reader will receive the account *cum grano salis*.

In former times, when the excavations were not conducted as conscientiously and scientifically as they are now, such romantic fictions were very current, and easily crept into the books of travellers. Many of them are the inventions of the ciceroni and custodi, who infested the ruins under the old *régime*, and who told the credulous tourist immense falsehoods as a kind of compensation for the immense fees which they extorted from him. In this manner originated the story of the sentry who stood as if in watch and ward at the city gate, with a lance in his hand and a helmet on his head, and which has called forth so many eulogies of Roman military discipline ; even M. Monnier pays a tribute of admiration to this *soldat fidèle au devoir*. Thus arose also the fable of the *Triclinium funebre*, and the skeletons found there of men who at the time of the catastrophe were feasting in commemoration of a departed friend ; the pathetic fiction of the mother seated in an exedra among the tombs, " with an infant in her arms, and beside her two children, their bones mingled and interlaced," &c. ; and many others of a like character.*

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* A writer in the London Quarterly Review for April, 1864, in describing the gladiators' barracks, speaks of the prison where " the skeletons of four prisoners were found with their feet in iron stocks." These stocks were large enough to hold ten persons at once, and may still be seen in the bronze collection of the Museo Nationale ; but there is no warrant for the paragraph about the skeletons. There is plenty of spice of this kind with which an author can make his productions piquant, if his conscience will allow him to mingle indiscriminately the *ben trovato* with the *vero*. In the same category we must also place the account which Stanislao d'Aloë, in *Les Ruines de Pompéi*, gives of the marble statues in various stages of completion, which, according to his statement, were found in the house of the

But it is superfluous to repeat such inventions, however probable they may seem, and however well they may correspond to the actual circumstances of the case, when we have still more thrilling incidents which are fully authenticated. A record of this kind is contained in the Journal for December 12, 1772.* In the wine-cellar of an elegant suburban villa, usually, but with no sufficient reason, supposed to have been the property of a certain Diomedes, whose family tomb stood on the opposite side of the street, were found eighteen skeletons of adult persons, a boy, and an infant, huddled together in a corner, and covered with several feet of fine ashes which had gradually hardened about them. In this substance, more delicate even than the sand used by founders for castings, the impression of their forms was perfectly preserved. Especially beautiful are the head and bust of a young girl, which may still be seen in the Museum at Naples. Even the texture of her garments is discernible, so light and airy that it reminds us of those gauzy fabrics to which Petronius (or rather Publius Syrus, as quoted by Petronius, *Satyricon*, 55) gave the name of *ventus textilis*, or woven wind. There remained also a few locks of her blond hair. The moulds of the other bodies were unfortunately destroyed before their real character was observed. Still the quality of their clothing was so distinctly marked, that, by its fineness or coarseness, the mistress of the mansion and her children were easily distinguishable from the servants. The former wore also sandals or shoes, while the latter were barefoot. Their jewelry consisted of two superb necklaces, one of them of filigreed gold set with blue stones, a bracelet, four rings, and several engraved gems; a beautiful lamp, a few coins, a casket, and a wooden comb were mingled with their bones. The master of the house, with

sculptor, excavated in 1797, and which, if real, would throw much light upon the purely technical processes of ancient sculpture. But unfortunately the official records make no mention of them, and they are not now discoverable in the Museo Nationale or anywhere else. Both Overbeck and Fiorelli pronounce the story a wilful fabrication of d'Aloë, who took advantage of his position as secretary of La Direzione del Museo e degli Scavi, under the Bourbon *régime*, to perpetrate such forgeries. Happily, he and his book have both fallen into deserved oblivion, although Dr. Dyer occasionally quotes from it a sensational incident, apparently unconscious of its utter untrustworthiness.

* See Fiorelli's Pomp. Antiq. Hist. I. 268, 269.

a single servant, sought to escape, but did not even reach the confines of his own garden. Their bodies were found near the gate, the key of which, together with several silver vases, and a purse containing about a hundred pieces of money, lay by their side.

The Journal has frequent records of similar discoveries in subsequent years; as, for example, on the 1st of February, 1812, three skeletons were found lying above the stratum of lapilli, and covered by that of lava bavosa, "in which perfect impressions of their bodies remained, but they could not be taken up, since the friable material fell in pieces whenever the attempt was made." * In the street of the tombs a number of them have been exhumed, some with their feet towards the city, others turned in the opposite direction; but their faces seem to have been all fixed on Vesuvius, as if the terror of the mountain had fascinated them.

But the most interesting group is that of four persons (three women and a man) discovered in the *vico degli scheletri*, on the 5th of February, 1863. The workmen, observing several hollows in the volcanic soil, called the inspector, Fiorelli, who hit upon the happy thought of carefully perforating and pouring into them liquid plaster. By this means he obtained excellent casts of the bodies, which, although far less clear and sharp in outline than similar casts taken from works of sculpture, are sufficiently accurate to give an idea not only of the attitudes of the deceased, but also of their expressions of countenance and peculiarities of costume. They now lie on tables in a room not far from the so-called Gate of Herculaneum, and are usually the first objects towards which the visitor turns his steps. The man is of very large stature, "a sort of colossus," says Monnier. The supposition that he was "a common soldier" is wholly gratuitous. There is no evidence in favor of this assumption; although it must be confessed, that, as such, he would have realized the ideal grenadier of King Frederic William, and furnished a prime recruit for that monarch's famous brigade of giants. All that has been written by Monnier, and by those who have copied the lively Frenchman's sentimentalities, about this Roman's martial bearing, and the heroic stoicism with

* Pomp. Antiq. Hist. I. 78.

which he "laid himself down to meet death like a brave man," (a better proof of bravery, it seems to us, would be to stand up under such circumstances,) will lose much of its force when we consider the nature of his death, which rendered calmness inevitable. The composure that is so admired and eulogized is the result, not of courage, but of apoplexy. He is stretched out on his back in a spasmodic posture, with his limbs rigidly extended, and his clothes clutched with his left hand. The different parts of his dress are distinctly visible, and consist of a short coat, or jerkin, tightly fitting breeches of leather or coarse cloth, and heavy shoes laced closely around the ankles and thickly studded with hob-nails in the soles. There was a hole in one of them, through which a toe projected. Such coverings for the feet were called *caligæ*, and were worn commonly, but not exclusively, by soldiers. It is probably this article of the man's apparel that has led some to attribute to him a military character, but without sufficient reason. His features are very prominent, and indicate energy and decision. His mouth is partially open, a few of his teeth are gone, but the mustache persistently adhered to the earth in which he had been so unceremoniously hearsed. An iron ring still adorned his bony finger. Another body is that of a woman apparently about thirty years of age, with ninety-one coins, two silver cups, a bunch of keys, and a quantity of jewels lying by her side. She was evidently running towards the forum with these treasures, but the masses of loose lapilli, which already filled the street to the depth of ten or twelve feet, impeded her flight, and she was overtaken by the muddy torrents of lava bavosa which infolded her in their fatal cerements. The elevation of her left arm, and the convulsion that seems to have crisped her delicate hand and contracted her whole body, betray the agony of her death. A head-dress of fine linen falls over her shoulders, such as may be seen in ancient statues of Roman matrons and on the heads of Roman peasant-women of the present day. Her robe of light stuff is accidentally gathered up on one side, like the drapery of the Venus Callipyge, and in the hardened ashes there remains the mould of a limb as beautiful as that of the Cytherean goddess. She also wore two silver rings. Close behind her lay the other two persons, feet to feet; one is an

elderly woman, and the other a girl not more than thirteen or fourteen years old. They were obviously seeking safety in the same direction, when they were overwhelmed by the same fate. The coarseness and scantiness of their garb, and the cheapness of their personal ornaments, indicate that they belonged to the poorer class of people. The woman's, or perhaps we might say the mother's, features are composed. She lies calmly on her right side, her limbs extended, and her left arm falling naturally, as if in sleep, rather than in death, — corresponding precisely to the description which Pliny the Younger (Lib. VI. Ep. 16) gives of the appearance of his uncle's corpse: *Habitus corporis quiescenti quam defuncto similior.* We detect no sign of that suffering and violent struggle in her last moments which Monnier and Overbeck depict so vividly. The daughter, on the contrary, died hard, as is seen in every attitude and contortion of her body. In one hand she holds a part of her dress, with which she tried to cover her head, and then buried her face in her bended arm, that she might not breathe the dense sulphurous smoke. She lies with her face towards the earth, and her limbs drawn up and placed one across the other. It is easy to distinguish the fine shape of her head, and through the thin materials of her robe, which she had partially thrown over it, the smooth braids of her hair are visible. She wore long sleeves, reaching to the wrists, with holes in them here and there, and occasional traces of darning; on her feet were embroidered sandals.*

These examples suffice to show not only the extreme care and skill with which the excavations are at present conducted, and the minute information which they furnish as to the dress and other peculiar features of every-day life among the old Romans, but also the intensely tragic interest connected with the work. Here are forms and aspects of death preserved in groups more pathetic than the Laocoön or the Niobe marbles. It is death taken in the act. We see the resistance or the resignation of his victims. Only lift the earthy shroud,

* Overbeck gives excellent engravings of three of these plaster casts, taken from photographs; but in the text he evidently confounds the mother with the daughter, since he speaks of the former as lying *auf dem Gesichte*, and says of the latter, *so ist sie, die Ruhe ihrer Lage bezeugt es, verhältnissmässig sanft gestorben:* accurate descriptions, but applied to the wrong subjects.

and they lie before us, not desiccated and disfigured, like Egyptian mummies, but full of the vigor and beauty of life, although they have slept for eighteen centuries in a winding-sheet of volcanic ashes. Each tells a thrilling episode in the history of the general catastrophe, reproducing the smallest details of the terrible calamity. Many very touching scenes of this kind are recorded in the earlier numbers of the Journal. Thus, in the *tablinum* of the house of the Faun, exhumed in 1830, and famous for the number and beauty of the works of art which it contained, was found the skeleton of a woman who appears to have attempted to escape with a pyxis, or case of jewels, — the *mundus muliebris, quo mulier mundior fit*, — but was driven by showers of ashes and lapilli into this inner apartment. Under the superincumbent weight of these materials, the ceiling began to fall in, and the unfortunate woman, throwing her treasures on the floor, vainly endeavored to support the crushing mass with her uplifted arms. In this attitude she was overwhelmed by torrents of lava bavosa, which completely encased her form.*

Unfortunately, at that time, the ingenious method of taking casts from such moulds had not been devised. The same quick intelligence to which we owe this happy and fruitful invention characterizes all Fiorelli's labors. We cannot fully appreciate what he has accomplished without briefly reviewing the work of his predecessors at Pompeii, since its re-discovery in 1748.

It was in this year that some peasants, in cultivating their vineyard, came upon an old wall, which proved to be the ruins of a house, containing several objects of antiquity. This circumstance attracted the attention of Don Rocco Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, who obtained permission from Charles III. to undertake excavations in that spot. Early in April, with a gang of twelve galley-slaves which had been placed at his disposal, he began his researches. His enterprise was soon rewarded by the discovery of a painting, remarkably good in style and fresh in coloring. These things, however, were supposed to be "remains of the ancient city of Stabiæ," and the name of Pompeii first appears in the official records November 27, 1756; and even then it was regarded as a mere

* Pomp. Antiq. Hist. II. 248.

hypothesis, which was not fully confirmed till the year 1763, when inscriptions were found that settled all doubts as to the proper designation of the buried town.

A strange stupidity seems to have attended the resurrection and identification of Pompeii. In 1592, the architect Domenico Fontana constructed an aqueduct from the river Sarno to Torre dell' Annunziata. This subterranean canal traversed the ancient city from one end to the other, and the workmen found their way constantly obstructed by walls and foundations of edifices, and for some distance they followed the course of a well-paved street. But these things do not appear to have excited Fontana's curiosity more than if they had been the natural products of the soil. Obscure traditions of the truth prevailed also among the neighboring peasants, who, in their semi-Latin patois, called the crateriform cavity which marked the site of the amphitheatre, *la Civitâ;* and in 1637, the famous archæologist Holstenius, who was at that time librarian of the Vatican, visited Naples, and declared the so-called *la Civitâ* to be identical with the ancient Pompeii. In 1689 other remains were accidentally disinterred, a tripod and a small Priapus in bronze, and also two marble slabs, with inscriptions containing the name of the city, but which, singularly enough, was supposed to refer to a villa of Pompey: *due lapidi che dalla voce* POMPEI *scritta in una di esse, si opinò, indicassero una villa di Pompeo Magno.**

Yet, in spite of all these hints, nearly another century passed before the truth was fully recognized by the mole-eyed antiquaries. The first excavations were carried on by desultory digging, with no regular plan, and from mercenary rather than from archæological motives. The chief aim was to obtain money, jewels, works of art, objects of *virtù*, and such other valuables as could be readily converted into cash; the ancient buildings themselves were regarded as of no worth, and awakened no sort of interest. As soon as a house was exhumed, it was despoiled of its contents, and then reburied with the rubbish removed from an adjacent edifice. Many fine structures were thus irrecoverably lost. The paintings which were not deemed worthy

* Gior. d. Scavi, fasc. 2, p. 60. See also Bianchini's Istoria Universale, Roma, 1697, IV. p. 246.

of being cut from the walls, and preserved in the Royal Museum at Naples, were "demolished by express command of the government, in order that they might not fall into foreign hands." Such vandalism would be incredible, were it not attested by Winckelmann, whose words we have quoted, and corroborated by the official records themselves.*

The utmost secrecy was enjoined, and the most puerile jealousy manifested, even towards artists and scholars of the highest reputation, unless, like Adolphus Frederic of Sweden, they chanced to be of royal blood. This crowned archæologist visited the ruins February 13, 1784. Being shown the soldiers' barracks, he inquired of the superintendent, Perez Conde, how many columns there were in the peristyle of the court. The superintendent replied, that he had "scrupulously avoided counting them, lest he might inadvertently reveal the number, which was a great secret." The king himself then counted and sketched them, after which he dined on the spot, and left the workmen a *buonamano* of six hundred francs. The celebrated palæographist, Barthélemy, who was at Naples in December, 1755, gives a doleful account of the state of affairs at that time, in a letter to Count Caylus, which ends with these words: *Les fouilles* [*sont*] *mal conduites, souvent abandonnées, et reprises par le même caprice qui les avait fait abandonner. Un mystère impénétrable règne sur toutes ces opérations; des ordres sévères et terribles empêchent toute communication.* †

On the 7th of April, 1769, (not *le* 6 *Avril*, 1796, as Monnier has it,) Pompeii received within its walls an illustrious party, consisting of King Ferdinand IV., Queen Caroline, her brother Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, and several high dignitaries of the Neapolitan Court. A full and extremely piquant account of this memorable visit is given in the Pompeian journal of that date.‡ In order to impress his Imperial Majesty as favorably as possible, the number of workmen had been largely increased for a few days, and a *scavo* prepared expressly for the occasion, the success of which was so extraordinary in the quantity of treasures brought to light as to excite in the Em-

* See especially the dates, November 12, 1763, and February 25, 1764, under the direction of Don Camillo Paderni.

† Gior. d. Scavi, 2, 69.

‡ Pomp. Antiq. Hist. I. 228.

peror's mind well-grounded doubts as to the genuineness of the performance. He was quickly assured, however, that these things had not been hidden by human hands, but that Providence had reserved them for the eyes of so many august sovereigns. On learning from the director, La Vega, that only thirty laborers were employed, the Emperor turned to his royal brother, and severely reproached him for allowing the work to proceed so slowly. "At least three thousand men," he added, "should be engaged in these excavations. They are the peculiar glory of your realm; and there is nothing in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, that can be compared to them." He also sharply reproved the young king for permitting buildings to be rifled of their treasures and then covered up again. The queen, likewise, showed great dissatisfaction with the condition of things, and seconded the suggestions of her brother, who, in the language of the Journal, *non cessava di stimolare con le maniere le più forti il Rè.* But there is no evidence that his efforts resulted in any permanent reform or greater zeal in the conduct of the excavations. Indeed, during the next quarter of a century very little was accomplished, until new life was given to them by the establishment of the Parthenopean Republic under General Championnet.

After the return of the Bourbons, and the bloody reaction which accompanied that event, the labors at Pompeii were entirely suspended. From 1806 to 1815, under Joseph Bonaparte and Joachim Murat, renewed activity prevailed; so that in 1813 the number of men employed amounted to six hundred and seventy-four. With the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, the Neapolitan States were consigned to the military keeping and tutelage of Austria. Every one knows with what vulturish rapacity the double-headed eagle of Habsburg has been wont to pounce and prey upon chained and helpless Italy. There is nothing that Italians prize so highly as the imperishable memorials and traditions of their ancestors; and, from Rienzi to Garibaldi, it has always been by an appeal to these that their patriotic enthusiasm has been most easily enkindled. Everything that reminded the people of their past greatness the Austrians regarded as incendiary material, which it was their first duty to destroy. Thus, in Northern Italy they tried to break

the spirit of the nation by mutilating monuments of art, and converting mediæval churches and palaces into barracks for filthy and unruly Croats. The same stupid and self-subversive policy was pursued at Pompeii; and in the official register of the excavations from 1816 to 1822 we find frequent records of frescos defaced, vases broken, statues thrown down, inscriptions mutilated, and other similar outrages perpetrated by the Austrian army of occupation. The architect Bonucci notes, December 28, 1816, that on the previous Monday an Austrian soldier destroyed a beautiful mask of a fountain, and carried away the leaden cramps by which it was attached to one of the pillars in the portico of the theatre. Under the date of May 25, of the same year, we read that several Austrian officers tore off five of the bronze letters which form the inscription in the pavement of the orchestra of the Odeum. An attempt was afterwards made to restore these stolen letters, but in so doing the name of the duumvir was unwittingly changed from Oculatius to Olconius.* Another entry in the Journal, dated June 30, 1821, complains of *serie impertinenze* perpetrated by marauders from the Austrian garrison at Torre dell' Annunziata.

In fact, Pompeii has always followed the fortunes of Naples: whenever the city of the living has been oppressed and misruled, the city of the dead has been neglected and insulted. Or we might generalize this statement by saying that every revival of national feeling and every struggle after national unity in Italy are sure to be attended by two things, — an increased study and cultivation of Dante, and a renewed interest in the exhumation of Pompeii. As an immediate result of the revolution of 1859, two lectureships for the exposition of the *Divina Commedia* (one of them held by the most critical and sympathetic historian of Italian literature, Emiliani-Giudici) were established in the Royal Institute of Florence; and when Garibaldi placed the crown of the Two Sicilies on the head of Victor Emanuel, seven hundred men and an annual appropriation of sixty thousand francs were devoted to the Pom-

* The correct and original reading is given in *Pomp. Antiq. Hist.*, I. 54, and Overbeck, I. 338, Anhang. The false and substituted version is published in nearly all works on Pompeii, and admitted even by the critical Mommsen in his *Inscriptiones Regni Neapolitani Latinæ*, p. 116, No. 2242.

peian excavations. Under the preceding reign of the Bourbon King Bomba, ten thousand francs were thought to be an enormous sum; and the tourist who visited the ruins during the greater part of the fourth and fifth decades of the present century rarely found a pick or a shovel in motion.

But the Italian government did what was even better than to furnish men and money, when, in 1860, as we have before stated, it appointed Giuseppe Fiorelli inspector of the excavations. This high-toned gentleman and scholar had already occupied the same position in 1846, and, although at that time scarcely twenty-three years of age, ranked among the first archæologists of Europe. No sooner did Santangelo, the then Minister of State, put Pompeii under his control, than he quickly introduced, what had long been wanting, order, intelligence, and honesty into the administration of its affairs. One of the best results of his reforms was to excite the enmity of the "ring" of thieves and jobbers whose frauds and corrupt gains he interfered with. To avenge themselves, they accused him of liberalism in politics. In the eyes of a Bourbon dynasty, even to be suspected of sympathy with liberal opinions was a great crime. In 1849 Fiorelli was arrested and ignominiously thrown into prison. After remaining there a year, says M. Monnier, to whom we are indebted for this biographical sketch, he was brought to trial and fully acquitted. The verdict was, *consta che no*, or not guilty, which, in Neapolitan as in Scotch courts of justice, is, in a moral point of view, very different from *non consta*, or not proven. The *consta che no* declares the absence of guilt; the *non consta*, the absence of evidence. The latter signifies, "it has not been shown that the accused is guilty"; the former, "it has been shown that the accused is not guilty." But notwithstanding this complete vindication of his innocence, he came out of his dungeon only to learn that his foes had, after all, gained their point, and that he had lost his situation. Besides, the manuscript of his elaborate *Pompeianarum Antiquitatum Historia* had been seized and destroyed by the police, on suspicion that it might contain revelations unfavorable to the government. The immense labor of collecting and editing it had therefore to be undertaken anew, and thus the publication of

this invaluable work was delayed ten years. Yet this task, which he entered upon with the courage that springs only from enthusiastic and conscientious scholarship, brought no immediate remuneration; and with poverty staring him in the face, he was forced to earn his daily bread by making asphaltum roofs and terraces. Finally the Count of Syracuse, an amateur in antiquities, took him under his patronage, and employed him as private secretary. The Count was brother of the king, but, owing to his liberal views on questions of public policy, was distrusted and detested at court. His protection, therefore, was like that of a large tree in a thunder-storm, which keeps off the rain, but draws down the lightning. Thus all the political heresies of his Royal Highness, the Count, whom it was inexpedient to proceed against, were visited vicariously by the government on the head of the humble secretary. His literary labors were impeded by the confiscation of his papers, and finally wholly suspended by the seizure of his little printing-press. When, in 1859, the Count wrote his first letter to Francis II., advising him to give a free constitution to his people, Fiorelli was compelled to hide from the police in the palace of his patron, and, after a few days, to leave the country. The project of the constitution was, however, adopted, and Fiorelli returned. The Count then wrote a second letter, urging the king to abdicate, and Fiorelli was again obliged to take refuge in Florence. But forced concessions only weakened the throne which they were designed to prop; Francis II. fell, and one of the first acts of Farini, as the viceroy of Victor Emanuel, was to restore Fiorelli to the place of which he had been so unjustly and cruelly deprived.

The improvements which he now inaugurated in the manner of conducting the excavations furnish additional proof of his eminent fitness for the work. Hitherto it had been customary to follow the course of the streets *à rez de chaussée*, and remove in *vertical* sections the volcanic materials covering the city. Inasmuch as these materials consist chiefly of loose lapilli, this method was inevitably attended by fallings-in or land-slips, by which fragile articles were frequently broken, various portions of the houses displaced, and all traces of the upper stories so utterly lost that for a long time it was supposed that most Pom-

peian dwellings had but one floor. Fiorelli adopted the system of excavating in *horizontal* sections, or *strati orizzontali*.* He first marks out on the surface a plot of the streets and the blocks of buildings beneath, and then clears away the stratum of vegetable mould, in which there are of course no remains of antiquity. The trees are sold, and with the money thus obtained a library has been formed of books illustrating Pompeii. This collection is of inestimable value to artists and archæologists, who often wish to consult on the spot works like the large and elegant folios of Mazois, Niccolini, and Zahn, which it is inconvenient and almost impossible to bring with them. The volcanic layers of lava bavosa and lapilli are then carefully removed, a register being kept of each object and where it is found. The refuse earth, after being searched and riddled, is carried on a tram-way (*rotaia di ferro*) beyond the walls of the city. This road has a slightly descending grade, so that the loaded cars run without the cost of engine or coal, and when empty are drawn back by mules. Formerly the *débris* was thrown away without being sifted; and that many precious objects were lost by this negligence is indicated by the fact that one of the finest gems in the Museum at Naples was discovered in the rubbish of the earlier excavations. Especial care is taken to keep every portion of the edifice in its original place. The roofs, balconies, doors, latticed windows, and indeed the greater part of the upper rooms, which were usually of wood, are either decayed or carbonized; but even when they have wholly disappeared, clear imprints of them often remain in the hardened mud, so that by substituting fresh timbers, it is possible to reconstruct them in the same style of architecture, even to the minutest details of ornamentation.

By this ingenious process of restoration, much new light has been thrown on the structure of the Roman house, particularly of the *solaria* and *mæniana*, the terraces and piazzas, so frequently represented in ancient paintings and alluded to by ancient authors. These upper stories, with their flat roofs and

* In Vol. XV. p. 4, of the *Museo Borbonico*, it is stated that this system was suggested, in 1852, by the *soprantendente*, Prince Sangiorgio Spinelli; whereas in the *Bulletino Archeologico Napoletano*, N. S. I. p. 140, it is attributed to the architect Gaetano Genovese. But whoever may have originated the method, Fiorelli was the first to produce practical results by it.

projecting balconies almost overarching the narrow streets, after the manner in Oriental cities, were planted with shrubs, flowers, and vines, so as to form luxuriant hanging-gardens. Seneca, in one of his letters (Ep. 122), laments the excess to which this practice was carried, and asks: *Non vivunt contra naturam, qui pomaria in summis turribus serunt, quorum silvæ in tectis domorum ac fastigiis nutant?*

In the museum which has been recently formed at Pompeii, plaster casts of various perishable articles of furniture are preserved: bedsteads with panelled head-boards; doors of various patterns, having a general resemblance to those of the present day; and a large folding-screen, consisting of three parts, adorned with bronze and ivory knobs, and so perfectly moulded that the network of diagonal cross-bars, and even the dimity-like texture of the thick cloth stretched upon the frame, are distinctly visible. The roofs also, of which former excavations left no vestige, except fragments of charred beams and heaps of broken tiles, have been in many cases completely reconstructed, and the dwellings rendered almost habitable again. The first instance of this kind was the peristyle of the house of Siricus. The construction of this roof was remarkably ingenious, especially in the use of a hitherto unknown species of tile, a description and diagram of which the reader may find in Overbeck's *Pompeji.** Some of the common flat tiles, too, were made with circular, oval, or rectangular openings in the centre, in which panes of glass or sheets of other transparent materials could be inserted, thus serving as skylights. By this arrangement the different apartments were more evenly and pleasantly illuminated than would have been possible by means of the *impluvium* alone.

The same careful and conservatory method has led to equally happy results in restoring ancient gardens, and retracing the walks and parterres as they were originally laid out by the Pompeians themselves. The plots are extremely stiff and symmetrical. The flora with which the Romans were familiar was very limited. They had violets, lilies, and roses, although in fewer varieties than we are acquainted with; but of the rich abundance of annuals and perennials which modern flori-

* Vol. I. pp. 242, 243.

culture has brought to such perfection they were entirely ignorant. Consequently they endeavored to make the most of the scanty growth of their gardens by training and clipping it into as diversified forms as possible. Shrubs and trees were tied up and twisted into the absurdest shapes. Under the shears and pruning-hook of the *topiarius*, cypress, box, and yew trees were metamorphosed into birds, bears, lions, serpents, ships, or letters composing the name of the proprietor: fantastic absurdities more whimsical than the most extravagant caprices of Le Nostre and his pupils, as embodied in the famous French gardens of the seventeenth century. The Pompeian gardens were very diminutive; but by painting the surrounding walls with plants and landscapes, their little area became indefinitely enlarged to the eye of the observer. It is impossible by any description to give an adequate idea of the curious and often picturesque effect produced by this harmonious blending of the realism of Nature with the mimicry of Art. Where the reality was so artificial, it would be difficult, we imagine, to distinguish the work of the gardener's knife from the work of the painter's brush; and consequently no sudden transition would disturb the artistic unity of the result.

Hardly less important and interesting than the architectural monuments of Pompeii are its inscriptions. These may be divided into three classes, according to the language in which they are written, — Oscan, Greek, and Latin.

The Oscan inscriptions are the oldest, and belong to a period antecedent to the conquest of Campania by the Romans. They refer chiefly to the erection of edifices, the survey of streets, and other topographical matters. One, on the base of a beautiful sun-dial in the palæstra of the newly excavated baths, reads as follows: "Marius Atinius, the quæstor, in accordance with a decree of the Assembly, caused it to be made out of money levied by fines." *

Inscriptions in the Greek are not so numerous as one might

* Those who are interested in this subject will find the Oscan inscriptions of Pompeii collected and elucidated in Mommsen's *Unteritalischen Dialekte*, pp. 185–189, and in Fiorelli's *Monumenta Epigraphica Pompeiana*, Pars Prima, where they are given in full-sized facsimiles. Of the latter work only one hundred copies were printed, at one hundred and fifty francs each. Two years afterwards (1856) a cheap octavo edition of the same inscriptions, but not facsimiles, was issued.

naturally expect to find them in a city containing so many other traces of Greek culture and art. That this language was taught as an elementary branch of education is evident from the letters of the Greek alphabet scrawled on the outer walls of the houses, usually not more than two or three feet from the ground, and doubtless the work of small children, when on their way to and from school. Here and there we find also paradigms and other grammatical exercises, which are frequently in Latin characters. The only long inscription that has been satisfactorily deciphered is the following, written in large red letters at the entrance of a shop opposite the Stabian Baths. It consists of two senary stanzas, not wholly faultless in orthography: —

Ὁ τοῦ Διὸς παῖς καλλίνικος Ἡρακλῆς
Ἐ[νθά]δαι(ε) κατοικεῖ· μηδὲν εἰσίτω κακόμ(ν).
Hercules, the son of Jove, glorious in triumphs,
Dwells within. Let nothing evil enter.

The purpose of the Pompeian shopman, in placing these words near his door, will be perfectly clear, when we remember that to Hercules was applied also the epithet ἀλεξίκακος, implying his power to ward off all enchantments and evil influences of malignant beings.

The great majority of the Latin inscriptions at Pompeii belong to the latter days of the Republic, or to the era of the Empire; although in some cases the accidental falling off of the stucco coating of the walls and pillars has brought to light older Latin inscriptions, painted on the solid stone, and which date back to the time of the Social War. These, however, are easily distinguishable from those of more recent origin by the form of the letters, and by various orthographical and grammatical archaisms. First in number and in importance stand the electoral notifications, traced usually in red letters on the doorways of private houses, as well as on the columns of public buildings. In an age when there were no printing-presses, and among a people fond of statecraft and full of political enthusiasm, these inscriptions became a very essential part of the machinery of an election. By means of them the citizen expressed his preferences, and canvassed the merits of the several candidates. Every wall and pillar seems to have been regarded as common

property for electioneering purposes, although occasionally a fastidious proprietor is not sufficiently patriotic to allow his smooth stucco to be defaced for the public convenience, and begs that people will "post no bills," invoking a curse on the candidate whose name shall be inscribed on his dwelling. "May he not succeed!" are the closing words of his malediction. But such prohibitions are exceptional; for even a hasty walk through the streets of Pompeii will suffice to show how general was this method of pressing the claims of favorite candidates. The simplest and commonest formula was to write after the name of the person recommended, and the office to which he aspired, the three letters O. V. F., i. e. *Orat* (or *Oro*) *vos faciatis*. Thus, on the doorpost of a shop in the street of Fortune we find this inscription: *Gn. Helvivm Sabinvm æd. O. V. F.* (I pray that you will make Gnæus Helvius Sabinus ædile.) Sometimes the petitioner joined his name to the request, in order to throw the weight of his personality into the scale: "I beg that you will elect to the ædileship A. Veltius Firmus, a good man: Felix desires it"; or, in a more decided tone of self-consciousness, "Firmus votes for Marcus Holconius," — as if a mere intimation of this fact would be sufficient to secure a multitude of suffrages. Sometimes, too, the name of the elector is given whose suffrage is solicited; as, *Modestum æd., Pansa, fac facias* (O Pansa, make Modestus ædile). In like manner Cuspius and Siricus are requested to favor (*fave* being also used, instead of *fac*) Fadius and Postumius. A remarkable example is the following frank proposal: *Sabinum æd., Procule, fac, et ille te faciet* (O Proculus, help Sabinus to the ædileship, and he will help you). Such petitions were probably inscribed on the houses of the persons to whom they were directly addressed, and are therefore useful in settling questions of proprietorship. In one instance the recommendation of Junius Simplex to the ædileship is strengthened by the addition of the letters V. A. S. (*Votis Augusti susceptis*), by which it is intimated that his election would be very gratifying to the Emperor; and in two electoral appeals recently discovered the name of the imperial commissioner, Suedius Clemens, appears as an element of influence in favor of M. Epidius Sabinus, a candidate for the duumvirate. Frequently, also, complimentary epithets are added,

such as V. B. (*virum bonum*), reminding us of what Seneca writes: *Omnes candidatos viros bonos dicimus* (We call all candidates good men); Cuspius Pansa and Popidius Secundus are characterized as honest young men, worthy of the republic (*juvenes probos, dignos r. p.*); another political aspirant is praised as a youth deserving in every respect, and eminently worthy of public confidence (*omni bono meritum juvenem, r. p. dignissimum*). Superlatives are often employed in such declarations; and it is even affirmed of Holconius Priscus that he is extreme-modest (*verecundissimum*), though we can hardly imagine how this amiable shamefacedness could have profited him much in public life. Many of the common classes of citizens acted politically in bodies or guilds. Thus, the fruit-dealers (*pomarii*) put forward Holconius as candidate; the carpenters and cart-wrights (*plostrarii*) regard Marcellinus as the proper person; the goldsmiths (*aurifices*) favor Photinus; and the bakers, vintners, cooks, porters, fishmongers, green-grocers, wood-dealers, mule-drivers, and many others, each in their corporate capacity, urge the claims of some one to the magistracy. The respected association of *venerei* give their united voice for a certain Paquius. The fullers (*fullones*) and clothiers (*lanifricarii*)* were also ambitious, like Jack Cade of Blackheath notoriety, "to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it." The tradesman Phœbus, with his customers (*cum emptoribus*), and the schoolmaster Valentius, with his pupils, propose their candidates; as regards the pedagogue, however, who writes *cum discentes suos*, we fear, that, if Sir Hugh Evans were required to ask him "questions in his accidence," the choleric Welshman would exclaim even more indignantly than he did to Mrs. Quickly, "Art thou lunatics? Has thou no understandings for thy cases?" It is, of course, inevitable that this kind of electioneering should be often travestied by wags, and give occasion to squibs of street wit. Thus, the ball-players (*pilicrepi*), the late topers (*seribibi*), the wor-

* *Lanifricarius* is an entirely new word. Fiorelli (Gior. d. Scavi, 14, p. 47) defines it as *colui che con panno di lana astergeva i corpi dei gladiatori prima o dopo il combattimento.* Overbeck gives *Wollenwäscher* as the German synonym. We think it signifies one who cards or rubs (*fricat*) woollen cloth to raise the nap, as represented in a painting in the Pompeian Fullonica, and have therefore translated it *clothier.*

shipful company of sleepers (*dormientes universi*), and finally all Pompeians (*Pompeiani universi*), gravely declare their preferences. Even those who were not entitled to vote — women, children, slaves, and freedmen — seemed to esteem it their privilege to take part in the nominations. Hilario with his wife (*cum sua*), Sema with her boys (*cum pueris*), Fortunata, Animula, &c., made their influence felt in the canvass, although they could not deposit their ballots in the electoral urn.

These electoral inscriptions not only show the intense enthusiasm with which the Pompeians exercised their political rights, but they also serve to correct much misapprehension as to the organization of the Roman Empire, and the relation which the municipalities bore to the metropolis during the first century of the Christian era. More than half a century after even the form of popular elections had been abolished in the capital, and the appointment to all public offices had passed nominally to the Senate, but virtually into the hands of the Emperor, this little provincial town of Campania continued to enjoy an almost unlimited freedom and autonomy in the administration of its municipal affairs. The elective franchise, which was only a tradition or remote reminiscence to the inhabitants of Rome, was still a reality to those who lived a few leagues from the walls of the seven-hilled city. The wits and satirists of the Suburra were extremely fond of ridiculing "the poor prætors of Fundi and the ragged ædiles of Ulubræ"; yet it was far more honorable to be chosen by the popular voice to the magistracy of little boroughs like these than to be *præfectus urbi* by the grace of a Domitian or a Nero. Cicero, in his work on Laws, (*De Legibus*, III. 16,) alludes very contemptuously to the local elections of his native town, Arpinum, as tempests in a teapot (*fluctus in simpulo*); nevertheless, it was in these petty and despised municipalities that the last traces of republican freedom were preserved, long after the Comitia of the Campus had been suppressed by Tiberius.

It is a great, though by no means uncommon error, to suppose that the imperialism of Rome, like most despotic and bureaucratic states of modern times, was a vast and compact centralization, which tolerated no heterogeneous elements, and repressed every autonomic tendency in its subjugated dependencies. But such

was not the policy of the Cæsars. The conquered provinces lost their sovereignty, but not their liberty. No effort was made to impose upon them a uniform constitution, or to abrogate the usages and traditions which time had hallowed. Athens still retained its archons, and Carthage its suffetes; Sicily continued to be governed by the laws of Hiero, and Egypt by the statutes of the Ptolemies. Rome held in her hands the reins of national affairs, and the command of the army; she allowed no money to circulate that did not bear the image and superscription of Cæsar; nor did she permit her colonies to fight out their own quarrels, but caused all their differences to be referred to herself for final adjudication. Tacitus gives an instance of this kind which occurred at Pompeii just twenty years before the city was destroyed. It seems a certain Senator, Livineius Regulus, fixed his residence there after having been banished from the capital, and gave a gladiatorial exhibition for the entertainment of the citizens, which was also attended by the inhabitants of the neighboring city of Nuceria. During the spectacle a dispute arose, provoked by that local jealousy which has ever been the bane of Italy, and from words the parties came to blows. Several persons were killed; but the Nucerians were finally worsted in the combat, and appealed to Rome for redress. After considerable delay, Nero pronounced judgment to the effect that the Pompeians should be deprived of all theatrical amusements for ten years: a very serious sentence in the eyes of a people who regarded shows as essential as daily bread, — *panem et circenses.* It is interesting to discover in Pompeii a rude drawing, scratched with a pointed instrument on the stuccoed walls of a house, which, in spite of Overbeck's scepticism, we must regard as a corroboration, in the form of a caricature, of this historical incident. It represents a gladiator in armor entering the arena, and bearing a palm-branch in his hand; at the opposite end of the amphitheatre another victor is dragging up the steps a prisoner whose hands are bound. Underneath is an inscription, as ungrammatical as the sketch is unartistic, but which may be translated, "O Campanians, your victory was as fatal to you as to the Nucerians." Here we see the strong hand of Rome meddling with what seems to us a very trivial affair; but by the central government

it was deemed a matter of importance, since such irritation might easily enkindle old animosities and excite inter-provincial war. With the exception of liabilities to interference in such cases, where the general tranquillity of the empire was imperilled, Pompeii was essentially a free city. It paid no tribute to Cæsar; no imperial governor presided in its basilica; no prætorian garrison occupied its barracks; in no part of its internal administration do we detect the slightest trace of the direct surveillance of a central power. It was in these respects an independent republic, a miniature of the metropolis, *parva Romæ imago.*

The establishment of the Empire did not destroy, but rather secured, the rights and autonomies of the municipalities; hence the readiness with which the latter accepted the new *régime* of imperialism. This fact also explains the laudatory language in which many Pompeian and Herculanean inscriptions make mention of Tiberius, Claudius, and other emperors whom the historical student has learned to execrate. For it is a wise saying of the philosophic Tacitus, that, "while the influence of good princes is everywhere felt, the influence of bad ones is injurious chiefly to those around them." It was the inhabitants of Rome who suffered most by the follies and beastliness of a Caligula and a Vitellius. The people of a provincial town thought little of the emperor's personal character, because they were not directly affected by it; but they honored and deified him as the embodiment of that protecting power which insured to them peace, industrial prosperity, and the enjoyment of their ancient privileges.

M. Gaston Boissier, in his admirable essay, *La Vie de Province dans l'Empire Romain*, (Revue des Deux Mondes, 1er Avril, 1866,) has drawn from a study of the Latin inscriptions collected by Orelli, Henzen, and Mommsen, some interesting facts as to the manner in which the prerogative of self-government was finally lost by the municipalities. In the first place, no magistrate received a salary; the office itself, like virtue, was its own reward. Indeed, he was often obliged to pay very dearly for his dignities. With us, *honorarium* means money given *to* a public functionary for services performed; with the Romans, it meant money given *by* a public functionary for the honor of being selected to perform such services. The least of his ex-

penses was to keep open house on election-day. "Friend," says an inscription, "ask for wine and cakes, and they shall be provided for you till the sixth hour: blame only yourself, if you come too late." These simple refreshments were for the populace. The decurions and other distinguished personages were entertained in a more sumptuous manner. Largesses of money were also distributed among the different classes of society, and the various commercial and religious associations. But the expenditures of the candidate for dramatic and gladiatorial exhibitions were still greater. According to an announcement at Pompeii, Clodius Flaccus, when elected to the duumvirate, brought seventy gladiators into the arena. This was the surest way to gratify his constituents and eclipse his competitors. During his term of office, likewise, the magistrate was expected to undertake public works, build aqueducts, restore temples, and repair highways, at his own cost (*pecunia sua*), instead of drawing on the treasury. The finest edifices and most beautiful monuments of Pompeii were either erected or renovated in this manner. Every street and public building furnish abundant proofs of the enormous sums expended by private individuals in adorning the city which chose them as its ædiles or duumvirs. It was a point of honor more imperative than law. If a magistrate performed some act of extraordinary munificence, the decurions assembled and voted him an equestrian statue. To this proposal, if he wished to preserve his reputation for generosity, he must reply, *Honore contentus vobis impensam remitto;* in other words, they set up the statue and he paid for it, — a very economical and Pickwickian method of rewarding merit. And when the day arrived on which the statue was unveiled, of course the magistrate would not fail to regale with feasts and divert with spectacles the citizens who were so eager to do him honor. Under this system, only men of immense fortunes could aspire to public station; but among these the intensest rivalry seems to have existed. This was the origin of those magnificent structures whose ruins are scattered over the whole extent of the Roman Empire, and still inspire us with wonder. They were by no means the work of the central government alone, but were produced by extreme and continuous emulation among the richest

citizens of each municipality. It is not easy to comprehend why office should have been coveted under such circumstances, unless we remember that in ancient times there were fewer facilities for intercommunication between states and provinces than now; and as men's activities were restricted in space, their patriotism was narrowed in range, but immensely increased in intensity. It was only in metaphysical abstraction that the philosophers of the Porch styled themselves cosmopolites. The strong sentiments of local pride and local affection made every man ambitious to hold the first rank in the place of his nativity; and to those whose aspirations reached beyond provincial politics, the chief magistracy in an Italian municipality was the surest stepping-stone to higher honors in the state, just as with us a governorship leads to the Senate. This latter consideration was one of peculiar force under the Empire, when all barriers to political promotion founded on geographical distinctions were removed. At the time Pompeii was destroyed, these teapot tempests (if we may recur to the Ciceronian metaphor) were at the height of their ebullient fury; but towards the end of the century the popular demands on the candidate's purse grew so excessive that not even the coffers of a Rothschild would have been able to satisfy them. The *honoribus atque oneribus functus* in the epitaphs, however grateful to the dead, was felt by the living to be something worse even than a jingling compliment. Instead of craving these onerous honors, men began to decline them; and laws were enacted compelling the wealthy citizens to become magistrates. They were no longer chosen, but condemned to office. This condition of affairs soon created discontent, and provoked the interference of the Emperor Trajan, who, in order to check these foolish prodigalities, ordained that no shows or festivities should be given, nor public works undertaken, without the imperial permission. Curators were also sent to the provinces for the purpose of enforcing this law, and regulating all expenditures. In the presence of this high functionary the office of an elected ædile or duumvir became a sinecure, and was finally abolished. From this period, the government of the municipalities grew more and more bureaucratic.

Next to the political inscriptions, in point of numbers, are the

announcements of gladiatorial exhibitions. As a specimen, we may quote the following, which has been found posted in two places: "The troup of A. Suettius Certus, ædile, will fight at Pompeii on the last of May; there will be a hunt and an awning." Sometimes the words *qua dies patientur* (weather permitting), or *sine ulla dilatione* (no postponement on account of weather), are added. The number of the gladiators is frequently stated, and in one instance substitutes are mentioned,—*gladiatorum paria XX. et eorum suppositicios.* In this case the spectacle was advertised to continue three days, and the substitutes were provided in order that the too rapid dispatching of the original twenty pairs might not shorten the sport. The name of the magistrate, or other person, at whose expense the games are celebrated, is also given. Thus, Nigidius Maius, on the dedication of the baths, gave a magnificent exhibition of this kind, with a chase of wild beasts, an awning to protect the spectators from the heat of the sun, and *sparsiones* or sprinklings of perfumes throughout the amphitheatre. Under this announcement, a grateful hand has written, *Maio principi coloniæ feliciter* (Long live Maius, chief of the colony).

There are also many notices pertaining to the lease of houses, shops, and other real estate, rewards offered for the recovery of stolen property, and memoranda of domestic purchases, like the following on the inner wall of the house of Holconius: —

IIX. ID. IVL. AXVNGIA. PCC.
ALIV. MANVPLOS. CCL.

(Eighth of July, hog's lard, two hundred pounds; garlic, two hundred and fifty bunches.) A wag, burlesquing the pompous style of lapidary inscriptions, makes this family record: "Under the consulate of Lucius Monius Asprenas and Aulus Plotius, there was born to me — a donkey."

These casual scribblings and scratchings (*dipinti* and *graffiti*, as the Italians call them) are among the interesting features of Pompeii, and, although intrinsically trivial, often throw much light on the manners and morals of the age. They are the literature of the loafers, and we must not expect to find in them either elegance of diction or purity of taste. Some of the coarsest and most brutal are scrawled on the

walls of low pothouses, evidently the haunts of gladiators.* Here is one of the less indecent, which the victor, who calls himself, in the slang of the prize-ring, "Country Boy," wrote, as he returned to his mistress from the arena, where he had slain his adversary: *Victor cum Attine hic fuit. Africanus moritur; futet puer rusticus. Condisces cui dolet pro Africano?* (Africanus is dead. Prithee, who mourns for Africanus?)

The graffiti of an erotic and sentimental character are also quite numerous. Nearly every wall and pillar is made a vehicle of tender emotions, very suitable to a city whose tutelar goddess was Venus. *Amans animus meus:* "My heart is full of love"; "Many love thee, maiden, but only Celer's love is true"; "Farewell, dear Sava, I pray that you may love me"; "Methe Cominiaes, the Atellan actress, loves Chrestus with all her heart; may the Pompeian Venus be propitious to both, and may they always live in harmony," may serve as examples. *Nemo est bellus nisi qui amavit* reminds us of Luther's famous couplet: —

"Wer nicht liebt Weib, Wein, und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang."

The first line of the following stanza by an unknown author,

Scribenti mi dictat Amor mostratque Cupido,
Ah! peream, sine te si deus esse velim,

is equivalent to what Dante says of himself to Buonagiunta: —

"Io mi son un che, quando
Amore spira, noto, ed a quel modo
Ch' ei detta dentro, vo significando."
Purg. xxiv. 52.

The second line of the distich is extremely intense: "May I perish, if I would wish to be even a god without thee," and recalls the old *chanson* quoted by Molière's Misanthrope: —

"J'aime mieux ma mie, O gai!
J'aime mieux ma mie."

An irritated swain, in the fury of injured affection, vents his

* We are unwilling to sully our pages by citations, and must refer the reader who feels an antiquarian interest in them to Fiorelli's full description of a lupanar in the *Giornale degli Scavi*, 14, p. 48, where everything is recorded with scientific ingenuousness.

wrath upon the Goddess of Love herself, in the following medley of pentameters and hexameters: —

Quisquis amat veniat: Veneri volo frangere costas,
Fustibus et lumbos debilitare deæ.
Si potis illa mihi tenerum pertundere pectus,
Cur ego non possim caput illut frangere fuste?

Let him come, who loves; I will break the ribs of Venus,
And cripple the loins of the goddess with cudgels.
If she can rend my heart in my bosom,
Why may not I break her head with a club?

In other verses which are copied from a pillar in the vestibule of a house excavated in 1865, the rival is threatened with a kind of homœopathic retribution: —

Si quis forte meam cupiet vio . . . . puellam,
Illum in desertis montibus urat Amor.

If any one estranges from me the heart of my maiden,
May Love consume him in the desert mountains.

Singularly enough, a similar stanza, apparently written by the same hand, was found at Rome, during the Palatine excavations, on an arch of Caligula's bridge. In this instance, however, the writer, like the Hebrew prophet, invokes the interposition of bears: —

Quisque meam f . . . rivalis amicam,
Illum secretis montibus ursus edat.

Sometimes these graffiti are extracts from the poets, especially from Ovid, Virgil, Propertius, and Tibullus; but we believe there has not been found in Pompeii a single quotation from Horace, — a circumstance which tends to corroborate the statements of Sainte-Beuve, who in his *Étude sur Virgile* maintains that the poet of Venusia was not popular with his contemporaries, and that his unrivalled lyric genius was not generally recognized till long after his death. Here is a distich of Ovid (*Ars Amatoria*, I. 475), transcribed from the walls of the Basilica: —

Quid pote tam durum saxso, aut quid mollius unda?
Dura tamen molli saxsa cavantur aqua.

What is harder than stone, or what softer than water?
Yet by the soft water the hard rocks are hollowed.

Saxso illustrates the tendency to consonantal duplication,

which still characterizes the dialects of Southern Italy; instead of the provincialism *pote tam*, the authorized text reads *magis est.*

In the following lines from an elegy of Propertius (III. 16, 13), Vesuvius has preserved an excellent emendation of the ordinary text by the substitution of *feriat* for *noceat;* but *Scythiæ*, in place of *Scythicis*, cannot be regarded as an improvement: —

Quisquis amator erit, Scythiæ licet ambulet oris,
Nemo adeo, ut feriat, barbarus esse volet.

Even should the lover wander through the regions of Scythia,
There is no barbarian so cruel as to strike him.

A desponding lover indites on the stucco of the Basilica several verses in which the classical student will discover reminiscences of Ovid (*Amores*, III. 6, 87), and Tibullus (II. 6, 17–22). His emotion seems to have suddenly checked the poetic flow of his soul on the third pentameter: —

Si potes et non vis, cur gaudia differs,
Spemque foves, et cras usque redire jubes?
Ergo coge mori, quem sine te vivere cogis.
Munus erit certe non cruciarre boni.
Quod spes eripuit, spes certe reddet amanti. . . . .

If thou canst love and wilt not, why mock me with joys,
Foster my hopes, and bid me return on the morrow?
Rather force me to die, whom thou forcest without thee to live.
'T will be surely a favor, if thou ceasest to torture me longer.
What hope took away, hope will surely return to the lover. . . . .

This effusion naturally provoked malicious remarks. Directly under it another hand has written, *Qui hoc leget nuncquam posteac aled* (posthac aliud) *legat, et nunquam sit salvus qui supra scribi*[*t*] (Whoever reads this, may he never read anything else, and may he never prosper who wrote it). A third hand has added, *Vere dicis* (You are right).

We take leave of these amatory verses with the following distich, which, although metrically defective, is in other respects not unworthy a good poet; Overbeck characterizes it as *sehr zierlich:* —

Alliget hic auras, si quis objurgat amantes,
Et vetet assiduas currere fontis aquas.

Let him bind the wind, who chides lovers;
Let him stay the restless waters of the fountain.

A very strange graffito, written in the form of a serpent, and of which Garrucci has published a facsimile (Planche VI. No. 1), praises the feats of a young juggler named Sepumius, whose wonderful *serpentis lusus* are said to eclipse the performances of the theatre and the circus. We have also an exceedingly stupid riddle, expressed in very halting senary iambics: —

ZETEMA.

Mulier ferebat filium similem sui:
Nec meus est nec mi similat, sed
Vellem esset meus.
Et ego: volebam ut meus esset.

RIDDLE.

A woman bore a child that resembled her:
It is not mine, nor does it resemble me,
Yet I wish that it were mine.
And I: would, too, it were mine.

Those who despair of solving it may derive some light from Bücheler's ingenious exegesis in *Das Nord. Rhein. Mus.* 12, 258.

A communist, too, has favored us with his views on the distribution of the deposits contained in the public treasury: —

Communem nummum dividendum censio est,
Nam noster nummus magam habet pecuniam.

Garrucci's interpretation of this graffito, as referring to *une femme qui veut partager avec une autre femme, Magna, l'argent de Nama*, rests upon a false punctuation.

The custom of writing sentiments on private and public buildings is frequently mentioned by ancient authors. Cicero says that Pipa, the notorious mistress of Verres, wrote many verses above the tribunal and over the head of the prætor; Pliny describes the numerous inscriptions on the walls and columns of the baths of Clitumnus; and a character in Plautus's *Mercator* speaks of his doors being covered with eulogies in charcoal: *impleantur meæ fores elogiorum carbonibus.* But the prodigious excess to which this practice was carried was first clearly revealed by the disinterment of Pompeii, where we find poems, advertisements, proverbs, pasquinades, erotics, greetings, caricatures, quibbles, sentimentalities, &c., every-

where meeting the eye, until we are ready to exclaim, in the words of a graffito which the same sight inspired some Pompeian to scrawl in the corridor of the theatre, eighteen centuries ago: —

> *Admiror, paries, te non cecidisse ruinam,*
> *Qui tot scriptorum tædia sustineas.*
>
> I wonder, O wall, that thou hast not fallen to ruins,
> Since thou bearest the tedious burdens of so many scribblers.

Quod pretium legi? (What's the price of law?) is the question of one who had probably suffered from the venality of courts of justice. *Quisquis me ad cenam vocarit valeat* (Blessings on him who invites me to dinner) seems to be the grateful utterance of one of those parasites whom the Romans called *umbræ*, and who followed a rich man like his shadow, for the sake of an invitation to his table. In a bedchamber of the little Inn of the Elephant, kept by a certain Sittius, we read this record of a longing soul: *Vibius Restitutus hic solus dormivit et urbanam suam desiderabat.* Of the many scrawlings which savor of drinking-rooms, we will cite only one, copied from the atrium of the recently excavated House of the Bear: *Edone dicit: Assibus hic bibitur; dipundium si dederis, meliora bibes; quartos si dederis, vina Falerna bibes* (Edone [the vintneress] says: Here you may drink for a farthing, for two farthings you can drink better wine, and for four you shall have genuine Falernian). The inscription is marked by some dialectic peculiarities, but the sense is clear; it is interesting to observe how it grows more rhythmic as the quality of the wine improves, and glides into a perfect pentameter in announcing the noble Falernian. There are also similar epigraphs on the amphoræ which have been found in the wine-vaults of private houses, and especially of temples, like this one, for example: *Presta mi sincerum; sic te amet, quæ costodit hortum, Venus* (Give me pure wine; so may Venus, who guards the vineyard, love thee). It is interesting to find on many of these jars a statement of the quality of the wine, and the date of the vintage reckoned by consulates. Thus, on one vessel, we read FRVT. T. CLAVDIO. IIII. L. VITELLIO. III. COS.; showing that its contents were thirty-two years old when Pompeii was destroyed. Another amphora of terra cotta is inscribed with

these words in black letters: Com. Gran. Of. Romæ. Aierio. Felici: (Wine of Cos flavored with pomegranate, and brought from the cellar of Aierius Felix, at Rome.) This was regarded as a very choice beverage, and was highly esteemed by Cato, and also by Pliny, who says that a premature mellowness (*precox vetustas*) was imparted to it by sinking vessels containing the must into the sea; hence it was called *thalassites*. Other wine-jars are marked Kor. Opt. (Best Corcyrean), indicating that it was imported from Corcyra, or Corfu, famous for its delicious grapes; Lvn. Vet.* (Old Luna), which, according to Pliny, "bore away the palm of Etruria"; and lastly, Lime. Vet., which is thought by Fiorelli (*Gior. d. Scavi*, 1, 27) to be derived from λιμήν, and would therefore correspond in name, though probably not in kind, to our popular corruption of Oporto, "Old Port." These two wines are supposed by Fiorelli to be identical, the city of Luna being famous for *l' ampiezza e la speciosità del suo porto*. They were the property of one Cornelia, and had been purchased from the hypogeum of Marcus Valerius Abinnericus, who was doubtless a prominent wine merchant of that time. The letters and numerals A IIII R (*annorum quatuor rubrum*) and V III S signify that the wine was red, and had been bottled four years, and that the price of it was eight denarii for a sextarius, or quart. We learn from an edict of Diocletian, promulgated during the latter half of the third century, that a sextarius of old wine of the first quality (*vini veteris primi gustus*) was valued at twenty-four denarii, and common wines (*vini rustici*) at eight denarii, from which we infer either that there was a vast increase in the price of wines since the reign of Titus, or that the Pompeian amphora contained a very inferior quality.

Besides the insight which the dipinti and graffiti of Pompeii give us into the social, political, and domestic life of a Roman

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* The whole inscription, according to Fiorelli's facsimile, is:

LVN. VET.
A IIII R
V III S
CORNELIA
M. VALERI. ABINNERICI.

provincial town of the first century, they are also valuable as specimens of ancient patois, and furnish important data for the solution of philological questions. It is foreign to our purpose to enter upon a full discussion of this topic in the present paper, and we can only state that the grammatical and orthographical peculiarities of this class of inscriptions tend to corroborate the theory which affirms the identity of modern Italian, even in the geographical distribution of its dialects, with the popular spoken language of the ancient Romans. There is strong reason to believe that the vernacular of Naples differs to-day from that of Tuscany in precisely the same features as the *lingua vulgaris* of Campania was distinguished from that of Latium. The proofs of this are already abundant, and will no doubt increase in number and in significance as the excavations are continued, and the epigraphical monuments of the city are more carefully collated.

It was our original intention to treat at some length the subject of Pompeian art, but from want of space we shall be compelled to limit ourselves to a few general observations. The three classic orders of architecture are all represented in Pompeii. Of these the Ionic is most rarely found, and never in its purity. The best specimen is the propylæum of the Triangular Forum, in which we can trace at least traditions of the delicate richness and Attic grace of the Erechtheum. The Doric is not, as has been often stated, the prevailing style of Pompeian architecture. It exists only in the most ancient public edifices, (as, for example, the colonnades of the Barracks and of the Triangular Forum,) and in the peristyles of some of the largest private dwellings. The proportions are not those of the best Grecian prototypes. The shafts are too slender, and the intercolumniations too great; the architrave is so shrunken that in some cases the frieze rests immediately on the abacus of the capitals, and produces an impression of extreme weakness; and nowhere do we find an instance of a metope enriched with reliefs, or a gable with statues. Yet the loss of symmetrical strength and majesty is often compensated by a certain lightness and elegance, which impart to the whole a very pleasing effect. The most common of the three orders is the Corinthian; although it is usually so mixed with

other elements, and so modified by the caprice of individual architects, that it cannot fail to offend the eye of purists. In many structures belonging to the period of renovation which followed the earthquake of A. D. 63, we find examples of Doric converted into Corinthian, by means of parget and paint. A notable instance of this kind is the peribolos of the Temple of Venus; by chipping from the capitals and entablature the meretricious stucco with which they are coated, we discover beneath them beautiful Doric mouldings of stone.* This sacrifice of genuineness to showiness, of truth to mere effect, characterizes all the architectural restorations of Pompeii during the decade immediately preceding its destruction, and is an infallible index of degeneracy in taste. It is only in its decline that art takes refuge in such specious devices, just as fading matrons and spinsters resort to damask-bloom and lily-white. A curious illustration of this dishonesty is seen in the mural decorations of the *tepidarium* of the baths, where the ornaments low down on the walls are executed in relief, while those higher up are painted in a kind of liquid stucco; and frequently the lower parts of the same figure (as a Cupid, for example) are wrought in mezzo-rilievo, while the upper parts, which should have been sculptured in basso-rilievo, are daubed on shabbily with a brush. Even the terra-cotta Telamones in the same apartment are incrusted with stucco. Fresco is the predominant kind of ornamentation, and displaces sculpture wherever such substitution is possible. Many, though by no means all, of the statues are also colored, and among them an exceedingly archaic hieratic image of Artemis, thus indicating that this usage was very ancient, although not conclusive as to the extent to which it was practised in the Periclean age of Grecian art. In most cases the coloring is confined to the hair and the drapery, as in the recently discovered statue of Holconius Rufus, which has red hair, a purple toga, and black bus-

* Besides the three classic orders of architecture, there are a multitude of what might be called architectural *fantasie*, in which the genius of the builder has embodied the whims and feelings of the moment, sometimes in grotesque, but often in exceedingly graceful forms. It is interesting, also, to find in the pronaos of the Temple of Jupiter an example of the Composite Order much older than the Arch of Titus at Rome, which has generally been regarded as the earliest specimen of this style.

kins (*Pomp. Antiq. Hist.*, II. 568); sometimes, however, it extends to the nude parts, as in the Venus found in the Temple of Isis in 1765, and which the Journal describes as naked from the waist upwards, with yellow-tinted hair, a golden necklace, the breasts and upper part of the stomach gilt, and dark blue (*turchino*) drapery, concealing the figure from the hips downward.

The bronzes of Pompeii are usually superior to the marbles. The three statuettes of the Dancing Faun, Narcissus listening to Echo, and Silenus supporting a tray, under the weight of which he seems to stagger, are unrivalled in design and execution. The first of these treasures of art, in which the exuberance of animal life is admirably expressed, was discovered more than a quarter of a century ago; the other two are results of recent excavations. They are probably all reductions of famous Grecian *chefs-d'œuvre*.* A fountain group of Hercules seizing the brazen-hoofed stag, which adorned the compluvium of the house of Sallust, and two large statues of Apollo, may be placed in the same category of masterpieces. It is an interesting circumstance, that one of the last-mentioned statues, which represents the Delphian god as an archer slaying his enemies, was found in widely dispersed fragments. According to the official records (*Pomp. Antiq. Hist.*, I. 214), the body was exhumed in 1817, near the forum, and the arms (mingled with human bones) were accidentally discovered more than a year afterwards by a hunter, while pursuing a fox into the sally-port of a tower which forms a part of the fortifications on the northern side of the city. It is evident, therefore, that an effort had been made by the inhabitants to carry off portions of this statue through the portcullis of the tower; but unfortunately they found their egress into the open country blocked up by volcanic materials, and thus perished. The other Apollo stands with a plectron in his right hand; his left hand is in the attitude of holding a lyre, although every

* The eyeballs of the Narcissus are wanting. They are supposed to have been made of silver or precious stones; although it is almost incredible that any thief should have despoiled the sockets of their contents, instead of carrying off such a beautiful specimen of workmanship entire. A more probable hypothesis is, that the eyes were composed of some perishable material.

vestige of the instrument has disappeared. The style is somewhat severe, traditional, and archaic, like that attributed to the school of the younger Pasiteles. Indeed, it is affirmed and ingeniously argued by Kekulé, in the *Annali dell' Instituto* for 1865 (pp. 58 et seq.), that this statue is an original work of that master himself, — a theory which even the incredulous Overbeck seems inclined to accept.

But far more important and instructive than the marbles or the bronzes are the paintings of Pompeii, — not so much on account of their superior excellence as because they are almost the only representatives of this branch of art which antiquity has bequeathed to us. In this respect their significance cannot be easily overestimated; although it is not presumable that from a small country-town, in a period which Pliny characterizes as the age of "dying art," we should obtain any adequate conception of Greek painting, as it was practised four centuries earlier by Apelles and Protogenes. The most striking feature of Pompeian houses is the exceedingly gay colors with which the interior walls are enlivened; and according to the highest standard of æsthetic culture, this is decided to be bad taste. Yet these strong pigments are only a suggestion and a supplement of Nature. In the polar regions there is a deficiency of color. All the animals share the gray and white of the scenes among which they live, and the plants are almost monochromatic in leaf and blossom. But as we go southward, the flora and the fauna put on brighter and livelier hues, until, in the tropics, we reach the height of gorgeousness and splendor in the petals of flowers, the plumage of birds, and the burnished wings of insects. The same law prevails in the dress of the inhabitants, whether savage or civilized. The wampum of the barbarian basking under the line is far more variegated than that of his brother who freezes at the poles; and the costume of the Norwegian differs from that of the Italian in like respects. In instinctive obedience to the same principle, the Pompeians, whose dwellings were open to all the influences of a Southern sky, covered their walls with brilliant tints.

It must not be forgotten, too, that, although at Pompeii every species of painting is represented from genre pictures,

still life, and landscape, up to the highest themes of mythology, epos, history, and allegory, yet they are all essentially decorative. This is as true of the beautiful scene from Homer, or from Virgil, which occupies the centre of the panel, as of the flowers and foliage of the socle, or the graceful arabesques that cover the frieze, or the architectural vistas that fill the intermediate spaces. The fantasy of the decorator rises from a sprig, or a bird, to the heroes at Troy, or the gods on Olympus, and so blends them all into one composition as to render it impossible to draw a line of demarcation between the pictures and the embellishments. With the ancients, art was more clearly related to life than with us. It was to them, not confectionery, but daily bread. Their paintings, instead of being hung up *in* their houses, formed a part *of* their houses, entered into their structure, and made even the poorest dwellings "rich and full of pleasantness." The Narcissus adorned the abode of a washerwoman. We break up this continuity by encasing our pictures in heavy gilded frames, instead of putting them directly on the walls, and then banish them to the parlor or the picture-gallery, where they are to be admired at stated hours, with a libretto in hand, to explain to us what they mean. They do not really touch us or our civilization at any point. We may place the Venus of Milo on our mantel-piece, but the poor goddess is mutilated and expatriated, and speaks no language that we can understand. *Elle s'ennuie*, as we gaze at her curiously from afar, through an archæological lorgnette.

At Pompeii, art was an outgrowth of life; and the paintings and statues embody the thoughts, the beliefs, the customs, and the tastes of the age. Thus the uncovering of any building is like turning a new leaf of an immense illustrated folio on the morals, manners, and domestic habits of the Roman people eighteen centuries ago. The frescos and mosaics of Pompeii have also dissipated many errors with regard to the perfection attained by ancient painting, and justified the praises bestowed upon it by Plutarch and Pliny. In the presence of the Battle of Issus, all talk about defective perspective, rilievo grouping, conventional coloring, &c., is misapplied and absurd. It is not too much to say, in the language of Overbeck, *Vom diesem*

Bilde datirt eine neue Periode in unserer Erkenntniss der alten Malerei. Goethe, too, speaks of it as *ein Wunder der Kunst.* It is highly probable that the original picture of which this mosaic is a copy was the work of a female artist, Helen of Egypt. Its border represents the river Nile, with a crocodile, a hippopotamus, an ichneumon, ibises, lotuses, and other Egyptian animals and plants, which have neither artistic nor geographical connection with the battle-scene, and are doubtless mere reminiscences of the native land of Timon's daughter. The picture presents the very crisis of the conflict, when the Macedonian conqueror hurls his cavalry against the wavering and broken ranks of the Persians, whose king, Darius, with his horsemen and chariots, is swept from the field. The impetuosity of the victorious Greeks, and the terror of the panic-stricken fugitives, are delineated with wonderful truth and power.*

In the subordinate branches of the glyptic and the keramic arts, in jewelling, chasing, enamelling, and all the varieties of glass manufacture, the Pompeian excavations show that the ancients had attained extraordinary skill. In the same house that contained the mosaic pavement just described a massive bracelet was found, weighing nearly two pounds. It is in the form of a serpent; the head is of molten gold, and the body of malleated gold, so as to be tough and elastic; the eyes are rubies; the tongue is a strip of tremulous gold-leaf; the teeth and the scales of the neck and tail are beautifully chiselled. Every part is exquisitely wrought. Many of the hair-pins of gold, ivory, or bronze, which belonged to the paraphernalia of Pompeian ladies, are very elegant. One is surmounted by a Venus in the act of twisting her hair; another, by a Cupid holding a mirror. The beauty and fitness of such designs are at once apparent; since nothing could be more appropriate than the god and goddess of Love aiding in the toilet of their fair votaries.

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* Quintus Curtius, in the third book of his *De Rebus gestis Alexandri Magni*, describes the Battle of Issus, and many of the incidents which he relates are evidently drawn from this historical painting, rather than from a critical study of historical records. This circumstance, though little creditable to Curtius as a writer of history, is interesting as confirming the theory of Professor Quaranta, who first saw in this mosaic a representation of that battle.

The proficiency of the Romans in glass-making was not less remarkable than their skill and taste in the toreutic art. In one of the smaller tombs known as *tomba del vaso di vetro blu*, a vase was discovered, made of dark blue glass with the rich tint and lustre of a sardonyx, and decorated with figures of opaque white enamel carved in relief. It is a masterpiece of workmanship, fully equal to the famous Portland vase of the British Museum. The enamel seems to have been melted and fused into the glass, and then cut and embossed. The reliefs extend entirely around the vase, and represent vintage scenes, in which Bacchanal genii are gathering grapes and treading the wine-press to the sound "of flutes and soft recorders"; on the opposite side, a man is reclining on a couch and drinking wine, while a youth seated near him is playing the harp. The foliage and clusters with the birds in the vines, and the Bacchus masks and arabesque scrolls, are finely executed. Below, as a sort of predella to the principal picture, various animals are grazing or reposing under trees; the cheerful and animated scenes reminding us of Goethe's verse,—

"Sarkophage und Urnen verzierte der Heide mit Leben."

Among the most interesting Pompeian discoveries are those relating to the trades and professions. Besides a great variety of mechanical implements, about sixty different kinds of surgical instruments have been brought to light. These are very instructive, as showing how little the world has really advanced in this department of invention. During the last century, a French surgeon, M. Petit, constructed a new catheter with a double curve, something like the letter S, which was regarded as a great improvement; but the same thing was afterwards found in the office of a Pompeian surgeon. In the year 1822, the French Academy awarded prizes to a physician for the invention of a straight probe; but since then it has been ascertained that the Pompeian doctors were quite familiar with this, too. Several eminent surgeons of Europe have adopted in their practice some of the chirurgical instruments found in the old Roman city, and pronounce them to be superior to those in ordinary use. Fortunately, also, a painting in the house of Siricus, recently exhumed, shows the application of these instruments in an actual operation. The scene is taken from the

twelfth book of the Æneid, and represents Iapis extracting from the thigh of Æneas an arrow-head which he had received in the battle with Turnus. Young Ascanius stands by his father's side weeping, and in the background Venus is hastening with a branch of dittany which she had brought from Mount Ida to heal the wound of the hero, as recorded in the poem: —

> "Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore,
> Dictamnum genetrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
> Puberibus caulem foliis, et flore comantem
> Purpureo."

In addition to these instruments, there have been disinterred innumerable articles of household furniture and domestic use, which are an almost exhaustless repertory of information relative to the home-life of the Romans. Thus the excavations reveal to us those minute details of daily existence which the grave historian thought too trivial for his pen. We walk through the narrow streets, and, entering the dwellings, seat ourselves familiarly by the fireside of antiquity. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin"; and it is wonderful how quickly we are put *en rapport* with the men of the first century by the slightest vestige or suggestion of their common life and common needs. It is from this point of view that Pompeii yields the richest results. It gives us the key to one of the most significant epochs in the world's history, and opens to us the thoughts and feelings of a people whose strange nature, in which exquisite taste and extreme sensitiveness to beauty were blended with ungovernable impulses of passion and brutality, Hawthorne has so finely conceived and incarnated in that "paragon of animals," Donatello, the Marble Faun. To the eye the exhumed town may be only a few acres of dust and rubbish, but to the heart and to the intellect how intense and vital are the influences of the spot! It is a bridge that spans the gap of centuries, and holds two civilizations together. It brings us into closer kinship with men of other times and other types of character and culture, and, in spite of all distinctions, makes us recognize the spiritual and essential unity of the race, that great central truth around which the moral world revolves, and which pours bright and cheering light on the past, the present, and the future of humanity.

E. P. Evans.

ART. IV. — 1. G. W. F. HEGEL'S *Werke.* 2te Aufl. Berlin. 1840 – 1845. 15 Bde.

2. *History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte.* By G. H. LEWES. Vol. I. London. 1867. 2 vols.

3. *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy.* St. Louis. 1867.

WE have been told very often of late that metaphysics is exploded, obsolete, a proved failure, and now devoid of all rational interest, except, possibly, of an historical or antiquarian kind. A writer in the Saturday Review not long since expressed, in the pointed way of that journal, a feeling which is probably not uncommon, even among scholars. "Metaphysics," he says, "have, indeed, been long sinking into merited contempt. They are cultivated only by those who are engaged, not in action, wherein the true balance of life is maintained, but in dreaming in professorial chairs. . . . . By the rest of mankind, whether men of the world or men of science, they are as little regarded as scholastic theology."

But what, after all, is metaphysics, but thinking which has not stopped at the casual impression or the momentary and personal interest, but has gone on to consider somewhat the nature of the object, apart from the effect which it may happen at any time to produce upon us? All thinking which aims at the truth for its own sake, at the real and permanent in experience, is speculative or metaphysical in its nature. The immediate intuition, whether outward or inward, whether its object be a thing or an opinion, has of itself no reference to truth, and pretends to none, but is wholly wrapped up in its own certainty. What I feel I feel, and it matters not, so long as I feel it, if you demonstrate ever so clearly that the feeling has no real foundation, that nothing is there to produce it, or something quite different from what I suppose. The intuition is deaf to all that, has no organ whereby to apprehend it; for all that is matter of inference, not of direct certainty. But this is as much as to say that we are all metaphysicians, better or worse; for it is clear that the mind never does stop absolutely at the immediate impression, and that the slightest exercise of thought or memory presupposes some theoretical

consideration, some classification of the object. Whatever effect any event may produce in my mind so often as it happens, and however identical the effect may be at different times, the connection of the different instances of its occurrence, as substantially the same thing, and entitled to a common name, is a separate matter, a matter of inference, which has nothing to do with the impression made upon me, but regards the independent nature of the object producing it. All interest in that is primarily speculative, or metaphysical, and only secondarily, or in the use that is made of it, practical or immediate, and the existence of the common name is a direct testimony to such an interest in every one who uses or understands it. All curiosity is distinctly metaphysical. The child shows himself to be a metaphysician, when, instead of sitting down content with his toy, he seeks to investigate its interior, and to know not merely the What, but the Why, and the How. Even the dog has his metaphysics, and, in his dreams, hunts ideal rabbits, and skirmishes with mental cats, — dealing with images which testify to a foregone exercise of this theoretical supererogatory activity in the mind.

Metaphysics, then, may be defined as the investigation of the truth of things, instead of the impressions they make upon us; or the science of realities as distinguished from mere appearances. This definition, it is true, does not accord with the popular notion that metaphysics means the attempt to discover truth by the interrogation of consciousness, instead of the interrogation of outward facts. But where are we to look for these facts, if not in consciousness? or what else are we to interrogate in order to get at the truth? The unconscious feelings, instinct, or sensation? It is not easy to see how this could be done; and if it could, the answers they would give would be of not much general use. They are of the kind which has no value except for the owner. A man may profess himself ever so ready to dispense with ideas, and to be content with "positive knowledge," that is, with formulated sensations; but this moderation is not so easy to practise, at least if he cares to make himself understood. Show us your sensation. It cannot be shown; no one can feel the sensation of another, or even his own of another time, but only in a vague way con-

jecture or recollect it. What he knows is not known directly, but through analogy, that is, through reference to a mental standard, a thought that exists in his mind. To know is to classify, to recognize the particular fact as a general fact. The sweetness I taste in sugar does not prove that sugar is sweet, but only that it tastes sweet to me. Perhaps to another person it tastes sour: at any rate, the taste to another person is not given in my sensation, but is accidental as far as that is concerned. Could it be put into words, the certainty of the senses would be expressed always in identical propositions, — sweet is sweet, sour is sour, &c. That my sensation has any extent beyond myself, any validity for another, or again, that other people's sensations are anything to me, implies that these separate and apparently indifferent facts are essentially identical. The meaning of every word we use rests on the assumption that this accidental coincidence of feelings is sure to happen. When I say that I feel hot or cold, I assume that I feel what other people feel, and will continue to feel, whether I happen to feel it or not. The immediate certainty, then, instead of being all in all, is unessential, only an instance, not the truth itself.

It may be said, This is only an affair of names, not of things; the name is only an abstraction, an arbitrary sign, which we learn to affix to similar impressions. I have been taught to associate the words "hot," "cold," &c., with certain sets of circumstances; but this is a mere convenience of speech, and does not touch the real nature of the thing. But although the name may be arbitrary, yet naming is not, any more than hands, feet, or the erect posture are arbitrary, and in it is implied all that is needful, namely, necessary connection. How did we come to know that the impressions were similar, or to know what similarity means? How did we ever begin to attach a meaning to any word? Sensations do not associate themselves, nor have they any part in each other; each is complete in itself, and independent; that they happen to occur in a given order is nothing to them, and can be ascertained only by going beyond them. The common name, however, implies that this apparent independence is a mistake, that the sensation is not absolute, but relative, and the truth it indicates to be ascertained from its relations, and not directly from it.

The whole business of Induction is simply to winnow out from the mass of impressions all that is peculiar and independent, and that has nothing to show for itself but the immediate certainty. The object seems to me hard or soft, near or far, bad or good. Whether it is so or not is another question, and can be determined only by severing the intimate connection with my particular feelings, which makes the essence of the primary certainty. I must try if it seems so to others, or at other times. In the process, however, the object is changed; for what is it but the complex of its conditions? But many of its conditions, we know not how many, are altered: this is not the same river, the same man. Or if it is the same, then it must be that we are entitled to pass over some of the conditions as unimportant. What, then, is important? The only answer from this point of view seems to be, the coherency of experience. We *find* that some of the conditions are unessential; in other words, our theory of the thing requires us to disregard them. It is clear that the standard is no longer the self-evident intuition; if it were, experience would be impossible, since it would require the recurrence of the same conditions. But the same conditions no more recur than the same moment recurs. Experience, then, is allowed to prove itself, and, at least to a certain extent, does not appeal to anything external. Experience does not proceed by the comparison of sensations, but by the comparison of inferences. A philosophy that should restrict itself to the data of sensation would have to content itself with proper names, proper in a double sense, as given by one person to one thing. It would have to betake itself to the artless language of the animal sounds, or indeed — since even these are generic, and not individual — to dumb show.

If we give to the results of immediate certainty the name of *facts*, we may say that the business of science is to understand the facts, to translate them into thoughts. Facts, we are told, are stubborn things, we have to take them as we find them. But nobody does so take them; and as for their stubbornness, they are stubborn only to ignorance, not to knowledge. The stubborn fact is only a provisional memorandum of the point where our knowledge stops. Heat and cold, rock

and earth, the lightning and the magnet, as they seem to the child, are examples of such. But to the man of science they have not this finality, for he sees them as dissolved in a wider generalization. He too, indeed, has his stubborn facts, but he trusts implicitly that they are not to remain stubborn, and it is this trust that makes all the interest of empirical science. The scientific people make a great point of "facts," as if they alone regarded the facts, and as if they regarded nothing else. But their treatment of the facts, when they get them, is far from reverential, or even impartial. No observer sits down to note the fall of every apple from every apple-tree. The botanist does not feel himself obliged to describe each grass-blade in the meadow, or every caterpillar-bite in the leaf. A man would earn but little praise from any scientific body by measuring the curves of his kitten's tail, or computing the orbit his spaniel describes in settling himself to rest. Yet these are as much facts as the rings and the orbit of Saturn, and, if that were all, as much entitled to attention. But it is not enough that the facts exist; they must prove something, — that is, something beyond themselves. If they do not, however stubborn they may be, we neglect them utterly, so utterly that we are not even conscious of the neglect. Not for themselves, but as leading away from themselves, have they value for science. The really independent and stubbornly complete fact is the accident, or the trivial instance that does not awaken the thought of the law. We may as well throw off, then, this pretence of a moderation which we cannot afford to practise, and avow that we do what we cannot help doing, namely, assign purely mental values to all our facts. To endeavor to abstain from this presumptuousness, and to "think objectively" by accepting the facts as they stand, would be to give up thinking.

Goethe said, in his self-complacent way, that he had never thought about thinking. This was, at any rate, not much to boast of; for the operations of the human mind are surely as well worth study as the habits of shell-fish, or the behavior of light-rays. Of course it is not necessary that every man should be a psychologist, any more than that everybody should be a painter or a physician. This, however, is only be-

cause of the diversity of gifts. If it is meant, when such things are said, that thinking about thinking is intrinsically futile or superfluous, it is to be remembered that by this alone, by self-conscious thought, is man distinguished from the brutes. Brutes think, but do not know that they think, do not think about thinking, and thus want individuality and freedom. Their thinking is generic, a matter of outward impulses acting upon the general constitution. The animal's motives are not *his*, but belong to the kind; they are indeed governed by purpose, and the expression of his feelings, the animal grunt or squeal, has meaning; but the purpose is not present to him as universal purpose, as idea, but only as immediate fact, as momentary impulse, and so has unity only in some other mind, as an abstraction gathered from a series of particulars, and does not exist in concrete shape. All the animal's actions, when taken together, prove to be coherent, and adapted to the ends of his being; but he does not take them together, but only performs them successively as the special impulse occurs. Consciousness is the taking together of what really belongs together, but occurs separately. It is often supposed to mean a private and peculiar knowledge which each person has for himself alone. In truth, however, it is the opposite of this, namely, knowledge of universals, and all that makes it seem personal is that the perception of universal validity, or truth reflected back upon the individual perception, gives it dignity and prominence. Hobbes defined consciousness as a knowing together, or in common with others. We are not conscious when we simply feel, but only when we reflect, that is, when we generalize our feelings, and judge them by the common standard. I am not conscious of a sensation until I know to a certain extent what it is, until I class it and name it. In coming out of a state of unconsciousness, for example, in awaking from sleep, our first impulse is to set ourselves to rights in our mental universe, to take up the thread of accustomed associations, and thereby assure ourselves of the validity of our impressions. We do not recognize the real and substantial world in the first casual sensations, but only in familiar and current images, that is, in thoughts. All truth accordingly has to take this shape; the unconscious mind, or instinct, is unerring, but its dictates have

not the form of truth, but appear as individual impulse, or appetite, seeking only its own gratification, and ending with that. What is added by consciousness is simply that the series of separate feelings and impulses is taken up into an ideal unity, brought together, not as merely affecting one person, but as belonging to one and the same general nature, and thus really, instead of casually, connected. Consciousness, then, is not the mere discovery of the individual by himself, but the discovery that he is not mere individual, but also universal. It is the discovery that his individuality is not mere fact, but truth. The conception of the genus, the complex of instances constituting the kind, does not merely include the individual as one of the instances, but takes in him its proper shape as self-conscious idea.

Consciousness is discovery of the truth, but it does not follow that it is infallible; one might as well say thoughts are infallible; it is only the place or condition of truth. Consciousness is infallible as far as it goes, but then it may go only to the most general category. I am conscious only as conscious of something, but what the something is requires investigation, and here the chance of error comes in. The *dicta* of consciousness require verification, only the verification does not consist in confronting them with the things to which they relate; for, first of all, it is difficult to see how this could be effected, or how an object in consciousness could be compared with one of which we are not conscious. That of which we are not conscious does not exist for us, nor lend itself to any comparisons. Those who require an external test for truth, independent of consciousness, ought at least to give us an example of what they mean. Instead of this, we find that whenever it is really the truth that they mean, they consider it to be self-evident, and not to require any external test. Mr. Lewes is one of the most determined foes of idealism, yet he has to admit * that the verdict of consciousness is the ultimate test of truth. Mr. J. S. Mill systematically demands external proof for all conclusions; but when he comes to the place in his philosophy where truth is needed, instead of looking round for external proof, he assumes his fundamental truth, Happiness, to

* Introduction, lxxii.

be its own sufficient reason and evidence. When all is said, the only conclusive test of truth is seeing it, and the endeavor to fortify that assurance by evidence of another nature, or by an appeal to any ulterior considerations, is apt to weaken what it is meant to support. The real effect of such an appeal is to admit that it is not truth we are seeking, but something else, — something more practically useful perhaps, at any rate more attainable, but something else. I appeal to the "external order" to know whether the baker has called, or whether his name is John Smith or Tom Brown, but not for assurance about what I see to be true.

Philosophy, then, is idealism. Does this mean that we are to take our own "ideas," that is, our private feelings and opinions, for the truth? To do so may happen, no doubt, to idealists as to other people, but not in virtue of their idealism. On the contrary, idealism implies, first of all, a disbelief in the existence of any private or merely particular truth, and the belief that all truth is universal. And those who assume that idealists are peculiarly liable to such a confusion ought to explain what guaranty against it their own principles afford. Mr. J. S. Mill tells us * that it is the business of human intellect to adapt itself to the realities of things, and not to measure those realities by its own capacities of comprehension. But he omits to tell us by what ear-mark we are to know these realities when we see them, or how we can be infallibly certain that we have got hold of them. It is not, however, to idealism, but to the opposite way of thinking, that the immediate certainty, the simple *dictum* of consciousness, properly constitutes truth. Idealists, it is said, despise experience, because experience cannot give us absolute, unconditional truth. But this consequence, though binding enough for the theory which assumes experience to be the mere summing up of sensations, has no force for idealism; for the foundation of that view is the conviction that experience means comprehension of the limits and conditions that surround the fact, reconcilement of them with the truth as not negative to that, but instrumental and necessary to its fulfilment. Experience accordingly, in this view of it, does not consist in rectifying our inferences by the

* Logic, II. 110.

things to which they relate, but in rectifying the old inferences by the new, by thinking our thoughts over again and recognizing in them ever wider relations of the particular facts.

This is metaphysics; it is what everybody does, only that one man carries the process somewhat farther than another. The epithets "metaphysical" and "theoretical" are often applied in a disparaging sense; but all they indicate amounts to this, that some persons require a stricter and completer statement than their neighbors see to be needful.

The misconceptions to which the attempt is exposed are well exemplified in the current notions about Hegel's philosophy. Any stick is thought good enough for beating a metaphysical dog; and Hegel, the most metaphysical of metaphysicians, gets even less law than the rest of his tribe. The assertions we constantly hear made about his doctrines and their necessary implications furnish, perhaps, as good specimens as could be found of that famous method of evolving truth from the depths of interior consciousness to which metaphysicians, and especially German metaphysicians, are supposed to be addicted. Thus, for example, we hear him described as a fantastic dreamer, who endeavored, by mere force of paradox, to impose his dreams upon other people for reality, and upon a foundation of mere postulates, destitute of all warrant except in his own perverse fancy, to rear a vast superstructure of sophistry, crowned at last by conclusions repugnant alike to common sense and sound feeling. Now it is open, of course, to any one to show, if he can, that all this is the real effect of Hegel's doctrines, no matter what they pretend. Only it would be but prudent, in dealing with a phenomenon so considerable, or at all events so extensive in its influence, to take somewhat commensurate pains, first of all, to understand it. Anybody, who will give himself the trouble to look into Hegel with his own eyes, will see very readily, that, although it may be easy enough to snap up a few phrases and formulas from notes and prefaces, yet to get any connected view of the whole must require a good deal of labor. This he is at liberty to decline; but, declining it, he foregoes the right of judgment. But if he is willing to make the effort, he will probably soon discover, that, whatever Hegel may have accomplished, what he undertook was something very different,

He was before all things the enemy of postulates, and of those pregnant sayings that contain a whole philosophy in a phrase or two, which the neophyte has only to receive in the right spirit. In one of his earlier essays he complains that the entrance to philosophy is all spun over and covered up with postulates, *dicta* to be received with implicit belief and without any discussion of their meaning. His position is, that nothing of the kind is needed or useful in the search for truth; that the truth is not to be taken on trust, but must show itself for what it is; and that it is abundantly able to do so, being, like the light, evidence of itself and of the darkness, and sure to declare itself, if only we remove the obstructions which are in us, our prejudices, and, the tacit reserves and qualifications with which we usually receive it. The first conditions of sound thinking are candor and the steady conviction that nothing is true but the truth. If we have to bargain that none of our pet beliefs shall suffer or seem to suffer, if we have not firm faith that nothing can suffer but error, our view is unavoidably distorted from the outset.

The essence of Hegel's method consists in taking any statement, any fact that offers, at its own valuation, and treating it as if it were truth. In this way its inherent limitations are sure to show themselves, and not simply as error, but as an advance towards a more complete statement. If I say it is day or night, or that this cloud or this tree is before me, and imagine this immediate certainty to be the truth, I have only to treat it as such, — to treat it, that is, as if it were permanent, unalterable, and independent of any action of mine, — and I speedily discover the mistake. The day becomes night and the night day by mere lapse of time, and it is sufficient that I turn upon my heel to change the fact about the tree into a fact of totally different nature. Thus the fact considered as a truth, as a totality, is confuted and set aside, but at the same time it is confirmed and enlarged by being shown in necessary connection with a more extensive fact. It does not lose, but gains in importance by being relative instead of absolute.

It is a favorite device of Hegel's to show how the paradoxes and self-contradictions which the understanding perpetually encounters, but which it usually dodges and derides as meta-

physical subtilties when called to notice them, are in reality the coming to light of what is wanting in its own statements, and needed to make them true.

A signal instance of this is given in the famous paradox with which Hegel's Logic begins, that Being and Nothing are the same. Whatever may be said of it from his point of view, it seems at any rate inevitable from the point of view in which reality is assumed to mean the matter-of-fact, actually existing things, the universe of Being, of which the ultimate truth, the attribute common to the whole, is that they *are*. For then the aim of philosophy must be to state as comprehensively as possible what *is*, or pure Being freed from all that tends to limit or modify it. The goal of science, according to Mr. Lewes,* is to grasp the universe as a single fact. "We have," he says, "already reached the sublime height of regarding all phenomena simply as modifications of each other, being, indeed, only different *expressions* of equivalent *relations*, different *signs* of the same quantities." The difference is superficial, there is no ultimate difference. This is the famous doctrine of the correlation of forces, or the conservation of Force. The sum of existing forces is always the same; nothing is lost, nothing comes to an end and deceases, but, when it seems to have deceased, has in truth only changed its shape, — handed itself over to Being to receive a new shape. Seen from this height, all that gives color or actuality to the universe vanishes, and "the pied and painted immensity of the phenomenal" fades out into the white light of pure Being. There is a certain sublimity, an Oriental largeness, in this conception of a unity effacing all distinctions; and, taken as a negative idealism, a protest against the deification of the immediate fact, it has its place. But taken by itself, and as if it were a complete statement, this immensity seems rather vague and empty. Suppose it proved that all the phenomena of the universe, moral and physical, are only modes of one supreme fact, say of Motion, what would this amount to beyond saying that all this immense variety exists, and that this is all we at last know about it? It soon becomes evident that this Being, which is definable only as not-this, not-that, and not-the-other, differs from Nought only in

* Introduction, lxv.

name. What is the ultimate difference between them? There is none; for we have declared that no differences are ultimate, that all are secondary and superimposed upon an original sameness. It is a sublimity of void and negation, which cannot be anything, unless something be supplied from without. Our Being is a mere name from which we have removed bit by bit all that gave it meaning. In pure light, as Hegel says, nothing more is to be seen than in pure darkness: there is nothing but the abstract condition of seeing the visibility of anything that may chance to come into this vacuum and interrupt it. For any actual seeing, there must be something opaque to encounter and reflect the light; and if everything of this nature, everything negative to light, have been swept out of our pure and sublime universe, nothing remains but to smuggle it in again, as it were, by the back door, in order to give the light something to overcome and irradiate. Without negation, without limiting outline, all things melt together and lose their distinctive being. The form is just as necessary as the matter; we may leave out successively every particular form, but we cannot leave out form itself. There may be nothing vital in the exact shape or in the existence of these particular oak-leaves, or those hills yonder; we can easily fancy them omitted, and something else in their places; but we cannot omit them and suppose mere Being in their place, and if we think we can, the mistake appears as soon as we try it and find in their place — Nothing. This is what we said, but not what we meant. These particulars, insignificant as they seem, have, then, some advantage over mere Being; something is added as well as something subtracted by their limitations. The limitations cannot be altogether hostile to the reality, but partly belong to and affirm it. In order to state our real meaning, we ought not to exclude limitation, but to distinguish between the different kinds of limitation, to retain what is essential and affirmative, and exclude only what is false and accidental. What we meant is not Being pure, any more than Nought, but their unity, in which each is seen as affirmative of the other and leading to it, — the Becoming (*Werden*), as Hegel calls it, to which coming into Being and going out of Being equally belong, — Being as participle, and not mere substantive result.

It is negation, limit, determination, that gives reality to the vague possibility, — the child's universe of an infinite *may-be*, an infinite something which in each particular is equivalent to Nothing. The something becomes something other, something of definite quality and fixed constitution, not simply self-identical, or only including itself, but also excluding all that is not itself.

But this exclusion of the other is determinate relation to it; there must be some common ground, some ultimate identity, else they could not affect one another. This identity is not the sameness of all things in pure Being, mere indifference, but contains diversity as subordinate to itself, as the means through which the identity realizes and manifests itself, the needful resistance to the force that overcomes it. We cannot conceive the universe as constructed by a simple impulse or of a single element, as force alone or matter alone, but there must be antagonism, compound impulses, force, and inertia, negation of force. This is the dualism which, under one form or another, science encounters whenever it attempts to state first principles. All the laws of matter presuppose an unceasing conflict in every particle. The particle must obey, but it must not obey too well, lest the law fail for very generality. Attraction left to itself would condense all things into a mathematical point, and perish for lack of something to overcome. In order to its own realization, it must be coupled with repulsion and reduced to a tendency, never quite accomplishing its purpose. Were the force sentient, it would look on what withstands it as mere accidental hindrance, a sluggishness or stubbornness of matter, which it has the right to set aside. But the other might with equal justice consider itself as the primary and positive, and its antagonist as the accident. To us, looking on, it is evident that neither is superfluous or accidental, that somehow both are requisite and belong to one whole, but to each of them the presence of the other is mere hindrance, perturbation, perhaps never to be escaped from, but never accepted.

Such a result, however, cannot be considered satisfactory; the problem remains unsolved, and apparently impossible to solve. Modern science, it is true, cheerfully takes the failure upon itself, ascribing it to the necessary imperfections of human facul-

ties. For convenience of speech and to gratify an irresistible tendency to personification of everything that affects us, we coin these terms "force" and "matter," but they do not express anything real, but only the points of view from which we look upon phenomena, and the puzzle and the contradiction show only the fragmentary nature of our conceptions.

But if neither force nor matter have any reality, what is the reality? The answer is, the facts are the reality; stick to the facts, and be content with them, and with the miracle of existence. This, however, is easier said than done. Wonder, it is true, is the starting-point of science, but then it is not a barren wonder, and it does not become science until the wondering is past, and comprehension begun. How did we find out that any contradiction existed? Simple apprehension does not busy itself with comparisons or contradictions; its business is with the present and immediate, and whenever it quits that, it transcends its province. The truth is, this moderation, this abnegation of all pretension to grasp ultimate and absolute truth, is not very serious, for the question resigned as insoluble is, in fact, decided. To state the problem is to propose a solution. To say that the ultimate essence of things cannot be known implies that there is such an essence, something in the things beyond what we see and touch, and implies also a theory about it, and so leaves the door open to other theories.

To declare that our ignorance is *necessary* is to say that we know the grounds of it, and something of the nature of that to which it relates. If these supposed limitations of our faculties were essential, we should never discover them; for to know the limit is to be mentally beyond it. But were the acquiescence in human limitations really as thorough-going as it pretends, it could not stop short of total disbelief in the validity of experience; for there is no reason to confine the puzzle to the ultimate nature of things; their proximate nature is just as incomprehensible. It would be a suicide of science, in which the doubt itself would expire.

It is true, however, that, if by the world of reality we understand only the material or finite world, it is incomprehensible, because the two sides, Being and Limitation, although they come together in every particle, yet remain intrinsically

separate and indifferent to each other, mere opposites, that somehow meet, but constantly tend to part company. The thing does not create its own limits, but suffers them; this is its definition as finite being or thing. The finite is not simply the conditioned, that which has limits, or comes to an end, but that which has its end or condition in something else, and so stops, or is *finished*, before it can display the reason of its existence. The reason appears outside of it in something else, or in a series, but in the thing only as a stern destiny, driving it to go beyond its limits, and so to perish. The chemical processes eternally going on in the natural world are nothing but the efforts which each thing makes to get out of itself, to throw off this false show of indifference towards other things, and to realize the ulterior purpose of its being. Hence the sadness that hangs over the Finite, "the painful kingdom of Time and Space." It is painful, because in it the thing seems not to come to its rights, but to be sacrificed to a remote and foreign purpose. The end appears only as accident, to comprehend the thing as it stands would be to comprehend it as accidental, and not displaying its real nature.

But the same perception that teaches us the shallowness and illusiveness of the phenomenal world can cure the grief it inflicts. There is another side to this short-coming; the shallowness and evanescence appear only by contrast to something stable and real which emerges and establishes itself through the illusiveness and the passing away. The falling leaf discloses the next year's bud; the flower gives way to the fruit. Would it be better for it to persist, like the dry *immortelles*, yielding no fruit? Our fret over the shallowness of experience and the illusiveness of life seems, therefore, a little exaggerated. The defect becomes insignificant just because it is not to be perpetuated; the incomprehensibleness of Nature, of the outward, may be endured, when it is seen that the truth is not in it, but elsewhere, — when we have found that the reality we seek is not the immediate fact, but the fact in relation, and necessarily involving other facts.

The particular individual thing turns out to be in truth universal, and its appearance of individuality illusive. To science the world of individual things is only phenomenal; truth be-

longs only to that in them which is not individual, to the general laws, the fixed properties and relations that pervade multitudes of things, — the constants amidst the endless variety and mutability of phenomena. These alone it regards, all else it unhesitatingly neglects; the peculiarities, however obvious, that distinguish phenomena of the same kind it passes over as mere perturbations, not belonging to the nature of the thing, but only to the particular circumstances of its production. Science concerns itself with the class alone, not with the individual; any stubbornly persistent individuality it regards as due to some abnormity in the phenomenon, or defect in our knowledge, which it is the office of science as far as possible to eliminate.

The inductive philosophers since Kant cheerfully admit that we know only phenomena, not things as they are in themselves; but they do not seem always to perceive that this is idealism; since all that is positive in the result is, that truth is the product of reflection, not of direct intuition. But if, after having thus idealized matter and refused to recognize in it any truth except what the mind establishes, we still adhere to the postulate that individual things alone are real, the conclusion is unavoidable that truth and reality can never meet, that truth is non-existent, and the reality always something different from the object of knowledge. This invariable difference, stated in the form of an axiom, is the so-called law of causation. It is, in fact, the net result of empiricism stated absolutely or as truth. "All ultimate laws," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "are laws of causation; and the only universal law beyond the pale of mathematics is the law of universal causation, namely, that every phenomenon has a phenomenal cause, has some phenomenon other than itself, or some combination of phenomena, on which it is invariably and unconditionally consequent. It is only on the universality of this law that the possibility rests of establishing a canon of induction." All that is invariable or unconditional in the matter, however, is that the effect must have *some* cause, not that it must have this particular cause; that is only an empirical fact, to be proved by evidence and reasoning like any other fact. All that is really asserted by the law is, that things do not happen all at once, but successively. The

student of the physical laws sees in the phenomena they embrace an endless complication, of which he can say only that it is endless. Each thing is what it is through another, and this again through another, and so on forever. The end is never reached; the cause is itself effect; the totality, the comprehensible whole, remains unattainable. It is not wonderful that to this view Nature should be a mystery and incomprehensible; for on this basis classification does not express anything in the things classified, but only the point of view from which they are considered. The laws of phenomena do not touch the thing, but only the class; the real object of the law is the mental image, the theory of the thing. That the classification is a natural one will mean only that it is coherent and serves the turn, not that anything corresponding to it exists in Nature.

It is not strange that those who hold this view should be inclined to despise metaphysics for giving so much importance to empty names; for to this view all names are empty. But then they also ought to confess that to them knowledge is impossible and inconceivable. If our intuitions are dumb, unable to declare what they behold, and our conceptions and judgments blind, conversant only with the inward world of subjective feeling, it is not easy to see how any accordance of object and thought is to be expected, or at any rate how it can ever be verified. Science, unless it be worth the while as demonstrated nescience, as a circumstantial statement of the impossibility of knowledge, ought to stop and resign its task as hopeless.

Science, however, does not stop, but, though theoretically ready at all times to confess that its ideas are without reality, yet practically gets rid of the impediment by throwing the blame upon the imperfections of human faculties. It does not at once declare that ideas have no relation to the reality, but it assumes, that, in consequence of the constitution of our minds, they do not reach quite to the real things themselves, but only so far as the *order* in which they affect us. The object must of course be ultimately the *noumenon*, the thing as it is in itself; but since this is beyond our reach, it cannot be the object *for us;* the object for us must be something intermediate, an effect, reflection, or modification, and therefore different, to be sure, from the reality; only as the difference is the same for all men, the

effect of it may be stricken out from all calculations alike, and we may go on reassured with our classifications, not, indeed, as if they expressed the absolute truth, but as expressing the truth *for us*.

Science proceeds with due humility, but a humility which is not liable to be called into much actual exercise; whatever cannot be labelled and referred to its pigeon-hole is ignored, not violently or irreversibly, but only provisionally, so that, if the rubbish accumulates and can be sorted out, we make perhaps a new pigeon-hole for it; meantime it is treated as if it did not exist, or at any rate had no right to exist. The scientific mind professes itself always open to conviction, ready to surrender any of its conclusions, provided it can be shown that they do not conform to facts; or, in other words, it is more or less conscious that these results are not quite the truth, but indefinitely short of it. At the same time it is not always perceived that ignorance, however genuine and inevitable, cannot serve as basis for anything more than provisional conclusions, cannot be reasoned upon *a priori* as if it were truth. In this way comes about the curious phenomena of a science whose first principles imply that knowledge is impossible: a sort of orthodoxy of scientific unbelief. In spite of all disclaimers, and of all theoretic impossibilities, the time comes, in every philosophy that follows out its conclusions with any earnestness, when it is seen that *something*, were it only our ignorance, must be true, and known absolutely and unconditionally, else science is mere trifling with words. And it is wonderful and interesting to see how the human mind, in its implicit certainty that mind alone at last constitutes reality, in spite of all prejudices and all postulates about its own limitations, so soon as it fairly admits them as *necessary*, proceeds to confer them upon Nature, and to hold them up for admiration as the laws of the world. What else is the law of universal causation but the necessary disconnectedness of truth and fact? Our ignorance of the true connection of things, made systematic, becomes a rigorous indefeasibility in the *order* of phenomena, that is, in the way in which the disconnectedness shows itself. And the abstractness of our conceptions, which grasp only those properties common to many, instead of the

concrete individuality of each, is transfigured as the exact and unfailing necessity of the natural laws. This necessity means, in truth, only that these laws ignore to a greater or less extent, all the specialization, the actual differences of things, and declare all to be the same. The apple does not fall because it is apple, but obeys a force that asks not whether it is apple or acorn or planet, degrading all diversities to the class of accident. It is not the apple that the law regards, but only the quantum of matter in whatever form. The only reality to the law is the atom, the body emptied of all specific character. These laws, instead of prescribing the form of the thing, or declaring the reason why it has this character rather than another, declare that there is no reason in it, that nothing is essential in it except the common elements and properties. The properties, we are told, make the thing. But it is not the mere properties, but the special determination of them, that make it what it is. Weight, color, &c., do not of themselves describe anything; nor, even as specific gravity, particular form, &c., do they show themselves to be necessarily connected, but, on the contrary, quite indifferent to each other. How do they come to cohere, and in these proportions? No doubt each thing becomes what it is through the operation of natural forces; but the point is not so much the existence of these forces, or their demonstrable influence, as how they came to be checked and turned at the precise point needful to the result, — how sun and wind, rain and frost, soil and exposure, received the particular bias to produce apples upon one tree and acorns upon another. The wider the possible influence, the farther are we from seeing any necessary connection with the actual result; *that* is postponed, left to the operation of some remote and unknown cause, — in other words, to accident.

The universality and strict necessity of the natural laws, so often contrasted with the irregularity that belongs to the mind's operations, mean only irresistible accident, a violent and casual connection of things naturally indifferent to each other. What is real in each are the various matters and forces manifesting themselves in it, — in other words, its general conditions and possibilities, not the actual thing itself; *that* is only the accidental shape in which these matters and forces happen to

manifest themselves. It is not wonderful, then, that we cannot know things as they are in themselves. How should we, when they have no selves, when individuality in them means only perturbation, defect either in them or in our perception? To know them as individuals would be to know them falsely.

Thus the concrete thing is sacrificed to its essential properties; these constitute the reality; the thing is only the medium in which these properties show themselves, and remains always an empirical fact, not included in the law. Essence, Locke says, relates only to sorts, not to individuals. Yet individuals alone exist. So that we arrive at last at a dualism of unessential existence and non-existent essence, — or rather, at an existence which ought to be unessential, but in fact embraces the whole material of knowledge, and an essence, an idea, which ought not to exist except as a mere abstraction, but is nevertheless the real object of the law. Mr. Lewes * speaks of Hegel's method of the "identity of contradictories" with a pitying contempt, as if really no sensible person could wish to argue about such a position, but only to pass on with swift steps, and perhaps a glance in passing at so signal an instance of the insanity of metaphysics. But is it, then, more satisfactory to accept as our final result an *unsolved* contradiction? This may be wisdom, but it certainly is not science. "In our conceptions of force and matter," says Du Bois-Reymond,† "we see recur the same dualism which forces itself upon us in the conception of God and the world, soul and body. It is only, in more refined shape, the same need that impelled mankind to people grove and fountain, rock, air, and sea, with creatures of their own fancy. . . . . But if it be asked, What remains, then, if neither force nor matter have any existence? those who think with me answer thus: It is not given to the human mind in these matters to get beyond a final contradiction. . . . . We possess enough of the spirit of renunciation to reconcile ourselves to the belief that the goal of science is not at last to comprehend the ultimate nature of things, but to make comprehensible that it is not to be comprehended. . . . . To the mind that is not afraid to face its own conclusions, the universe thus resolves

* II. 536. † Untersuchungen üb. thierische Elektricität, I. xl.

itself into matter in motion, whose nature we hold it impossible to comprehend."

The real effect of this conclusion is somewhat disguised by such terms as the ultimate nature or essence of things, or things as they are in themselves, — as if truth could relate to anything else than the real nature of its object. But there is no ground for the implied distinction; the proximate nature of things is just as self-contradictory, — or, in other words, the contradiction exists in matters of the most familiar experience. In every living organism we see the ideal conception of the genus in act of creating its own embodiment, and identifying itself with matter in a unity which is not sameness, but preserves and confirms the distinctness of parts. The living body is one, not as the stone is one, because its parts do not happen to be separated, but because to separate them would be to change their nature and make them into something else. The parts are not parts merely, but members; the whole implies each part and each part the whole. The parts of the stone are what they are, whether joined together or not; there is nothing essential in their union, it is nothing to them, they gain nothing from it, nor lose anything, if it is destroyed. But the hand, as Aristotle says, is not a hand, when it is cut off. The difference, Locke says, between a machine, for example, a watch, and the body of an animal, is, that, while in each there is a fit organization or constitution of parts to a certain end, in the machine a force has to be added from without sufficient to enable it to attain the end, whilst in the animal the fitness of organization and the motion wherein life consists begin together, — and he might have added, are inseparable, incapable of existing without each other. Of course such a unity is incomprehensible, if to comprehend it means to analyze it into its simple ingredients, and then to take these as the explanation.

Induction, Lord Bacon tells us, makes "a complete solution and separation of Nature, not indeed by fire, but by the mind, which is a kind of divine fire. The first work, therefore, of true induction (as far as regards the discovery of Forms) is the rejection and exclusion of the several natures which are not found in some instance where the given nature is present, or are found in some instance where the given nature is absent. . . . . Then,

indeed, after the rejection and exclusion has been duly made, there will remain at the bottom, all light opinions vanishing into smoke, a Form affirmative, solid and true and well defined." * All specific differences in substances which we have decided to be of the same kind are to be treated as phantoms and false images of things, which, in concrete substances, come before us in disguise. What is true are the simple elements; the connection in which they happen to occur is unessential. "The particle of iron," says Du Bois-Reymond, "surely is and remains the same, whether crossing the earth's orbit in a meteoric stone, or rushing over the rails in a locomotive wheel, or coursing in a blood-cell through a poet's temple." "It is not wonderful," Dr. Moleschott thinks, "that the carbon of one's heart, or the nitrogen of one's brain, may have already belonged to an Egyptian or a negro. Such a transmigration of souls is the strictest consequence of the circulation of matter. The miracle lies in the eternity of matter throughout all the changes of form, in the transfer of material from form to form, in the circulation of matter as the ultimate ground of earthly existence." That is to say, all that makes anything precisely itself, rock or plant, beast or man, saint or sinner, is due to the circumstances; and this lofty prerogative of matter means only the emptiness and impotence which make it equally fit for any connection, and recipient indifferently of the most opposite qualities. Without phosphorus, says Dr. Moleschott, there is no thinking. But does he mean that phosphorus thinks? — that this is one of the properties of phosphorus, belonging to it as its specific gravity belongs to it? Not at all. He means that this particular operation is only one of a great variety of operations in which phosphorus is instrumental, — that it is completely indifferent to the particle of phosphorus, whether it shines in a stinking mackerel or thinks in the brain of Shakespeare. All depends on the position. But then either nothing of importance is really effected, or else it is by virtue of something else than the alleged cause; the efficient cause is not the phosphorus, but the complex of circumstances, in which the phosphorus disappears as insignificant. The attempt to reduce the phenomena of life to the laws of the molecular forces of matter

* Nov. Org. II. §§ xvi., xxxv.

disposes of the problem by ignoring it. Either it assumes that the difference between animate and inanimate, phosphorus and thought, is unimportant, or else it omits to show how the diversity can be accounted for, and how the law can have such extreme flexibility. Either the difference, or else the connection, has to be dropped; for they are incompatible. But it helps nothing to take them up alternately, and to leave their incompatibility out of sight, merely on the ground that it is a matter of course. It may be difficult to see how a thing can be at once universal and particular, individual and essential, thought and matter, or how it can exist without paying the slightest regard to the law of excluded middle; but the difficulty is not avoided by treating it sometimes as the one and sometimes as the other. If these attributes are really incompatible, then, whenever one set is affirmed, the other is denied. Iron and phosphorus become conscious, and, engaged in thinking, appear certainly in new and surprising characters, very different from their ordinary functions. Which are the true? It is open to us, if we are unable to reconcile them, either to deny that the new functions have any real connection with these substances, or, on the other hand, to declare that here alone their true nature is to be seen. But we have no right to ascribe the phenomena of mind to an agency from which we have excluded mind, and then to use our assumption as proving that mind is only a mode of matter. Either it is the phosphorus that thinks, or else the less said about phosphorus in this connection the better. The truth is, the difference and the connection are equally patent. If our theory can explain this, well; but if, because it cannot, we content ourselves with insisting upon each in turn, and rely upon the common sense of mankind to supply what we omit, — if we insist upon the phosphorus in the brain, and trust at the same time that nobody will suppose it is *as* phosphorus that it thinks, this is but a precarious kind of science. It is like Hume's theory of causation, or necessary connection deduced from a connection in which the necessity is left out. The peculiarity of this sort of reasoning consists in entrusting the defence of weak points to the very enormity of the weakness, too great to be thought of. Mankind cannot be induced to overlook the *nexus* of cause and effect,

soul and body, and so we need not trouble ourselves to reconcile it with our postulates. The security of the conclusion has a retroactive effect to heal any want of coherence in the premises.

The theory fails, then, to account for some of the most important facts, fails either to justify or to explain them away, and can only ignore them. But although the difficulty it encounters is more apparent in the case of the phenomena of life, it is not more real, for it is in truth a difficulty of our own making, and lies in the premises, in the assumption that all substance and reality are given at once in the simple facts, the immediate certainty of direct intuition. Were this true, and were all our thinking governed by the "law of excluded middle," namely, that everything is irrevocably A *or* not A, and not both or anything else, our knowledge would be reduced to proper names, that is, to names without meaning. For all generalization and meaning given to the name would involve a begging of the question; nothing material could be added to the original intuition by inference, or on the ground of analogy, for the inference would have to assume, first of all, that different cases are the same case. Direct intuition regards only the present and immediate, and can give no claim to speak of what is out of the field of vision. To speak of separate facts as having the same meaning, or as only different instances of the same fact, on the ground of a merely ideal relation, a supposed analogy between them, would be to neglect an essential feature of the fact in favor of a mere hypothesis. The inference, then, either really adds nothing to the name, or else falsifies it by extending it beyond the fact. All statements will be reducible either to mere verbal propositions or else to guesses. To say, for example, that snow is white will either amount only to saying, in a different way, that snow is snow, or else it is a groundless assumption. Now every proposition that we can frame, if it is anything more than a mere form of words, has to extend the meaning of the name beyond the immediate fact, and not only to identify, but also to contrast subject and attribute. If I say that snow is snow, there is no more truth or meaning in this undeniable fact than there is in the creaking of a door, which is also an undeniable fact. In order

to have any meaning, the statement must not have this logical undeniableness, — it must be logically deniable.

If the "identity of contradictories" seems an absurdity, it is worth considering that all separate facts, if they are truths as they stand, are contradictories, and that to bring any two of them together is to identify contradictories. The unconditional sequence which Mr. J. S. Mill demands as indispensable to science is just this identification or necessary connection of distinct facts. They must be distinct, and yet their connection must be more certain and real than their separate existence, for that is only empirical; but the connection must be not simply invariable, or proved by the same evidence with the facts themselves, but it must be proved by better evidence, — it must be absolutely, and not empirically true. The connection might be invariable, coextensive with all experience, and yet in truth accidental, due to some external influence that may conceivably cease to operate. For instance, the succession of day and night is invariable, but not unconditional, for they succeed each other only provided that the presence and absence of the sun succeed each other; and if this alternation were to cease, we might have either day or night unfollowed by one another. Now what is this better evidence which is to control the facts of experience? The example which Mr. Mill gives is the rotation of the earth as the cause of day and night. But this, unless we know the reason of it and why it *must* rotate, is just as much an empirical fact as the succession, — indeed, the same fact, only stated in another way. The question recurs, whether, in any case, evidence is to be had of a kind intrinsically superior to the empirical fact of juxtaposition, — evidence of an *a priori* kind, to prove essential connection between different facts. This is the problem stated in Kant's famous question, How are synthetic judgments *a priori* possible? Synthetic judgments are those which add something material to the simple data of direct intuition. And as every proposition, except merely verbal propositions, involves such a synthesis, the only question is, whether there is ever any scientific ground for it, — whether, for example, the notion of causation can be stated absolutely as truth, or whether it is to be accepted as mere psychological fact, an unaccountable prejudice in the hu-

man mind. The feeling may be ever so necessary, in the sense that we cannot help having it; but this does not prove that it indicates anything in external Nature. This is the point raised by the term *a priori;* it is not asked whether such judgments have any validity before or in the absence of experience, but only whether they really mean anything beyond the simple enumeration of phenomena.

This problem lies at the root of all science; the answer to it decides whether our knowledge has any right to the name, or is only a circumstantial futility. It is sure to come up, therefore, under one form or another, and to press for a solution, wherever the discussion goes deep enough, and the need of the very truth is felt. There must be identity, and there must be difference, and, without both together in one, the truth is not reached. Upon the grounds of inductive logic it is not easy to see how such a synthesis as this is possible, for it at once sets aside the great law of identity to which all synthetic judgments are reducible.

It is perfectly consistent, therefore, in Mr. Lewes, as in Hobbes before him, to limit truth to identical propositions. But this is a moderation which is not likely to find imitators, at least when the true effect of it is felt; for there can be but little interest in inventing different statements of our ignorance. And it is not strange that philosophers of his school should be found quietly accepting *utiliter* the common admission of necessary connection in the universe, though they can find nothing to which it can be applied except the *order* of phenomena, that is, the fact of their separateness stated absolutely. Only they ought to acknowledge that it is after all a mere prejudice, and at bottom self-contradictory. There is no reason for giving any peculiar force to the mere fact of antecedence: the laying of the table-cloth in a well-ordered household is not the cause of the dinner; that, however, regularly succeeds it. Our acquaintance with their *order* cannot stand on any securer ground than our acquaintance with the facts themselves. Either our knowledge is unconditional, absolute, and reaches the self of the thing, or else our knowledge of the order is just as superficial. If causation means nothing more than that we have happened to notice the recurrence of certain

sequences, this is a matter of accident which no amount of recurrence can make anything more; but if it implies a real and necessary connection of separate facts, then here is the synthesis *a priori*, the truth of the facts, the *noumenon* or soul of the thing.

The difficulty which the law of "excluded middle" has to encounter is more apparent, when its application to the living organism is attempted; because the middle that is here excluded turns out to be the essential character of the object. Life is an answer in concrete shape to the question, How is a necessary synthesis to be conceived? Here is the synthesis. Instead of the vague indifference, the mere identity of each with itself, that characterizes the inanimate, life establishes essential relations between form and materials, part and whole, not obliterating their differences, but confirming and realizing them, whilst it identifies them in a unity of purpose. In the inanimate, too, the mind discovers purpose; the indifference of the thing is illusive, — real only for it, and perishes with it; but the purpose seems not its own, but foreign, and even hostile. The aggressive forces of Nature waste away the rock, — not, indeed, for the sake of destruction, but for the sake of the coming plant and animal; but to the rock it is mere annihilation. Here cause and effect, end and means, are really distinct; and this is the reason why the truth cannot be seen in the separate facts, and why they are incomprehensible. Higher in the scale of being, the destruction is brought home to the thing, and appears as its own work. The bud ends itself by growing, and so the flower and the fruit. The continuity of purpose, thus coming to light, is seen to constitute a new and more important identity, which we recognize to the exclusion of the separate facts. We take the whole cycle together, and refuse, in spite of the evidence of our senses, to treat the different factors as the reality. We say the seed or the bud is not dead; but what we mean is, the plant, the ideal whole. The seed is gone as truly as the rock is gone when it is turned into soil, but it is expended for its own ends as plant. The living body is *causa sui*, means and end in one; and it is this, and not any difference in the materials or the forces employed, that distinguishes the animate from the inanimate. It is not

the means used, but that the use, the special determination, is the work of the organism itself, instead of being left to outside influence. "Life," says Claude Bernard,* "is creation. . . . . So that what characterizes the living machine is not the nature of its physico-chemical properties, however complex, but the creation of this machine, which develops itself under our eyes in the conditions that belong to it, and according to a definite idea, which expresses the nature of the living body, and the essence of life itself. When a chicken is formed in the egg, it is not the formation of the animal body, considered as a combination of chemical elements, that essentially characterizes the vital force. This combination takes place according to the laws that govern the chemico-physical properties of matter. But what essentially belongs to the domain of life, and not to chemistry or physics or anything else, is the *idea* that directs this vital evolution. . . . . The physico-chemical means of manifestation are common to all the phenomena of Nature, and lie mingled pell-mell like letters of the alphabet in a box, whence they are sought out by the force which is to give expression to the most various thoughts and contrivances." The physical and chemical phenomena are explained by showing their conditions, — that is, by pointing out something else on which they depend. There is no reason for insisting upon any fixed relation of sequence. That every effect must have a cause amounts only to this, that things do not happen all at once, but successively, and that different bodies occupy different portions of space. So the cause must have an effect, and this is just as important. But there is no such general necessity in the case of any *particular* sequence; the *must* does not descend to particulars, but leaves them to be ascertained empirically. What is meant is only that the given fact belongs to a certain complex of related facts. The order is not important; we may say, for example, that rain is the cause of moisture, or that moisture is the cause of rain. In this way we get our facts sorted out into bundles. This is a great convenience in dealing with them; but it does not of itself bring us nearer the truth, but only enlarges the fact. The phenomenon is explained by removing its boundaries, and showing that it be-

* Introduction à l'Étude de la Médecine Experimentale, p. 153.

longs to some other and more extensive phenomena, of which it is only an instance. Thus the complete discovery and realization of the cause identifies it with the effect as essentially the same, and differing only accidentally or as a different instance. We say, for example, that rain is the cause of moisture. Here the cause is only the effect plus the accident of being raised into the air and let fall. Or, to take another instance, which has been cited to show the distinction between cause and effect, the explosion of a gun as the effect of pulling the trigger. Here the various steps of which the cause consists, the liberation of the spring, the explosion of the cap, &c., do not become causative until they are merged in their effects; before that, they are only possibilities which may or may not produce the effect. The distinction thus confutes itself, shows itself as in truth a nullity, something which must cease to exist before cause can be cause, or effect effect.

The existence of cause and effect as merely distinct facts, each simply identical with itself and indifferent to the other, and coming together by some extraneous influence, is what makes the finiteness of the physical world. It is a false or merely apparent existence; and the law of universal causation, the law, that is, that every fact has some other fact to which it is not indifferent, but necessarily related, is only the declaration of the falsity. This is the whole extent of the law. It does not point out what the precise connection is, but only that there must be some connection, something to which the given fact is not indifferent.

In the physical world causation seems like the accidental coming together of things naturally separate, and constantly endeavoring to escape from their enforced association. The moving body seeks rest, seeks to transfer to something else the motion it has received; the acid seeks to escape from the base into new combinations. All the "circulation of matter" is the elimination of the accident, the repudiation in turn of each special determination received, and the endeavor to exist as individual, *causa sui*, and not bound to the modification received in the effect. But the cause can exist only in the effect; the chemical element is defined by its reactions, its affinities; the individuality depends at last upon universality, the

ultimate identity of each with its opposite. On the other hand, this identity can show itself only through the diversity which it overrules and sets aside.

Thus the truth indicated in causation is the identity of opposites, and the law of excluded middle, so far from being a law of truth, is the law only of that from which truth is excluded, — the law of the finite, in which the particular connection only happens, but does not show itself as necessary. In the finite the event appears as accident, and, however familiar or certain to occur, has in it always something violent and irrational, something opposite to law. The mind does not recognize in it its own law, or only in travesty and dislocation ; means and end do not come together as one ; but, on the one hand, an endless succession of means, and, on the other, the end, in each case, as mere negation, annihilation. To say that everything must have a cause is to say that everything is at once A and not-A. If the law of excluded middle had any validity, the notion of causation would be a mere unscientific prejudice, a strange whim of splitting up our facts into antagonistic couples, accounted for, perhaps, as expressing the different directions from which the mind has attempted and failed to comprehend its facts. But looking at the phenomena of life, we may see, if our postulates will let us, the plain justification of the prejudice. Here the difference of cause and effect is not a vanishing unreal difference, but is distinctly implied and provided for in the organization which sets it aside. If it is true that thinking cannot go on without the presence of phosphorus in the brain, it is equally certain that phosphorus does not think, and that thought cannot be produced by merely introducing it into the substance of the brain. It takes effect, not simply from the accident of position, but through the agency of the organism itself. Food is food, and poison poison, not of themselves or accidentally, but through the normal operation and contrivance of the living body itself.

The truth implied in causation, then, is not an outward law, but an inward necessity of the thing itself, which is not overruled, but spontaneous, self-regulated. It is a strange fancy that exemplifies a universe of law, a self-regulated system, by a scheme in which every particular is recalcitrant, nega-

tive to the law, — in which the law is true of all, but false of each individual.

All things that are, says Hooker, have some operation not violent nor casual. This is their real law. But this condition is fully answered only by a necessity inherent in the individual, a law of his own nature, — that is, by freedom. The opinion that freedom and necessity are incompatible rests on the assumption that *necessary* means *compelled by something else*. This is true of physical necessity, because it is implied in the conception of the physical, the thing, that its reality is in something else, so that of itself it is destitute of anything that can really act, or that can be known as truth. This wonderful fancy of a *noumenon*, an ulterior reality standing behind what we see in Nature, is only the naïve confession of the searching mind, that what it finds in Nature is not merely short of the truth, but essentially different from the truth. It would not help us to have more of it, to have ever so much of it, nor should we give to our result anything of the force of truth by showing that nothing better is to be had. Those who argue that life is at bottom nothing more than mechanism usually adopt a very simple course. They begin by implicitly assuming that everything is at bottom mechanism, at least everything that can be known or needs to be taken into account in science. Then, whatever may be the success of their further argumentation, the main point is secure. If you urge that specialization, form, is essential and must be accounted for, their reply is, We have searched all the cavities and tissues, and find no soul, no principle of form there; but we will show you the physical and chemical forces at work there just as elsewhere, and if we have not yet succeeded in identifying all the vital phenomena with the operations of these forces, we are sure to succeed in the end, because — because there *is* nothing else.

A distinguished writer of this school * states the point in substance as follows: All changes that take place in the corporeal world are reducible at last to motions, and all motions to the resultants of rectilinear movements in the atoms that come together; so that, were it not for the difficulties of dissection, all the processes that go on in living beings, everything up to the

* E. Du Bois-Reymond, op. cit. I. xxxv.

problem of personal freedom, would be a matter of analytical mechanics. The problem of personal freedom, he seems to think, is beyond the domain of science; this must be left to each person to decide for himself. The exception is an important one, and would not be admitted, perhaps, by most of those who argue from the same premises. The reason for admitting it, no doubt, is, that the argument seems in danger of proving too much, and of disposing of the arguer too, as only a subjective phenomenon. But this is a purely practical inconvenience; scientifically speaking, the difficulty is no greater here than elsewhere. The difficulty is to account for any individuation, any specializing of the general properties and operations of matter. "The *principium individuationis*," says Locke,* "it is plain, is existence itself, which determines a being of any sort to a particular time and place incommunicable to two beings of the same kind." In other words, the thing is thus and so because it is. The solution is simple enough, and just as pertinent to the problem of human freedom as to any other. It consists in accepting *both* alternatives, A and not-A, at once, and justifying the expedient on the ground that everybody does and must do the same. We have only to say, then, that we are free because we are so, because we cannot help feeling our freedom. The conclusion, to be sure, has no scientific validity, and cannot be used in general reasoning; freedom is still a problem in analytical mechanics, so far as the freedom of mankind in general or in the long run is concerned, but in particulars and for private use it is a problem of a very different kind, — starting with the admission of individual initiative, and the assumption that there is something above all things essential in the individual. But this privilege of reversing the rule in favor of evident facts cannot well be restricted. The physiological fact, for example, that iron and phosphorus and carbon are requisite to the phenomena of life, however undeniable, is somewhat recondite, and may allowably be offset by the more evident fact that these things do not of themselves constitute life. The truth is, the supposed incompatibility is altogether imaginary: the living man is, as a matter of fact, phosphorus and thinking at the same time and without the slightest incon-

* Essay concerning Human Understanding, II. 27, § 3.

venience; and to insist on the iron and phosphorus because they are there, and to leave out the special determination, the use that is made of them, because it is not contained in the materials themselves, is the reasoning of the child, who will not allow that the architect built the house, but says it was the mason and the carpenter, or the bricks and timbers. Nothing here, say these philosophers, but we will show you the same thing growing in the forest or stratified in the hillside, — the same, that is, substantially, though differently put together. If the argument is worth anything, it proves that the house does not exist. The answer is the house itself. Clay and stone and timber are not habitable; this is an important difference, and not the less important because it depends *only* on the shaping and putting together, and not upon what the materials are where they are of no use.

The true cause is the idea, the thing as it is in itself; and the only verification possible is the realizing of the idea, the coming to pass of what it implies. It is thus self-evident truth, and needs no outward confirmation; or rather, the outwardness shows itself to be unreal, only apparent. The separateness of cause and effect, of idea and actuality, makes the finiteness of things; and to get rid of, to transfigure the actual, through identification with its idea, is the end of life. In inanimate Nature this consummation is not reached, but falls always outside of the thing, and appears as annihilation of it as individual, and preservation only of the genus and the general properties and uses. In the living body a hint is given in the preservation of the form amidst the incessant destruction of the materials, and through their destruction. The body, says Moleschott, is a stove that consumes not only the fuel, but itself. The destruction does not stop, — on the contrary, it is accelerated, and whatever arrests it is fatal to life, — but shows itself as no longer destructive of the reality, but of what is opposed to the reality, namely, the separate individuality of the materials. They are assimilated, made subservient to the purposes of the organization, shown to be not really, but falsely separate.

The escape from finiteness is not through avoidance of the limitations or perpetuation of the finite, but by carrying out the limitations, and treating it as means, and not as finality. In

life is displayed the truth which the physico-chemical processes imply, but cannot embody. The soul, or principle of life, is not something separate from the body, to be put into it, but the truth of the body, and its separation is death.

In animal life, however, the end, though indicated, is not fully attained; form and materials are still separable, though their separation is resisted by the whole force of the organization. So that here the *only*, the persistence of the materials and the corresponding abstractness or merely ideal existence of the form, has some ground in fact. The reason is, that in animal life the idea exists only implicitly, as a series of particulars which turn out to be connected with each other, but are not of themselves or consciously one. The animal is a whole in so far that his various actions and functions are circumscribed by the invisible outline of the kind, the constitution. This is really the motive in all he does; but it is not felt as what it is, but only as accidental impulse,—the appetite of this ox for a particular bunch of grass, &c. The motives are *in truth* universal, and the individual in following his impulses accomplishes universal ends, but they do not appear to him as such. This discrepancy between the truth and the fact of his being the animal can never overcome, because it never presents itself to him; the genus does not become individual, or the individual universal, but they only meet in certain particulars. The individual is therefore still unessential, the medium through which certain generic ends are attained, but not end in himself. We treat the animal according to his kind,—the ox according to the nature of oxen, and the dog according to the dog nature, and not as if each had rights of his own. The animal does after his kind, not after his convictions; the kind must answer for him; and it is to this, and not to him, that we are answerable for our treatment of him.

Why do we scruple to treat human beings after the same fashion, to use them and use them up for our own good purposes? That we have the right to do so, provided we intend only the general good, is indeed the opinion of many persons. According to this view, mankind has rights only in the mass, and not as individuals; all rights of individuals are included in the right to be well governed, judiciously used for the gen-

eral advantage. And indeed, if the individual is only the accidental shape in which the common attributes of humanity appear, rights can belong to him only in those particulars in which he is *not* individual, but identified with the mass. The "rights of man" will mean the rights of no man, but of an abstraction; and particular rights will in all cases rest on their own merits, that is, on the amount of force they bring to their support, and not on any general or intrinsic validity as right. In other words, right will be only a collective name for the prevailing arrangements of society.

The only ground upon which the individual can have any rights of his own, any rights as against society, is, that he is himself Man, and not merely an item which, taken with others, helps to constitute Man. It must be assumed that his governing motives are not merely *in truth* universal, that is, beneficent or directed by good purpose in the long run or by the act of coming together with others, but such of themselves and in their inception. He must see the general good as his good. Else it is inevitable that the mere wishes of the majority must in all cases constitute right. For numbers are always entitled to count against numbers and fragmentary rights, — rights that are wrong in one direction against such as are wrong in another. But if there are any perfect and indefeasible rights, any rights intrinsically and under all circumstances entitled to respect, this is as much as to say that in the subject of them the separation of individual and universal, specimen and kind, no longer governs.

In Man as a spiritual being, that is, as self-governed, the two sides, the abstract law and the unessential individuality, come together as one truth in the individual who is a law unto himself. To him humanity is not an abstraction; everything else rather is an abstraction, and has value only as instrumental to that. He sees the general purpose as his purpose, to which, therefore, nothing of his has to be sacrificed, but which on the contrary upholds and affirms his individuality. There is nothing inconceivable here, for it only requires that the truth shall be seen as it is, and that the individual shall recognize in particulars what he readily admits in general. Nothing is changed in the substance of the relation, but only in our perception.

The purposes of God in the world are sure to be accomplished, whether by free obedience or by the unfailing gravitation of selfishness; the only difference is, that in the one case we are free agents and in the other tools. We are not enslaved by yielding to necessity, to the law of the universe, but by yielding to the notion that this necessity contravenes freedom, by failure to recognize it as our own. Liberty to do as we please, to follow our impulses because we feel them, — this is the liberty which a stone has to fall when nothing prevents. True freedom is to see our real relations to the universe, and thereby to be emancipated from the delusion of a private and separate good.

It may be objected, perhaps, that no such individual exists, and that, whatever the rule ought to be, the rule that actually governs human conduct is self-interest; and in one sense no doubt this is true enough. But here again the idealist is entitled to appeal to facts as against these *a priori* deductions, — namely, to the fact of society. Society is a fact, and it is utterly inexplicable on the theory of universal selfishness, on the theory which treats the obvious fact of human selfishness as if it were truth and reality. No more chimerical scheme could be devised than to construct society, as it exists in civilized countries, out of the jostlings and balancings of a crowd of mere egotisms. Men are selfish; but it does not follow that self-interest, or the look solely to immediate gratification, really governs their conduct, although they perhaps mean that it shall and think it does. Society in its feeblest beginnings rests on the feeling, however dim and instinctive, as, for instance, in the sexual and parental impulses, that another's good is our good, and that we are interested to protect and further it. As civilization advances, the truth which these impulses indicate assumes more and more the shape of truth, of conviction, and conscious motive. The foundation of the state, Aristotle says, is not neighborhood or mutual advantage and protection, but the common sentiments of good and evil, justice and injustice. It may be that the truth is nowhere fully manifested, that the spirit of humanity is nowhere fully incarnate in any individual; but this is no obstacle to the conception of it. Philosophy is not concerned with our private mishaps and personal short-comings;

it is sufficient for its purpose to have perceived that they are private and personal, and do not affect the truth. And in this conception of a self — a humanity no longer self-seeking, because now self-finding — Philosophy attains its end, and sees in Spirit the final object of its search. Spirit is the self-proved reality, the self-existent truth, in which all deductions or short-comings are seen to be only means to the accomplishment of its purpose.

Being, Essence, Spirit, this trinity in unity recurs everywhere in Hegel; and the same triplicity, the same rhythm of immediate fact, ulterior reality, and concrete truth, governs the evolution of every part of the system.

It will be readily seen that what has been attempted here is not a systematic exposition or criticism of Hegel's philosophy, but only, by whatever expedient that occurred, to convey some indication of its general drift and method. A great deal of labor is needed, both in the way of interpretation and probably of development, before it can be made generally available. The labor would be well bestowed, for all philosophy at present must take this road, and the first question to be put to any new attempt is, whether it has got as far as this or not so far.

J. E. Cabot.

Art. V. — 1. *A History of the English Poor-Law, in Connection with the Legislation and other Circumstances affecting the Condition of the People.* By Sir George Nicholls, K. C. B. In Two Volumes. London. 1854.

2. *Report of the Committee of the General Court of Massachusetts on the Pauper Laws.* By Josiah Quincy. Boston. 1821. pp. 36.

3. *Report of the Commissioners on the Subject of the Pauper System of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.* (House Doc. No. 6, 1833.) By W. B. Calhoun, Henry Shaw, J. Caldwell, and Joseph Tuckerman. pp. 97.

4. *Massachusetts State Charities. Report of the Special Joint Committee appointed to investigate the whole System of the*

Public Charitable Institutions of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, during the Recess of the Legislature in 1858. By JOHN MORRISSEY, WILLIAM FABENS, CHARLES HALE, DEXTER F. PARKER, and GEORGE M. BROOKS. (Senate Doc. No. 2, 1859.) pp. 153.

5. *Reports of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts for the Years* 1864–1867.
6. *Address of his Excellency, John A. Andrew, to the Two Branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, January* 6, 1865. (Senate Doc. No. 1, 1865.)
7. *Address of his Excellency, Alexander H. Bullock, to the Two Branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, January* 3, 1868. (Senate Doc. No. 1, 1868.)
8. *A Manual for the Use of the Overseers of the Poor of the City of Boston.* Prepared by a Committee of the Board. Boston. 1866.

WHEN Daniel Defoe in 1704 startled the good people of London by his pamphlet, "Giving Alms no Charity," in which he maintained that the "craving poor" ought not to receive alms, and the able-bodied poor ought not to be set at work by the public, he set the fashion of much that has been since written on the same topic. Many humane and many heartless writers have denounced the practice of giving public relief to the poor; yet the relief has been given, and is now going on, upon a scale never before known in the annals of the world. And it is probable that nowhere else in the world is so much done to alleviate and improve the condition of the poor at the public expense, in proportion to their relative numbers, as in New England. Scarcely anywhere is poverty less pernicious than here, yet scarcely anywhere is so much money expended and so much pains taken by public officers to ward off the mischief which poverty inflicts on the individual and on the community. It will not be amiss, then, to examine briefly the laws and usages affecting pauperism in New England.

It is now less than three centuries since the law of England definitely made provision for the support of the poor at the public charge. By an act of Parliament in 1572, the office of Overseer of the Poor was established, and by the

act of 1601 (43 Elizabeth) a general plan of relief for the poor was adopted and enforced throughout England. But these acts had been preceded by a long series of laws and customs bearing more or less directly on the condition of the poor, and dating back, according to Sir George Nicholls, to the time of Athelstan at least, nearly a thousand years ago. It is worth noticing that most of these ancient laws are penal in their character rather than charitable, being aimed at the evils of idleness and vagrancy, and therefore particularly numerous, when, from any great social change, like the emancipation of the serfs in the time of Richard II., or the breaking up of the monasteries under Henry VIII., the tendency to vagrancy had grown stronger. Thus, the insurrection of Wat Tyler in 1381, (which was a servile war, and, like most servile wars, was occasioned by a partial emancipation of the serfs,) was followed in 1388 by that oft-cited statute, the 12 Richard II., which is sometimes called the origin of the poor-laws of England and America. Indeed, this act and others of like character have been stigmatized by Mr. Senior as "an attempt substantially to restore the expiring system of slavery"; * and they seem to deserve this reproach, just as some of the orders of General Banks and the laws of the reconstructed States of the South deserve it.

Again, the dissolution of the monasteries in 1536 – 1539 was both preceded and followed by cruel statutes against vagrancy. The 22 Henry VIII., cap. 12, in 1531, punished vagabonds with the lash till they were "bloody by reason of such whipping," and the still more cruel 1 Edward VI., cap. 3, punished them by branding and by selling into slavery.

But these laws were found to be too extreme, and therefore ineffectual to repress beggary, and they were followed, even during Edward's brief reign, by a more humane law, which provided for the choice of collectors of alms in every parish, whose business it should be on Sundays to "gently ask and demand of every man and woman what they of their charity will give weekly towards the relief of the poor," and to "justly gather and truly distribute the same charitable alms weekly to the said poor and impotent persons." We should

* See the Edinburgh Review, No. CXLIX.

prefer to consider this merciful statute,* rather than the barbarous enactments of earlier days, as the origin of our modern poor-laws. It was continued by special acts in the reigns of Mary, of Philip and Mary, and of Elizabeth. The latter in the fifth year of her reign (1562) decreed a compulsory tax, "if any person of his froward or wilful mind shall obstinately refuse to give weekly to the relief of the poor according to his ability," after a course of gentle exhortations by the parson, the churchwardens, the bishop, and the trial justices of his neighborhood, ending in a commitment to jail, if "the said obstinate person" should resist all these blandishments. This is the first instance of a compulsory poor-rate; and it was followed ten years later by an act authorizing justices, among other things, to appoint *overseers of the poor*, "and if a person so appointed shall refuse to act, he shall forfeit ten shillings." This stand-and-deliver kind of benevolence was carried out more completely towards beggars, whose offence was made a felony, and was visited with whipping, diversified with branding, confiscation, and hanging.† Sir George Nicholls observes with simplicity, that the act "is framed with great care, and comprises all the chief points of poor-law legislation *suited to the period*"; adding, that these points are set forth with a clearness "which *leaves no room for doubt as to the intentions of the legislature in any case*." Certainly the provisions against vagrancy were likely to carry conviction to the wayfaring man; and a person locked up in jail till he should show mercy to the poor would soon learn how charity was regarded in England.

By subsequent acts in 1597 and 1601, the collection of a poor-rate was systematized, and its distribution by the overseers of the poor was provided for. The act of 1601, better known as the 43 Elizabeth, is the actual foundation of the English poor-laws, and of those in force in the United States, and particularly in New England. It provides for the employment, either voluntary or compulsory, of poor children and able-bodied adults, and "for the necessary relief of the lame, impotent, old, blind, and such other among them being poor and

* The 5 and 6 Edward VI. cap. 2, passed in 1551 - 1552.

† 14 Elizabeth, cap. 5.

not able to work." To support the expense of this a tax was laid on every inhabitant and owner in every parish in England.

About sixty years after the death of Elizabeth, in whose reign, as we have seen, the public relief of the poor was developed into a system, another important act was passed. This was the Settlement Act of 1662,* giving the power of compulsory removal from any parish of poor persons not legally settled therein, and in a certain general way defining what constitutes a pauper settlement. On these two pillars, the 43 Elizabeth and the 14 Charles II., rests all the subsequent legislation on these subjects in England and the United States. But so materially has the course of legislation been modified in New England by the great difference existing between our circumstances and those of the mother country, that it is impossible to draw a close parallel between our poor-laws and those of England, either in their aim, their details, or their results.

These laws in England were made necessary by the presence of a great and persistent class of poor persons, many of whom were also vicious characters, needing all the restraints of the law. Hence the severity of the early statutes against vagrants, — laws which were, in fact, the germ of the whole poor-law system, and have made no inconsiderable part of it. But in New England no such pauper class existed at the outset, and our arrangements for relieving the poor have been such as to prevent the creation of such a class. With that view, no doubt, our laws of settlement were originally drawn up, and have continued till now; but in the progress of time they are beginning to work the very evil they were intended to avert. The English law of settlement, according to Sir George Nicholls, though based upon the 14 Charles II., ch. 12, was subsequently modified by the 3 William and Mary, ch. 11, the 35, 54, and 59 George III. (101, 170, and 50), the 6 George IV. (57), and the 1 William IV. (18). Of course only the earlier form of this law was introduced into New England, for our independence of the mother country was secured before the act of the 35 George III. was passed. Nor did our settle-

* 14 Charles II., cap. 12.

ment laws have the burdensome and disastrous effect ascribed by Pitt and many subsequent writers to the English law. In 1796, Mr. Pitt, then in the height of his power and fame, made a speech in Parliament on the poor-laws, in which he particularly denounced the laws of settlement. He said that they "contributed to fetter the circulation of labor, and to substitute a system of abuses in room of the evils they were meant to repress; prevented the workman from going to the market where he could dispose of his industry to the greatest advantage, and the capitalist from employing the person qualified to procure him the best return for his advances." The settlement law, he declared, "had at once increased the burdens of the poor, and taken from the collective resources of the state to supply wants which its operation had occasioned, and to alleviate a poverty which it tended to perpetuate." To remedy so great a grievance, the law of settlement ought, he said, to undergo a radical amendment. He conceived that to promote the free circulation of labor, and remove the obstacles by which industry was prohibited from availing itself of its own resources, would go far to diminish the necessity of relief from the poor-rates, and he wished that an opportunity were given of restoring the law to its original purity, and removing the corruptions by which it had been obscured.

These views of Pitt, says Sir George Nicholls, "are identical with those expressed by almost every man entitled to speak authoritatively on the subject, either before or since, from the passing of the law to the present day; but they were in advance of the general opinion, and so the law still remains."

Our own laws never had in practice the rigor of the English statute, yet the evils resulting from them have provoked criticisms very similar to those of Pitt, and these censures are beginning to be deserved. What, then, are the settlement laws of New England, and how have they resulted?

To answer these questions in detail it would be necessary to write a volume. A general answer, even, involves, to a certain extent, a history of the progress of New England for two centuries and a half, and such a knowledge of her jurisprudence and social economy throughout that period as few persons have had the patience to acquire.

There are three distinct epochs in the development of New England, — the colonial, the provincial, and the national periods. The first may be said to have closed in 1692, the second in 1787, while the third still continues. As Colonies, the people of New England in substance governed themselves under the forms of a theocracy; as Provinces, they were governed by the laws of England, with greater or less local modification; as States, they have once more made their own laws under the forms of a democracy, but also under the constant check of national considerations. The laws of settlement will be found to have taken a decided and positive character from each of these three periods, although their present form might have been mainly the same, had it been possible for either the colonial or the provincial period to continue till now.

Of the six New England Colonies, Plymouth, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Haven, and Connecticut, it is needless to speak of more than two, — Massachusetts and Connecticut; for these, in respect to their poor-laws, are the only ones which offer any differences worthy of note. Indeed, the practical dependence of Plymouth and New Hampshire on Massachusetts, and of New Haven on Connecticut, with the insignificance of Rhode Island, previously to 1692, makes the history of New England substantially one with the history of Massachusetts and Connecticut.* As early as 1673, both these chief Colonies had published books of laws, in which, with all due respect for the Hebrew code, they had incorporated much of the wisdom of the common and the civil law, and much that was peculiar to their own novel circumstances. In these statutes, brief, but sufficient, provision was made for the relief of the poor. Every town was to support and relieve its own people when in distress, and a residence of three months only was sufficient to give a settlement in any town, provided the resident were not warned to depart by the authorities of the town. Under this simple code were expended the trifling sums which poverty demanded for its relief in the hundred towns that then held all the New England people.

* The whole population of New England, two centuries ago, is estimated by Dr. Palfrey at less than 50,000, of which Massachusetts had more than half, and Connecticut (then including New Haven) nearly a quarter.

The Indian war of 1675 – 1676 changed all this, so far as Massachusetts and its dependency, Plymouth, were concerned. By act of the General Court in 1675, a new class of poor persons, dependent upon the whole Colony for relief, was recognized and provided for. "This Court," it was then said, "considering the inconvenience and damage which may arise to particular towns by such as, being forced from their habitations by the present calamity of the war, do repair unto them for succor, do order and declare that such persons, being inhabitants of this jurisdiction, who are so forced from their habitations and repair to other plantations for relief, shall not, by virtue of their residence in such plantations they repair unto, be accounted or reputed inhabitants thereof, or imposed upon them according to law. But, in such cases, and where necessity requires, by reason of the inability of relations, &c., *they shall be paid out of the public treasury.*" This act of 1675 is worthy of especial notice, because, so far as we know, it was peculiar to Massachusetts, and because it laid the foundation for that great class of State paupers, which, during the fourscore years of our national period, has gone on increasing so formidably.* The exigency under which this relief was first granted was probably the greatest ever known in New England since the first winter of the Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth. The war with Philip had impoverished all Massachusetts, and so increased the public expenses that the taxation of 1676 was more than thirty times as heavy as that of 1670. But even in times of less distress, the measure then resorted to, much as it has been censured by modern economists, would have been just and expedient. And Connecticut, which has in later times supported a small class of State paupers, would have adopted the same policy then, had she suffered equally from the savages.†

The provincial period of New England was preceded by an unsuccessful attempt of James II., through Sir Edmund Andros, to unite all the Colonies under one government. Odious

* What were the sums thus expended from the Colonial treasury we have not ascertained, nor how much was paid for the relief of unsettled persons by the Province of Massachusetts. But in 1787 the annual cost had reached at least $ 10,000.

† See Palfrey's History of New England, III. 229, 230.

as the attempt was, it would probably have been better for us, had it succeeded; for then we should now form one homogeneous State, larger and more powerful than New York, and with none of those obstacles to progress and good government which have been created by our subdivision into six petty States. At least, many of the difficulties which have since arisen in regard to the relief of the poor and the suppression of pauperism would have had no existence but for this subdivision, and the consequent diversity of legislation and administration in six separate sovereignties.

The policy of William III. gave four governments to New England, in the Provinces of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut: for Maine was a part of Massachusetts, and Vermont had not yet been settled. Under these governments, and in spite of the jealousy of the mother country, New England advanced rapidly in wealth and population, and, as a matter of course, in the growth of pauperism. In the colonial period, paupers, as a class, were almost unknown, and vagrants were few. But the increase of trade and the stimulus of easy living soon brought to our shores a host of poor and worthless persons, against whose intrusion into the community the old Puritan discipline no longer availed. Consequently we find the provincial laws everywhere becoming more stringent against vagrants and strangers, and the conditions of pauper settlement made more difficult at each revision of the statutes. In 1701, by the Massachusetts law, a residence of one year was made necessary for a settlement in any town, and, by the same act, captains of vessels were required to give bonds for the support of their passengers, of whom the infirm and old were to be returned whence they came. In Connecticut, about the same time, a still more exacting law was passed. Instead of the old provision, by which a three months' residence without warning was allowed to give a settlement, it was declared, as early as 1702, that no "foreigner" could gain a settlement in any town without the express permission of the town or its authorities. Along with these laws went others, denouncing severe punishment for vagrancy, and authorizing the removal from one town to another of persons having a settlement elsewhere.

The first law of Rhode Island on the subject of pauperism is an act of 1727 against vagrants. The conditions of settlement in that Province were not defined by law until 1748, and then were much easier than they have since become. Besides the three chief grounds of settlement under the English law (birth, parentage, and marriage), Rhode Island then allowed one month's residence without warning after notice given to the town, the purchase of a freehold of £ 30, or serving an apprenticeship. In New Hampshire, in 1719, a three months' residence without warning was the condition of settlement, and remained so for many years. But half a century later, the New Hampshire emigrants who colonized Vermont established a year's residence without warning as necessary to give a settlement, and in course of the next half-century they extended the required term to seven years. In Massachusetts, as we have said, so early as 1701, the period of residence necessary to give a settlement had been extended to one year, and in 1767 the previous consent of the town was made essential; so that since April 10, 1767, no settlement has been gained in Massachusetts by residence merely. Instead of this, in the third, or national, period of Massachusetts history, the requisite was a freehold estate, or else residence, coupled with the payment of taxes. In Connecticut a similar extension of the time of residence was made, and this was finally fixed at six years, in case of persons moving from town to town within the State.

Without dwelling longer on the details of these enactments of the provincial period of New England, it is sufficient to say that pauperism and vagrancy were increasing, and that to guard against them in each locality the difficulties of gaining a settlement for purposes of relief were everywhere increased. Hence, of necessity, the class of persons without a settlement continually grew larger, and there was a constantly increasing demand for their removal from the place where they happened to be when needing public relief. In Massachusetts this class was provided for at the expense of the Province, and doubtless with greater liberality than elsewhere; and this circumstance, together with the larger trade and more abundant wealth of Massachusetts, very early attracted within her limits large numbers

of the unsettled poor. But in the other Provinces, though the English notions of settlement and removal prevailed, yet so small, comparatively speaking, was the proletary class, and so abundant were the means of labor and of living, that very few of the hardships complained of by English writers, from Defoe and Adam Smith down to Senior and Miss Martineau, were experienced in New England in the corresponding period.

For the rest, the provincial epoch of our history witnessed the development of a system of relieving the poor which is substantially the same as that now in use. The office of overseer of the poor was created in Massachusetts in 1691, and became common in the other Provinces before 1750. Almshouses were built still earlier, and workhouses or houses of correction existed early in the eighteenth century. The present mode of assessing and expending the local taxes from which the poor were aided was in use all over New England at the same time. But the tide of foreign immigration had not then set in this direction so strongly as to be that disturbing force in our social condition which it has since become.

At the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1787, the provincial period of New England gave way to the national. The new relations existing between the States of the Union, and between each of them, as members of the Union, and foreign countries, soon made themselves felt in the sphere of the poor-laws. By an impulse almost simultaneous, the five States of New England then existing (for Vermont had elbowed her way into the dignity of a State) revised their whole poor-law code. Connecticut in 1792, Massachusetts in 1793, New Hampshire in 1796, Rhode Island and Vermont in 1797, laid down the basis of the laws which have since existed in those States for the support and settlement of the poor. But by a strange oversight, or perhaps from the remains of provincial jealousy, they did not severally seek to make their laws harmonize with those of their neighbors. They each sought their own particular interest, rather than that of New England, or of the poor as a class; and to this petty aim many of the evils of our poor-laws may be indirectly traced.

Without exception, all the New England States, before the beginning of this century, had made it more difficult for the

citizen to gain a new settlement than it had been before the Revolution. Still worse was it for the resident who was not yet a citizen; but the number of such was at that time small, and none could have foreseen how rapidly they would increase in the next half-century. In the colonial period these aliens had been welcomed and speedily received into the community; in the provincial period they had been put on a longer probation; but in the national period, when more pains should have been taken to promote their citizenship, these laws of settlement stood stiffly in the way. We shall soon mention with some detail what these conditions of acquiring a settlement were in the several States, but this may be deferred until we come to the period of the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, and the consequent establishment of the divisions of New England as they now stand. But it is important here to notice what disposition was made of the persons in each State who lost, or had never gained, a town settlement. We have already spoken of one peculiar result of King Philip's War, the formation of a class of State paupers, as we now call them, — persons who drew their support directly from the general treasury. Ever since that time Massachusetts has maintained this class, which now numbers thousands. Several of the other States have temporarily or permanently adopted the same policy. In New Hampshire, from 1791 to 1809, all unsettled persons were supported in the town of their residence at the expense of the State; after 1809 they were supported in the same way by the counties; and it is only of late years that these counties have established almshouses, and removed the unsettled poor thereto. In Rhode Island the State for a time supported those without a settlement, and in Connecticut such is still the practice. The course of legislation in Vermont was extraordinary. A statute of 1787 directed the removal from the State of such persons as had gained no settlement; but this law continued in force only for ten years, and Judge Hutchinson said of it in 1829: "I have no recollection of ever knowing or hearing of but one statute of this State which attempted a provision for the removal of paupers out of the State, and I find that to be the statute of 1787. Its total inefficiency was too apparent, in and before the year 1797, to render probable

a repetition of its provisions in a new statute." He added: "Those who have a settlement out of the State, but none within it, shall be treated as settled in the town where they reside."* An act of March 3, 1797, made all persons without a settlement a charge to the State, as in Massachusetts; but this law was expunged from the statute-book on the 10th of November of the same year, and never practically took effect. To this day, however, such persons, when committed to prison, have the cost of their board there paid by the State, and the same principle is recognized in the grants made by Vermont to the Insane Asylum at Brattleboro, although that asylum contains no class of State patients supported in the same way as the State's poor in the lunatic hospitals of Massachusetts.

In general terms, then, it may be said that Massachusetts is the only New England State that has always provided, fully and directly, from the State treasury, for the support of the poor having no settlement in the towns. The other States which did so at one period have either ceased entirely to make such provision, or have restricted it to certain classes of the poor, or, as in Connecticut, have contrived to keep the number of the unsettled poor very small. A further statement is also true, if made in general terms, namely, that the laws of settlement in their essential features have not been changed for the last fifty years; indeed, with the exception of Maine, which was not a State till 1820, and of Vermont, which made its laws of settlement much more stringent just before 1820, no important change has taken place since the beginning of the present century.†

The effect of this adherence to a system established when the population of New England was wholly agricultural and commercial is not readily seen at a glance, but can be understood by attending to a few facts. In the first place, the three southern States of New England — Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut — have engaged so largely in manufactures that nearly half the population are thus occu-

* 1 Vermont Reports, 467, 468.

† Perhaps the New Hampshire statute, cutting off all settlements gained prior to 1820, should constitute an exception to this statement; but as this scarcely affects any but *derivative* settlements, it need not now be considered.

pied. According to the industrial statistics of Massachusetts in 1865, the number of male persons in manufacturing and mechanical occupations was 149,959, while only 67,550 were employed in agriculture, and less than 25,000 in seafaring occupations. Besides this hundred and fifty thousand men and boys, there were more than 90,000 women and girls also employed in manufactures. The same proportions would substantially hold good in Rhode Island and Connecticut; while in the three northern States manufactures have also gained a strong footing, and at the same time tens of thousands of men and women have been drawn down from Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont to aid in carrying on the workshops and factories of their southern neighbors. This extraordinary change in the industry of the people has taken place entirely since the settlement laws were passed, and could not have been contemplated at that time; the effect of it, together with the influx of foreigners, has been to *unsettle* (in the poor-law sense) nearly half the inhabitants of New England. That is to say, scarcely more than half of the actual residents in the fourteen hundred towns and cities of New England have a legal settlement in the place of their residence, and the number of the unsettled is every year increasing, particularly in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

While this change was going on in the industry of our people, a corresponding change took place in the relative proportion of native and foreign-born residents. Previously to 1790 (when the whole population of New England was scarcely a million), few new countries could show such a homogeneous people; for although the English settlers had been reinforced by considerable numbers from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and even France, yet so great was the English preponderance as to make the name *New* England an eminently appropriate one. From 1790 to 1830 the immigration from Europe was so small that in 1800 scarcely more than one in a hundred of the New England people was foreign-born, in 1810 scarcely more than one in eighty, and from 1820 to 1830 not more than one in sixty. But from 1830 to the present time the stream of emigration has flowed incessantly and in great force from Great Britain and the continent of Europe to the United States, and New England has

received her full share. In 1840 at least one in every twenty-five of her inhabitants was foreign-born; in 1850 not less than one in nine; in 1860 more than one in seven; and at the present time probably one sixth of the three and a half millions who inhabit the six New England States were born in foreign countries. If we add those whose parents were foreigners, it is probable that the number would reach nearly a million, and the proportion be about one in four. In some States it is even greater; in Massachusetts, for example, the census of 1865 gives 265,486 persons of foreign birth out of a total of 1,267,031, or something more than one in five. Adding those of foreign parentage, the number would be increased in all probability nearly to 400,000, or almost one in three. In Rhode Island, in 1860, out of a total population of 174,620, there were no less than 37,394 of foreign birth, or considerably more than one in five. In Connecticut, at the present time, the proportion cannot be much less. In Maine, on the other hand, the proportion of foreign-born is not more than one in fifteen; in New Hampshire about the same; and in Vermont less than one in nine.

Now in all these States, except Maine, it is very difficult for persons of foreign birth to acquire a settlement in any town, — partly because of the state of the laws, and partly because so many of this class are migrating from place to place, according to the demand for labor. In the city of Lowell, for example, the population decreased in the five years from 1860 to 1865 nearly six thousand, — the greater part of the decrease consisting of operatives and laborers of foreign birth, who had gone elsewhere for employment on account of the closing of the Lowell cotton mills. During the same period Springfield increased its population about seven thousand, or nearly fifty per cent, in consequence, mainly, of the growth of military manufactures there, and this increase was largely made up of foreigners. A somewhat smaller increase at Worcester shows the same facts, which, indeed, come within the knowledge of every person who has noticed the movement of population in our large towns in recent years. It is in view of this state of things, and with reference to the Massachusetts law requiring a ten years' residence, with five years' payment of taxes, as a condition of gaining a town settlement, that Governor Bullock says of our

poorest class: "Compelled to follow the ebb and flow of the demand for labor, they can hardly maintain an uninterrupted residence of ten years in a single town; or, if perchance they accomplish it, some wary official will omit to assess them for the fifth time, or abate a tax with ready lenity. Large numbers are thus, in ignorance of their rights, deprived of the residence they are on the point of acquiring; and after a sober and industrious life, in the infirmity of age, are given over to a State almshouse. Meanwhile our permanent and settled population has been gradually and surely decreasing, its young men having removed Southward and Westward, and peopled new States from the loins of Massachusetts. And so far has this process advanced, of rapid decrease and slow increase of settled residents, that competent judges avow their conviction that already our settled population numbers less than one half of the people of the State."

There are few persons who will not look upon this steady decrease of settled residents as a serious evil; and since it is not confined to Massachusetts, but prevails more or less throughout New England, all the six States should seek to counteract it. It is useless to strive against the course of trade and industry and the flood of immigration; but it is possible, and perhaps less difficult than is commonly supposed, to modify our settlement laws so as to include a great majority of those unsettled persons now living permanently or wandering about in New England.

Let us, then, examine the settlement laws of these six States. Most of them, as has been remarked, were passed near the close of the last century. Those of Maine, however, where they differ from the Massachusetts laws, date back only to the Settlement Act of March, 1821, the year after the separation of the District of Maine from the mother State.

Under the old English law, birth was held to give a settlement; but necessity soon led to many deviations from this principle in England, and it probably never prevailed in New England, except in Rhode Island previously to 1748, and (in respect to illegitimate children) in New Hampshire until 1796.* In the modified form of *derivation*, however, birth

* See 1 R. I. Reports, 1 N. H. Reports, 260. There was legislation on the general subject of settlements in New Hampshire as early as 1719.

still continues to give a settlement: that is to say, a person who has never acquired a settlement in his own right *derives* one from his father, mother, or some more remote ancestor. What is called *derivation* also covers the acquisition of a settlement by marriage, and by apprenticeship and slavery.

Derivative settlements, therefore, are very numerous, and will be first defined. In respect to these, there is little difference in the law or the practice of the six New England States. In all, a married woman takes the settlement of her husband, if he have any within the State; otherwise she retains her own settlement. Her children, in the former case, take the settlement of her husband; in the latter case, of herself. For all practical purposes, except in Massachusetts, the unsettled husband also takes the settlement of his wife, when she has one within the State. All legitimate children are therefore provided for, if either parent have a settlement. Illegitimate children follow their mother's settlement. Apprentices and slaves formerly took the settlement of their master, and settlements thus derived are still held in several of the New England States.*

It is by derivation or inheritance, of course, that all minor children, most single women, some married women, and a great many men, both married and single, hold their legal settlement. To trace this out is oftentimes a work of much difficulty, involving such intimate knowledge of pedigrees and family history as befits a garter king-at-arms. Indeed, the office of clerk of the overseers of the poor, in an old city of New England, is a sort of herald's college for paupers, wherein all manner of puzzling questions arise, to be answered according to the monuments and traditions of the elders. A few years ago, one of these

* In 1802 a curious and important case arose in Vermont, under the laws of settlement. The town of Windsor brought an action against Stephen Jacob, Esq., an associate judge of the Supreme Court, to recover money expended for the relief of one Dinah, formerly his slave, and offered a bill of sale of the woman as evidence of his ownership. His colleagues on the bench, Judges Robinson and Tyler, decided that no bill of sale between citizens of Vermont could furnish evidence of slavery, since that was forbidden in the Constitution of the State. The decision, after stating the arguments, was in these brief terms: "The bill of sale cannot be read in evidence to the jury." (See Tyler's Vermont Reports, II. p. 201.) This case must not be confounded with that other Vermont slave case in which Judge Harrington uttered the famous dictum: "Show me a bill of sale from God Almighty, and I will admit that this man is a slave."

clerks, wise with the accumulated learning of years, was searching through the Boston libraries to find a copy of the "Atlantic Souvenir" of 1829, in which had been published the account of a shipwreck. In that disaster perished the supposed father of a pauper whose settlement was in dispute between two towns in Massachusetts, and the whole case turned on the date of the vessel's sailing from New Bedford. If she sailed after a certain date, then the child was legitimate, and took the sailor's settlement in W.; if before that date, then illegitimate, and took the mother's settlement in S. Thus earldoms dubiously descend in romances, and sometimes in real life; and on such slender threads of history, or the yet slighter gossamer of tradition, often depends the settlement, and with it the comfort, of a poor family. Again, the pauper may be tied, especially if a woman, to the place of her derived settlement,

"And drag at each remove a lengthening chain,"

which is sure to draw the poor creature back to the hereditary almshouse, in a town which she may never have seen in her life till an overseer of the poor brings her into it. The writer was once visiting an almshouse not far from Boston, and was shown among the inmates two aged women, mother and daughter, who had not met nor heard of each other for forty years, till one day the inevitable law of settlement brought them together in the almshouse of the town where the mother was born. Or, if legislation intervenes to snap the chain of derivative settlement, it may be only to increase some lone woman's discomfort, and thrust her among strangers. Thus, a grand-daughter of a general of the Revolution and a governor of New Hampshire, falling into poverty in Massachusetts, could not lawfully be removed to the place of her birth and settlement in New Hampshire, because of a law of that State cutting off all settlements prior to 1820. These instances will serve to illustrate a few of the countless phases which our laws of settlement exhibit, and which have given the courts of every State so many puzzling cases within the last eighty years.*

* It is probable that no questions have ever arisen in the New England courts involving so many curious points of law and evidence, or requiring on the part of the judge so much research or so great discernment, as questions of settlement and relief. The decisions, in Massachusetts, of Parsons, Sewall, Parker, Shaw, Met-

As soon as a man or woman comes of age (and in some instances sooner), it is possible for either to acquire a settlement which shall take the place of that inherited or derived. But the laws which regulate the acquisition of a settlement by one's self differ much more in the different States than those which relate to derived settlements. In the first place, a distinction is made between "persons" and "citizens," which in Massachusetts operates very unequally, and unfavorably to aliens. There are no less than five important ways of acquiring a settlement in Massachusetts, which are open to citizens, and closed against aliens. These are: (1.) By owning an estate and living on it for three successive years; (2.) By owning an estate worth twelve dollars a year, without living on it, but paying taxes on it for five successive years; (3.) By being chosen to any town office; (4.) By dwelling in an unincorporated place when it becomes an incorporated town; (5.) By residence for ten successive years, and paying taxes for any five of those years. With the exception of the fourth, these are all common ways of gaining settlements; and the first and last would be particularly convenient to aliens, if they were not forbidden. And it must not be forgotten that the hardship of the prohibition falls not only on the actual alien, who may never wish to become a citizen, but on the wife and children of men seeking to be naturalized, but dying or leaving the town before the naturalization is completed. For persons not citizens there were, before 1865, but three ways of gaining a

calf, Hoar, and Gray, — in New Hampshire, of Woodbury and Bell, — in Vermont, of Chipman, Tyler, Hutchinson, and Williams, — in Maine, of Whitman and Appleton, — in Rhode Island, of Durfee and others, — and in Connecticut, of a long line of judges from Roger Sherman down, — are worthy of all praise, both for their learning and their humanity. None of these judges, however, have expressed themselves with more pith than old Chief-Justice Chipman of Vermont, in 1790, when a suit was brought before him in which a town demanded back from a poor man the alms that had been publicly given. It will be remembered that imprisonment for debt was then everywhere allowed. The case may be found in Chipman's Vermont Reports, I. 45. Judge Chipman said, and his words will bear repeating: "The provision made by law for the relief of the poor is, *in my opinion, a charitable provision.* To consider it in any other light *detracts much from the benevolence of the law, and casts a reflection on the humanity of the richer part of the community.* Poverty and distress give a man, by law, a claim on the humanity of society for relief; *but what relief, if the town have a right immediately to demand a repayment, and to imprison the pauper for life, in case of inability to pay?* This, instead of a relief, *would be adding poignancy as well as perpetuity to distress.*"

settlement, and those of comparatively little value. These were: (6.) By being ordained and settled as a minister; (7.) By being admitted as an inhabitant by vote of the town; and (8.) By serving an apprenticeship for four years in a town, and setting up the same business therein within one year thereafter (provided he is then of age), and continuing in it for five years longer. In 1865 the military settlement law gave to aliens not naturalized an opportunity to gain a settlement, provided they had served for three years in the army or navy; but, as yet, very few have availed themselves of it.*

In Connecticut, a similar distinction, and apparently a more stringent one, is made between citizens and foreigners. The latter, as already intimated, cannot gain a settlement at all, except by special vote of the town, or of a majority of the civil authorities of the town. Probably some method is found in practice for softening the rigor of the law, which would otherwise be far worse than the Massachusetts statute, for the reason that Massachusetts makes liberal provision for her unsettled and foreign poor, while Connecticut does not.

The other four States seem to make no discrimination against foreigners, but admit all persons to a settlement upon certain conditions, analogous to those imposed by Massachusetts and Connecticut on citizens of the United States. These conditions are believed to be most difficult in Rhode Island, where residence alone, with the payment of taxes, will not give a settlement, as in the five other States; but there must be residence, with ownership of an estate worth at least two hundred dollars.† Residence, with the payment of taxes, for *five* years, gives a settlement in Maine; for *six* years, in Connecticut; for *seven* years, in New Hampshire and Vermont; and for *ten* years (by a "citizen"), with payment of taxes for any five, in Massachusetts. In all the States, except Rhode

* This has been owing chiefly to the continuance of State aid to the families of soldiers and to the disabled; by means of which, many, who would otherwise be paupers, have been prevented from applying to the overseers of the poor. The first military settlement act in New England was passed by Connecticut in 1781. See 5 Conn. Rep. 368.

† Residence *with ownership* gives a settlement in every State except Maine; but the peculiarity of Rhode Island is, that residence alone, with tax-paying, will not give a settlement. It was not so formerly, the Rhode Island law of 1798 being like that of Massachusetts.

Island, election to a town office gives a settlement. The provisions concerning apprenticeship are the same in substance in all; so are those relating to the incorporation of new towns, and to admission as an inhabitant by vote of the town. In all, a settlement once gained within the State is good until another is gained, and may even afterwards remain so; but the Connecticut courts have sometimes held, that to gain a settlement in another State is to annul or "defeat" the previous settlement. In New Hampshire, all settlements gained previously to 1820 are declared void.

Governor Bullock, in his last annual address, recommends some legislation of this sort in Massachusetts. He says:—"I have to call the attention of the Legislature to a remarkable anomaly, which requires their immediate interference for the protection of our own tax-payers. While our settled residents number only a few hundred thousand, we are yet, by our own laws, responsible for the support of all the descendants of every man and woman who has ever gained or derived a settlement within our limits, who must surely be counted by millions. No matter if centuries have elapsed since one of the family set foot on our soil, the obligation is still the same; and wherever they may be scattered over the face of the earth, their sick, their insane, their defectives, their paupers, may return to Massachusetts to be supported by the town of original settlement. And although they may have acquired a subsequent settlement in another State, in towns where they will be acknowledged and provided for, yet our own statutes, as the Attorney-General informs us in a most elaborate and able treatise, forbid us to remove them except with their free consent."

There can be no doubt that some legislation is needed to guard the New England States against the return of paupers who have also settlements in other States. Judge Parker suggested this more than half a century ago; and the necessity for it has grown stronger ever since.*

* As to settlements being unaffected by a settlement gained in another State, the Massachusetts and New Hampshire decisions are clear and unanimous, and so are those of Maine and Vermont. In Massachusetts, Judge Sewall in 1813 (Townsend *v.* Billerica, 10 Mass. Rep. 411), Judge Parker in 1814 (Canton *v.* Bentley, 11 Mass. Rep. 441), and other later authorities, may be cited; in New Hampshire,

Reviewing the ground which we have gone over, it appears that the early mildness of our settlement laws has given place to enactments which, under the conditions of modern industry, are gradually depriving the New England people of their right of settlement. We find these enactments varying in the several States, but most stringent where they are doing the most harm, namely, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. Before proposing a reformation of these injurious statutes, let us first see what is their practical result as administered. In examining this question, it will be necessary to touch upon other branches of our poor-laws.

How are the settled poor of New England aided by the public? In what form and at what places is the public charity bestowed? The answer is, that the fourteen hundred towns and cities in these six States have each one or more overseers of the poor, whose business it is to receive and disburse the money voted by the town and raised by taxation for the relief of the needy. If any require to be fully supported, these overseers provide for their support in town almshouses, lunatic hospitals, private dwellings, or elsewhere. The rest, who only require occasional relief or partial support, are generally aided at their own homes, but sometimes receive alms in other places. There is also a third class, of vagrant, casual, or travelling

Judge Woodbury (Hanover *v.* Weare, 2 N. H. Rep. 131), in 1819, and others since, have passed upon this question.

Judge Sewall said: "Settlements of paupers are not to be regarded as privileges to individuals, to be gained or lost by their agency or consent; but as arrangements in the community, directed to the purpose of relieving, supporting, and employing poor persons who may be found within the commonwealth in need of aid and charity. The office is performed with the best economy and the most suitable care by towns, rather than by the Commonwealth."

Judge Parker said: "It has been uniformly held, that a habitancy or settlement once lawfully gained in any town in this State is not affected by any residence or actual settlement gained in another State. *A case like this may suggest to the Legislature some remedy against the action of paupers from another State, after they have, by the laws of such State, acquired a lawful settlement there.*"

Judge Woodbury said: "It is also well established, that a removal to another State does not destroy a settlement acquired here; that the operation of all pauper laws is local; and that we can look only to settlements acquired within our own limits."

Judge Appleton in Maine, and Judge Hutchinson in Vermont, not to mention others, have laid down the same doctrine. We believe New Hampshire is the only State, thus far, to act upon the hint of Judge Parker in 1814, although Vermont practically does the same thing.

poor, who wander from town to town, and are lodged and fed at the public expense wherever they go. Nine tenths of these last, however, have no settlement in any town.

It is impossible to say with any accuracy how many town and city almshouses New England contains. In Massachusetts, where they are most numerous, there are two hundred and twenty-three towns, out of three hundred and thirty-five, that own and use an almshouse, and five or six other towns that use almshouses elsewhere. Probably two thirds of the towns in Rhode Island maintain almshouses, and more than half those in Connecticut. In New Hampshire and Vermont less than half the towns are believed to have almshouses; and in Maine a still smaller proportion. On the whole, it may be within bounds to say that there are six hundred almshouses in New England, without reckoning the State almshouses of Massachusetts or the county almshouses of New Hampshire. But these six hundred provide for the wants of at least two millions of people, being generally maintained by the cities and the larger towns, the aggregate population of which is much greater than that of the larger number of towns that have no almshouses.

It is equally impossible to estimate accurately the number of the poor supported in these establishments. In the two hundred and twenty-three municipal almshouses of Massachusetts there was an average of nearly three thousand inmates in 1867, or about thirteen to each establishment. At this rate there would be in all New England nearly eight thousand almshouse inmates constantly supported; while the number of poor fully supported elsewhere by the towns may perhaps be six thousand.* This is rather less than the number reported on the 1st of June, 1860, by the United States census marshals; but it is pretty certain that there are fewer paupers in New England now than there were eight years ago, in spite of the increase of our population. The aggregate of native and foreign paupers on the 1st

* If we add to these numbers 2,259 for the average of those fully supported by the State in Massachusetts, and 550 for those supported by the counties in New Hampshire, we shall have an aggregate average number of nearly seventeen thousand. The average number in the workhouses and hospitals of London alone is about double this number, while the proportion of cases of out-door relief is much greater in London than here.

of June, 1860, in all New England, was 18,133, of whom 6,503 were in Massachusetts. The average number in Massachusetts in 1867 was but 6,241, and the number on the 1st of June, 1867, was not above 6,000. A like reduction throughout New England would make our present number fall short of 17,000.

The cost of support and relief was estimated in 1860 at nearly a million and a quarter of dollars; but it must have been really more than a million and a half in gold. In our present currency this would be about $2,100,000, of which Massachusetts would pay nearly half. In fact, she did pay in 1867 about $1,050,000 for the support and relief of her native and foreign poor; so that the total expenditure for the poor in New England in 1867 did not probably exceed two and a quarter millions of dollars. This is a large sum, but much less than is paid annually in Scotland, a country having a population somewhat less than that of New England, and in many respects resembling ours.*

If we assume $2,250,000 as the sum expended by the public for the poor of New England in 1867, we may also assume that about $600,000 went for out-door relief, and that some $1,600,000 was paid for in-door support and relief; this being about the ratio which we find existing in Massachusetts. At least $1,200,000 of this latter sum must have been paid for the expenses of the 600 town and city almshouses, and probably $400,000 for the expenses of the State and county almshouses of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the support of the insane poor in hospitals and asylums.†

Are these large sums so expended as to secure the maximum of comfort to the deserving poor, of education to the orphan and destitute children, of relief and recovery to the sick, without at the same time increasing pauperism, and encouraging vice under the guise of poverty?

If this question could be confidently answered in the af-

* The population of Scotland in 1861 was 3,062,294; the number of paupers in 1865 was 77,895, with 43,499 dependants, making a total of 121,394. The total number in New England cannot be more than seventy-five thousand.

† According to the Fourth Report of the Massachusetts Board of Charities, the total cost of the 223 almshouses of the cities and towns in the year 1867 was $331,708.30, the average weekly cost of each inmate being $2.15.

firmative, we should have reached the highest aim of the philanthropist in regard to the public poor. Certainly we can make no such assumption; yet one thing seems to be true, namely, that pauperism is not increasing in New England. From the scanty records of fifty years ago, we have reason to believe that the number of the poor in proportion to our whole population was as great then as now, and that their condition of pauperism was more permanent. Mr. Quincy, in his Report of 1820, estimates the pauper expenses of Massachusetts in that year at $350,000 in gold, when her population was but little more than half a million; they were but about $715,000 in gold in 1867, when her population was a million and a quarter, and when the comfort of the poor was much better cared for than in 1820. The number of State paupers in Massachusetts in 1832, judging by the statistics of Mr. Calhoun's Report, was as great as in 1867, although the population of the State was but half as large. Nor was the number of town paupers at that time much less than now; yet it must be admitted that the class of vagrants has very much increased. Moreover, it is manifest to all who have investigated the matter that there are fewer paupers in New England to-day than at the outbreak of our civil war.

But it may be doubted if this satisfactory result is owing in any great degree to our system of poor-law relief; and it is still more doubtful if that system, as at present administered, does secure in the best manner the best interests of the poor.

Far be it from us to deny the merits of our New England method of local relief. It has been severely tested by the trial of two centuries; it has alleviated and has prevented much distress; its defects do not touch the principle on which it is based, and these defects can be made good without abandoning either that principle or the general mode of administration. What it lacks is to be generalized and co-ordinated in its various parts, instead of being, as now, an affair of numerous independent localities, each looking after its own interest, and seeking to get the better of its neighbors, but all being less capable of benefiting themselves than of injuring one another. For example, the four hundred towns of Maine, as between one another, are interested to avoid the burden of supporting those poor persons whose settlement is doubtful or

obscure. Consequently the town of A strives to fasten the pauper family B upon the town of C. The latter, in turn, may pass the poor creatures over to the town of D; and if this happens to be in New Hampshire or Massachusetts, both A and C are glad to get rid of the question by leaving it to be taken up anew in another jurisdiction. Meantime the poor family itself endures the hardships of the controversy, and perhaps is finally located and aided where it ought not to be. At the same time an army of vagrants is marching throughout New England, from town to town, living on the public either by alms or by theft, and difficult to be stopped, because they are no sooner recognized than they have passed on to another town or another State.* There is a want of uniformity in the laws and policy of the six States which makes each of them, in this matter, unfriendly to the others, and renders justice between them almost unattainable.

The first step to be taken, then, is to persuade these States that they have a common interest in the relief of the poor and the suppression of pauperism, and that they ought to legislate in harmony with each other, and not in hostility. That done, the laws of settlement should next be modified so as to admit a much greater number to the privilege of a town settlement, and pains should be taken to make the new laws uniform in the several States.† Under the settlement laws thus modified (and no discreet man would favor sweeping them entirely away), there would still be a numerous class of unsettled persons. These should be provided for, as they are in Massachusetts, at the expense and under the authority of the State itself, which should also require of the towns such records and reports as would make it easy to investigate and dispose of the questions of disputed settlement which would be continually coming up. The existing model for this method of State support and supervision is found in Massachusetts; and this,

* The Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Charities reports the whole number of persons supported and relieved in that State in 1867 (exclusive of vagrants) as 33,000; in the whole of New England there are perhaps 75,000. But there are besides at least 50,000 vagrants and occasional lodgers in the almshouses and station-houses, and many of these are continually on their travels.

† This is not essential, but it is all-important that the laws of the different States should be simple and easy of interpretation. There could be little objection to making them uniform, if any general modification should take place.

though by no means perfect as yet, is so peculiar in its history, and so admirable in its general features, that it deserves more than a passing notice.

Although the State pauper system of Massachusetts, as has been remarked, originated in the exigencies of our early Indian wars, it is only within the last twenty years that it has taken a definite and efficient form of administration. Before 1852, although there had been frequent recommendations of a change of policy, and although several new measures had been adopted to check the increase of State paupers, nothing had really been done to carry out the suggestion of Josiah Quincy, made to the General Court in 1821, for "placing the whole subject of the poor in the Commonwealth under the regular and annual *superintendence* of the Legislature." It is true, that, so long ago as 1838, returns of the number and cost of the poor began to be annually made by the overseers to the Secretary of State, who published them for the use of the Legislature, and that a committee of the Legislature annually examined the bills of towns for the relief of the State's poor. But little knowledge was actually obtained of the condition and treatment of this class, and little could practically be done in the three hundred municipalities of the State to regulate their number, their classification, or their situation. The native and the foreign poor, though generally differing greatly in their antecedents, their wants, and their habits of life, were mingled together in crowded almshouses of towns and cities, with no sufficient means of employing the able-bodied, caring for the sick, or educating the children. There was small hope of ridding the State of the hosts of paupers and vagrants thrust upon Massachusetts from other States and countries. The laws which provided for taking bonds and exacting head-money from foreigners entering our ports were reasonably well enforced, though under a doubt of their constitutionality; but such had not always been the case; while our frontiers by land were scarcely guarded at all, and every year saw large accessions to the pauper residents of the State. In 1852 a law was enacted * which eventually changed this whole con-

* See chapter 275 of the Acts of 1852. So much of this act as had not been rendered obsolete by performance, or repealed, was incorporated in chapter 71 of the General Statutes of Massachusetts, in 1860.

dition of things, and inaugurated a better system of regulating pauperism than has yet been adopted anywhere else in New England.

This law of 1852 provided for the establishment of three State almshouses, with farms and other facilities for employing the able-bodied poor who had no town settlement, and directed that all the unsettled poor should be removed to these almshouses on their completion, except such foreign paupers, arriving by water, as could not on account of sickness be so removed. These were to be left at the hospital on Rainsford Island in Boston Harbor, "during the continuance of such inability." In these four establishments, therefore, were to be gathered all those persons, to the number of thousands, who had hitherto been supported by the towns and cities, partially at the expense of the State;* and after the month of May, 1854, when the establishments were opened, the State paupers were so gathered therein. The first effect of this application of what in England is termed "the workhouse test" was to increase their apparent numbers. In 1848 the whole number for whose support the State paid anything to towns and cities was about 9,000, and the average number about 2,300; but in 1853 the whole number had been reduced to less than 6,000, and the average number to about 1,900. In 1855, however, — the first complete year of the new almshouses, — the apparent whole number ran up to more than 7,500, and in 1858 it touched 9,000 again, while the average number rose from 2,200 in the former year to 3,300 in the latter. This disheartening and paradoxical result was due to several causes, the chief of which were a lax administration of the laws, and the fact that previously to 1854 the State had paid only for such persons as were unable to perform any labor. The addition of the partially able-bodied no doubt increased the number by at least ten per cent, and, in exceptional years, like 1858, perhaps twenty per

* The sum actually paid by the State towards the support of these persons for some years preceding 1852 was a mere pittance, — only forty-nine cents a week for adults and children over twelve, and only twenty-eight cents a week for children under twelve; the average weekly payment for both classes being about thirty-nine cents. At that time the actual cost to the towns was just about *three times* as much, or $1.08 a week. See Senate Doc., No. 103, 1853, and 1st Report of the Board of Charities, p. 327.

cent. But with that year a salutary change began in the supervision of the poor-law administration, the influence of which has been increasingly felt up to the present time, and will long continue to benefit the State and the whole of New England.

The law of 1852 had been drawn up and carried through the Legislature by Judge Warren, with little opposition, so pressing was the need of some measure of the kind, and so clear and conclusive were the arguments of that distinguished magistrate.* But in the six years that ensued, what with the misgovernment of a corrupt political party (which introduced its own low standard of morals into every department of the public service), and the natural friction of new laws and new powers of administration, the State almshouse system of Judge Warren fell into great disrepute, and needed, more than any part of the State government, the guiding hand of an able and public-spirited man. Such a man was found in Henry B. Wheelwright, who for the last ten years (as chairman of the Alien Commission until October, 1863, and since then as General Agent of the Board of Charities) has rendered the most arduous and valuable service to the State and the whole community. Under his vigorous measures the State almshouses soon ceased to be asylums for the paupers of other States and of the towns of Massachusetts. The average number fell from 3,300 in 1858 to scarcely more than 2,100 in 1859, and to less than 2,000 in 1860. At the same time greater efficiency and humanity were introduced into all departments of the administration; the cases of tens of thousands of poor persons were patiently investigated, and many were removed to their homes, or to the care of friends, before entering the almshouse. If admitted there, other investigations were made, and other thousands were humanely removed to the places justly chargeable with their support. Meantime the classification of applicants for relief, which could never be effected before 1854, and had been too much neglected afterwards, was in part provided for. It was not, however, until the creation of the Board of

* Since the creation of the Board of Charities, for the general oversight of the charitable and correctional institutions of Massachusetts, Judge Warren has been induced to take part, as a member of the Board, in the administration of the system of which he was the founder, and has given to this work a portion of his leisure, to the great advantage of the public.

Charities in 1863, with fuller powers, that this classification could be properly accomplished, as has since been done. Of all the members of that Board, it is proper to say, none has labored more diligently, more heartily, or more successfully than the General Agent to attain the important objects proposed; and in this statement all his colleagues would agree.

As now developed under the supervision of the Alien Commission and the Board of Charities, the State pauper system of Massachusetts, which is worthy of consideration by the other States of New England, includes the following measures.

1. A gradual extension of the laws of settlement, so as to give the right of local relief to at least nine tenths of the poor properly resident in the State.

2. Support for the remaining number, at the expense of the State, in establishments suited to the wants of the sick, the aged, and the young children, with employment for such as can labor and instruction for those who can profit by it.

3. The means of classifying the applicants for relief, so as to separate vagrants and persons chargeable to towns and to other States from those properly belonging to Massachusetts as State charges; and of removing all except the last class to their place of settlement, or to some other suitable place.

4. Classification of the State paupers themselves, so that those whose poverty is occasioned by vicious lives shall undergo the restraint of a workhouse, and those who are insane shall be separated from the sane, and receive a treatment adapted to their condition; so that children of the school age shall either be carefully taught in a State school, or be placed under supervision in good families throughout the State; so that the sick shall have good hospital treatment, and the able-bodied, unless vicious, shall not be detained in almshouses.

5. Out-door relief for such as, on account of sickness, or for other sufficient cause, ought not to be sent to an almshouse; such relief to be furnished by the local authorities at the expense of the State.

6. Supervision of this out-door relief, and of the general management of the overseers of the poor; and regular reports from those officers to the State authorities in regard to the mode and cost of relieving the poor of all descriptions in the towns and cities.

7. Such relations with all the charitable institutions in the State as to facilitate the best disposal of all the subjects of charity with which the State has to deal.

8. Such relations with neighboring States, and such restrictions on the introduction of paupers by land or sea, as will enable Massachusetts to receive all that properly belong to her, while forbidding those to enter, or sending them from the State, who have no right to a support in Massachusetts.*

In its perfection, this system would require the necessary legislation and means of administration to make good all that is involved in these clauses. In the matter of each clause much has already been done to perfect the system. But much yet remains (especially in regard to the first and last clauses) for the Legislature and the public officers to accomplish. Practically, the changes in our law of settlement have been very slight since the beginning of the century, although the Military Settlement Act of 1865 will have an important effect on the next generation of the poor. But there is great present need of a more thorough-going removal of the restrictions of the last century. The General Court of Massachusetts now has this subject under consideration, and can hardly fail to comply with the urgent demand for a new settlement act. What the details of this should be we will not now stop to consider. Almost any change will be for the better which is in the direction of adding more persons to our settled population.

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* We have already mentioned incidentally that the chairman of the Alien Commission effected in a single year a reduction in the average number supported at the four pauper establishments from 3,300 to less than 2,200. This reduction was greatly due to the policy defined above, of guarding against improper immigration, and removing those already improperly within the establishments. With slight interruptions, this reduction has gone on quite steadily since 1858, until, in the year 1867, the average number at the same establishments was but 1,717. A decrease of nearly one half in nine years, while the class of unsettled persons, from which the State paupers come, has greatly increased, is truly remarkable, and is the best evidence both of the efficacy of the system and the efficiency of the officer who has directed it. Judging by the census returns of 1850 and 1865, the proportion of persons without a settlement to the whole population must have doubled since 1850; and yet the whole number and the average number of State paupers are considerably less now than they were in 1850. Probably there is no other New England State in which the same class of paupers (namely, those of foreign birth and parentage mainly) has not doubled within the time mentioned. And it will continue to increase, until those States adopt something like the Massachusetts system. The county almshouse system of New Hampshire is better than nothing, but only a little better.

Very urgent, also, is the necessity for some concurrent action by all the New England States in regard to the interchange of paupers. It ought to be as easy to render justice between Vermont and Massachusetts as between Boston and Lenox, so far as the poor-laws are concerned. That it is not is painfully evident; that the terms of an agreement could be easily arranged is also evident to those familiar with the subject. A step has already been taken towards the desired end by the State of New Hampshire, which, in 1867, at the instance of the Massachusetts authorities, empowered the Governor to confer with the Governors of the neighboring States with a view to arranging some basis of concurrent legislation. There is reason to hope that Massachusetts will do her part in such a good work before the present Legislature shall adjourn, and that a few years may witness the assent of the other five States to a measure which will benefit all.* Should this hope be fulfilled, a new and happier era will open for the poor of New England.

F. B. Sanborn.

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* A committee of the General Assembly of Rhode Island has just reported in favor of introducing the Massachusetts system of State control. If this measure is adopted, it will result in a good understanding between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, such as now exists between the Massachusetts authorities and the governments of Providence, Portland, and other New England cities.

ART. VI. — 1. *Ueber gelehrte Tradition im Alterthume, besonders in Indien, etc.* [*On Learned Tradition in Antiquity, especially in India.* Read on the 28th of September, 1865, before the Meeting of Orientalists at Heidelberg, by PROFESSOR R. ROTH; and published in the Journal of the German Oriental Society. (Leipzig. 1867.) Vol. XXI. pp. 1–9.]

2. *On the Interpretation of the Veda.* By J. MUIR, ESQ. [From the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. (London. 1866.) Vol. II. pp. 303–402.]

3. *The Hymns of the Gaupâyanas and the Legend of King Asamâti.* By PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER. [From the Same. pp. 426–479.]

4. *On the Veda of the Hindus and the Veda of "the German School."* [Read on the 7th of January, 1867, before the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, by PROFESSOR TH. GOLDSTÜCKER, and reported in Abstract in the London Examiner for February 2, 1867.]

AMONG the many important tasks which are occupying the attention of philologists at the present day, there is hardly another more urgent than that of translating the Veda, the sacred scripture of the Hindus. Remote as it may seem to us in many respects, — its place of origin separated from us by half the circumference of the globe, its time by more than half the distance back to the currently accepted birth-year of man, its doctrines by an equal part of the course of human progress from savage atheism to a true morality and religion, — this book, nevertheless, has attributes which bring it within the circle of our nearer interests. For it is an historical record belonging to our own division of the human race; and being such, its very remoteness gives it an added claim to our attention. It is far from us in the direction from which we ourselves have come; it tells of conditions through which our ancestors passed, and of which other knowledge is denied us. It is the oldest existing document composed by any Indo-European people, older than the Zoroastrian scriptures, many centuries older than the chants of Homer, and unapproached even

by the traditions of the other branches of the family. This chronological antiquity would, no doubt, be of little account, if not supported by a corresponding antiquity of language and content. But it is thus supported. The idiom of the Veda is the least altered representative of that primeval tongue from which are descended the dialects of the leading races of Europe and Asia, all the way from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Bay of Bengal. And while the scene of action of the Veda is laid in India, the conditions and manners depicted in it are, nevertheless, of a character which seems more Indo-European than Indian. Almost all that to our apprehension constitutes the peculiarity of Hindu institutions — the triad of great gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the doctrine of transmigration, the system of castes, the mixture of subtile pantheistic philosophy and gross superstition — is wanting there. The Nature-worship, the transparent mythology, the simple social relations of the Vedic period in India cast hardly less light upon the beginnings of religion and society among the primitive nations of Europe than upon the Brahmanic constitution of the later days of Hindustan. At the same time, the Veda contains the actual germs, as yet undeveloped, of the whole Brahmanic system, which can be understood only as they and its relations to them are comprehended. Whether, then, we apply ourselves to the study of Indian or of Indo-European antiquity, this book is our equally indispensable guide and aid.

By the term *Veda*, literally 'knowledge,' is sometimes designated the whole immense mass of the earlier religious literature, metrical and prosaic, of India, representing several distinct and diverse periods of belief and culture. This is not the sense in which we here employ the word. The literature referred to is divided into four bodies of works, entitled respectively the *Rig-Veda*, 'Veda of Hymns,' the *Sama-Veda*, 'Veda of Chants,' the *Yajur-Veda*, 'Veda of Sacrificial Formulas,' and the *Brahma-Veda*, 'Veda of Incantations,' — the last being more usually styled *Atharva-Veda*, from the half-mythic race of the Atharvans, with whom it is brought into some kind of artificial connection. Of each of these bodies a single work, containing matter chiefly poetic, forms the original nucleus, to which all the rest has become attached by gradual accretion.

And the collection of hymns constituting the Rig-Veda proper, in this narrower sense, so far outranks the others in importance as to be, in our view, almost by itself *the* VEDA. It contains the earliest sacred poetry of the Hindus, produced at a time when they had as yet hardly begun to be Hindus, when, having but lately entered the peninsula at its northwestern frontier, they were pressing forward through the Penjab to take possession of the wider and richer valleys of central Hindustan, the principal scene of their later history. Its hymns are the prayers and praises with which that people addressed the gods in whom it believed; they reflect, then, in the first instance, and with most fulness, its religious creed and institutions; but, along with these, more or less unconsciously and fragmentarily, its whole mode of thought and life. They were long handed down with scrupulous care in the families of the priesthood, regarded with reverence, and profoundly studied by generations to whom their language and doctrines were becoming ever more strange; until at length, no one can tell when or where, they were committed to writing, and have reached our hands in a state of complete and accurate preservation which constitutes one of the marvels of literary history, and accompanied with a mass of auxiliary literature, critical and exegetical, which is hardly less marvellous.

The other three collections have, in a less degree, been regarded with the same reverence, and subjected to a like treatment. But while the Rig-Veda was evidently put together for the purpose of gathering and preserving the inherited treasure of ancient song, the next two, at least, have in view more special ends. The Sama and Yajur Vedas are the liturgies or prayer-books of two classes of priests, composed of those passages, selected out of the mass of traditional matter, which were adapted to the needs of practical worship, as organized at a period far subsequent to that of the origin of the hymns; their contents, therefore, are, in much the greater part, repetitions of those of the Rig-Veda. The Atharvan, finally, though not liturgical, but a free historical collection like the first, is of a much later date and spirit, illustrating the transition from the simple faith of the early time to the superstition on the one hand, and the sublimated and attenuated

philosophizing on the other, which characterize the more modern religious development of India.

By the Veda, therefore, as the object of interpretative labor to the present generation of scholars, we mean the Rig-Veda hymns, along with such parts of the other collections as are akin to these in character. The difficulty of their interpretation lies in the obscurity both of their diction and their content. The Vedic dialect is notably unlike the classical Sanskrit, — differing from it in the retention of a variety of grammatical forms which it has lost from use, and also, more especially, in the possession of a vocabulary to no small extent peculiar, containing not only scattered words, but whole bodies of roots and derivatives, which find no place in the later idiom. The difference of condition and sentiment, of the ways of thinking and acting, is even wider than that of speech, between the one period and the other. We have here, in short, one of that class of cases with which the student of ancient history is so often called upon to deal, — a half-known antiquity, recorded in an imperfectly understood dialect; into the full comprehension of both he has to work his way as best he can, making the word explain the thing, and the thing the word, gaining by degrees deeper knowledge and clearer views, until the whole lies in its grand features and more essential details distinct before his mind. Of course, until the Vedic antiquity shall be thoroughly understood, no satisfactory translation of the Veda will be possible; the latter must be the sign and fruit of the former.

For penetrating to the sense of these ancient records we have abundant means, both direct and indirect, in the later language and antiquities of India. The whole accessory sacred literature is, to a certain extent, their comment. The numerous and voluminous *Brahmanas* — regarded by the Hindus as continuations of the hymn-literature itself, and as being like this inspired — are filled with discussions of the divinities and ceremonies to which the hymns relate, with legends bearing upon their subject and occasion, with explanations of the allusions they contain, even with interpretations of their words and phrases. The *Sutras*, or bodies of sacrificial rules, also cast light upon their meaning from the method of their ceremo-

nial application. The *Pratiçakhyas*, and other treatises of a grammatical character, are not destitute of an exegetical as well as a critical value. A single work, of great, though unknown antiquity, the *Nirukta*, or 'Exposition,' of Yaska, takes for its express object the interpretation of difficult parts of the Vedic phraseology. All these are fragmentary or partial in their nature. But about five hundred years ago, in a region of southern India where occurred the most important *renaissance* of Hindu learning and religion after their overwhelming overthrow by the Moslems, there was produced a series of giant commentaries, which follow the sacred texts line by line and word by word, setting clearly forth every item of their contents; and it is as accompanied by these commentaries, which, in the eyes of the modern Hindu, are their sufficient and authoritative exposition, that the texts have been placed in our hands.

It was a matter of course, then, that European scholars, when they began their studies upon the hymns, should take the commentaries as their guides; and by this aid, as no one pretends to deny, they won a much more rapid insight into the general contents of the texts before them than could have been attained in any other way. More recently, however, has arisen a lively discussion as to the absolute value of the commentaries, the age and source of the information they give, and the degree of authority which ought to be ascribed to them. There are those who maintain, in theory, that the traditional explanation given by the Indian exegetes goes back to the period of production of the hymns themselves, or at least to a time when the latter were fully and familiarly comprehended; that it possesses, therefore, a paramount value, and should be, in the main, strictly followed by us; and that, if we would fain understand the Veda, we have only to sit at the feet of Sayana, Mahidhara, and their compeers of the fourteenth century, and what we desire is attained. We possess a translation of the Rig-Veda made upon this theory; it is by Horace Hayman Wilson; the first half of it was published before his death, and Professor Cowell is now editing the rest from his manuscript.

Much the larger number of European scholars, however, have been of a different opinion. Their views are fully set

forth in the first three of the papers which form the subject of this article, and we will proceed to consider them as there presented.

After Colebrooke's remarkable essay on the Vedas (published in 1805) had failed to sow fertile seed in the minds of his contemporaries and followers, and Rosen's isolated enterprise of the publication of the Rig-Veda had been broken off almost in its inception by his untimely death (in 1837), it was Professor Roth of Tübingen who, more than any other person, initiated the present era of Vedic study by his little work entitled "Contributions to the Literature and History of the Veda" (*Zur Litteratur und Geschichte des Weda*), of which the first portion was presented to the German Oriental Society in 1845, and which was published in the next year. His opinions upon the point now under discussion have always been clearly held and decidedly stated, and he is generally looked upon as the leading advocate of an independent interpretation. He has most fully expressed himself in its behalf in the Preface to the great Sanskrit Lexicon, of which he and Böhtlingk are the joint editors; as his exegetical principles have been best illustrated in his contributions to that Lexicon, in its explanation of Vedic words and discussion of Vedic passages. His present brief paper offers a summary view of the considerations which have suggested themselves to his mind, in the course of his long-continued occupation with the subject.

He first points out the difficulties which beset the understanding of all works coming down to us from former times, whether near or remote, and the necessity laid upon us of seeking intermediate aids, which shall lead us back step by step to a knowledge of the conditions under which those works were produced. Every ancient literature of any extent and importance, especially every sacred literature, offers such aid, in the form of glossaries, commentaries, and other kindred works. But in every known case, these aids, resting upon the basis of a learned tradition, have been found insufficient, and, to a certain extent, misleading, — and this for reasons which are grounded in the nature of the case, and therefore unavoidable. Investigation, inquiry, the formation of an exegetical tradi-

tion, do not begin until the texts with which they deal have taken on a character of obscurity, are no longer directly intelligible. Not only, now, does the Hindu traditional literature constitute no exception to the general rule, it is even a striking illustration of the rule. The circumstances under which it was produced would lead us to expect to find it thus. The great Vedic commentaries came into being after a time of general decay of Hindu learning, under the patronage of a king of barbarian extraction, and among a people of non-Sanskritic speech. For their construction had been gathered, we may admit, all of Brahmanic learning that was then attainable; but the learned Pandits who resorted to the court of Vijayanagara could bring nothing with them which they did not already possess; and in order to show that they were the representatives of an authoritative tradition going back all the way to the Vedic times, it would be necessary to prove that such a tradition could and did exist at that time in India,—the proof being derived either from the known history of Hindu literature and religion, or else from internal evidences contained in the commentaries themselves. The former mode of proof has never been seriously attempted; it has rather been assumed, that, since the Hindus believe in the authority of the commentaries, we must do the same. This assumption involves a complete misapprehension as to where the burden of proof lies; the probabilities are on the side of the sceptics, and can only be overborne by direct evidence; and when we come to look for such evidence in the works in question, we find them, on the contrary, filled with the plainest indications of their true origin. A genuine tradition sets itself to give information which could not be reached by other means; it explains things, relations, connected passages, rather than single words and petty details. The more primitive it is, the less it will wear a scientific aspect. The scientific exposition, on the other hand, begins with words, and from them tries to arrive at the comprehension of things more general. Of this latter character is the Hindu comment, through and through. It is grammatical and etymological, smacking of the school and the pedant in every part. Artificialities, inconsistencies, conceits, uncertainties, abound in it. It walks with no assured step; of

difficult passages it gives without scruple a variety of different admissible explanations, leaving the reader to take his own choice among them. It exhibits, in short, no trace of genuine traditional insight.

Nor can the comment even claim to found itself upon a treasure of accumulated learning notably richer than is within our reach. It rarely cites a work which we have not in our own hands, or may not hope to have; and its references to those which we do possess — especially to Yaska's Nirukta, of which we have already spoken — are so very frequent and full as to show, that, so far as ancient authorities are concerned, these were its main dependence.

When, now, we come to examine the oldest authorities themselves, we find them to be of the same character. Yaska, not less than Sayana, endeavors to penetrate by etymological inquiry into the meaning of the passages he is treating; he cites the varying views of his predecessors, among whom there was a euhemeristic school, and also a nihilistic, denying that the Veda had any intelligible and attainable significance. From this and other like evidence it appears clearly that the tradition which is alleged to lie back of the commentators is only a tradition of the earlier attempts of investigators of their own class. There has been, it is true, a long succession of practised exegetes; yet the succession began not in immediate and authoritative knowledge, but in erudite inquiry, resting upon the same basis which underlies our own, — namely, knowledge of the Sanskrit language, and of the institutions and beliefs of the later periods in Indian history.

These are the leading thoughts of Professor Roth's concise, but comprehensive essay. Though bearing primarily upon the Vedic controversy, they were intended also to have an application to the similar question now under debate as to the interpretation of the Avesta.

The next paper is by the eminent English scholar, Dr. Muir of Edinburgh, best known to the reading public by his valuable series of volumes entitled "Original Sanskrit Texts on the Origin and History of the People of India, their Religion and Institutions," in which are gathered copious and authentic materials for the study of various points in Hindu antiquity,

with full translations and explanatory remarks. The paper, though published before that of Professor Roth, comes after it in the order of composition and presentation to the learned body before which it was read. It takes up the same theme at much greater length, not limiting itself to a statement of principles and results, but establishing the one and deriving the other by means of a full array of evidence extracted from the works whose value is the subject of controversy. Dr. Muir's whole exposition is characterized by the most unexceptionable fairness and courtesy, by wide reading and industry of research, and by clearness of statement and logical method. It is a contribution to the discussion of very high value, and especially interesting to those who, themselves unversed in Vedic study, require to have things placed before their eyes in the light of an abundant illustration. Its force as an argument appears to us, we must acknowledge, overwhelming; we see not how those who maintain the paramount authority of the commentators can meet its reasonings or set aside its conclusions.

Dr. Muir begins with quoting at some length the expressed views of both parties to the controversy, — of Wilson and Goldstücker upon the one side, of Roth, Benfey, and Müller upon the other. He then proceeds to inquire what signs are discoverable in the Indian literature of a tradition respecting the meaning of the Veda handed down continuously from the earliest times. Such signs ought to be found, if anywhere, in the Brahmanas, the class of writings standing next in antiquity to the hymns, and held sacred like the latter themselves. But the best authorities agree that the spirit of the Brahmanas is separated from that of the older hymns by a wider gulf than from the more modern religious literature, — that the grand breach of continuity lies precisely here. These works, in fact, concern themselves only to a very limited extent with casting light upon their predecessors, and their success, when they attempt the task, is not such as to lead us greatly to regret their usual reticence; their misapprehensions and deliberate perversions of their text, their ready invention of tasteless and absurd legends to explain the allusions, real or fancied, which it contains, their often atrocious etymol-

ogies, are clear evidence that the spirit of the later time, which has always cared infinitely more about the letter than about the meaning of the Veda, was already dominant in the Hindu priesthood. Where, now, shall the primitive and unbroken tradition have begun, if it is unknown to the authors of the Brahmanas? But even the task of collecting and sifting the exegetic material, such as it is, which these treatises contain, is yet to be done by us; the commentators do not found themselves upon it; it is only occasionally referred to by them.

Next, Dr. Muir takes up the Nirukta of Yaska, our earliest extant specimen of native exegesis, the beginning of that series of works which at last found its culmination in the commentaries. He briefly describes its character and content, and extracts from it some of those curious discussions and accounts of schools of Vedic interpretation to which we have above alluded. From this point onward, the great bulk of his paper is taken up with the quotation and discussion of an extended series of Vedic passages, along with their interpretation as given in the Nirukta and in Sayana's commentary; in the course of which are made abundantly to appear the loose, arbitrary, and often carelessly blundering method of these alleged representatives of an immemorial and authoritative tradition, their inconsistencies with themselves and with one another, their dependence upon grammatical and etymologic science for whatever light they cast upon the texts, and their frequent foisting upon these texts of the ideas and beliefs belonging to a later time. To follow him into the details of the discussion is not, of course, in our power here. His main conclusion is, that "there is no unusual or difficult word or obscure text in the hymns in regard to which the authority of the Indian scholiast should be received as final, [or his interpretation accepted,] unless it be supported by probability, by the context, or by parallel passages"; and that "it follows, as a necessary corollary, that no translation of the Rig-Veda which is based exclusively on Sayana's commentary can possibly be satisfactory."

This being established, he at once proceeds to point out that the labors of the commentators have by no means been useless

to us; that, on the contrary, they have "been of the utmost service in facilitating and accelerating the comprehension of the Veda"; that they have led us by a short cut to much knowledge which would else have cost long and painful investigation; and that they are worthy of being constantly consulted by the European who is grappling with the same difficulties which they attempt to solve. In all this we fully agree with him; but we agree not less heartily when he goes on yet further to state, that after all we derive from them little or nothing which we should not sooner or later have found out without their aid. How should the case be otherwise? Their basis of interpretation, as was shown from Professor Roth's paper, is not different from our own. We know the Sanskrit language, as they did; we have in our hands the materials for comprehending the Hindu institutions, even as these were comprehended by them. In both departments, indeed, we may readily acknowledge that they had in some respects the advantage of us; but in other respects we have still more clearly the advantage of them. We can hardly hope to make ourselves so familiarly and vernacularly acquainted with their classic idiom as were the Brahmans who were trained in it from boyhood, and had given the undivided labor of years to the task of mastering the intricacies of its grammar in their own text-books; nevertheless, for the purposes of a comparison of dialects, we command the Sanskrit far more thoroughly than they. All the methods and appliances of comparative grammar are at our disposal, and we can bring to the task an enlightened penetration, and a coolness and justness of judgment, to which neither the Hindus nor any other ancient people could make pretence. So, too, and yet more especially, the creeds and ceremonies of Brahmanic India were intimately known to them in a thousand particulars which are obscure to us; but this, again, is more than compensated by the prepossession with which their minds were filled in favor of these very institutions, and by their disposition to see in the antiquities of their country more of themselves and their belongings than really existed there. The historic faculty was too thoroughly wanting in the Hindu mind for Hindu scholars to be trustworthy students of the past. If they had owned

the disposition and the power to reconstruct the fabric of ancient days, the Sanskrit literature would not be, as it is, without a vestige of a chronology, and with only a mass of paltry fables in place of history.

We are fully of opinion, therefore, that the help of the commentaries was dispensable to us. We shall not finally know appreciably more of the Veda than we should know, if such works had never been compiled. It is even doubtful whether we should not already by this time have known without them as much as we in fact know; whether the facilities they offered us at the start are not more than counterbalanced by the concentration upon them of labor which might have been given to the texts themselves, and by the delay which they have wrought in the publication of the latter. Thus, when Müller's magnificent quarto edition of the Rig-Veda and its commentary, commenced under the auspices of the East India Company, and continued under those of the British government, was first taken in hand, about 1847, a few months would have been amply sufficient for laying before the world the whole text. As it is, after twenty years, little more than two thirds has yet been placed in our hands by Professor Müller. The students of the Veda long waited with despairing hope, while the work, with this heavy clog upon it, was wearily dragging its slow length through the press; until at last other scholars undertook to come to their relief, and give them access to the material they needed; and now it is Aufrecht who is the true editor of the Veda, while Müller has to content himself with the secondary honor of being the editor of Sayana. He who has made much use of the commentary has had ample opportunity to observe that it accompanies and aids his investigations admirably, so long as he has perfectly plain sailing; but the moment a serious difficulty arises, he is left to his own resources; his helper is either more at a loss than himself, or offers him counsel which is impertinent and worthless.

The paper by Professor Müller, the third in our series, is a highly important contribution to the controversy we are reviewing, although it carefully avoids a controversial form, and is toned throughout as if the questions upon which it bears had

never been made the theme of animated dispute. Its author has issued within the year a prospectus of a complete version of the Rig-Veda, which he has long had in hand, and has now gotten nearly ready for publication (it is understood that the first volume is on the point of leaving the press); and here, *à propos* of a simple acknowledgment which he wishes to give of the kindness of a friend in furnishing him new manuscript material for his other great work, — the editing of Sayana's commentary, — it occurs to him to offer, in advance, a kind of sample of the way in which his translation is to be executed. He selects for the purpose a series of four hymns out of the tenth and last book of the Rig-Veda. These, by the Hindu tradition, are connected together, as having arisen out of a single historical occurrence, which the traditionists relate in full. Müller first reports the story in its several and not a little discordant versions, — for the most part, also, giving the text of each version. A king has discarded his former officiating priests, — Subandhu and his three brothers, — and has taken two new ones in their place. The holy men thus supplanted have used incantations against the life of the king, to which the latter's new friends have retorted with still more powerful charms, — with such effect, indeed, as to destroy the life of one of the offenders. Hereupon the beaten party compose and sing the four hymns in question, for the purpose of calling the spirit of their brother back to life; and they succeed in their endeavor. These are the essential features of the legend, as given by the commentators; and every one must, perforce, acknowledge that it wears an aspect of wonderful verisimilitude, as if reported by a faithful and immemorial tradition, perhaps from the very lips of the man so strangely witched out of the world and witched into it again. Müller then goes on to translate the hymns in strict conformity with their interpretation by Sayana, as made to fit the legend. But, having thus done all that could be required of a translator of the one school, he passes over to the other, and commences criticising his own work. He points out some of the more flagrant cases in which Sayana's version militates against grammar and good sense and distorts the plain purport of the text. He analyzes the legend, chases it up from one authority to another,

and shows how it has become transformed from the simple shape it wore in the oldest record to that which we have given above, — how it all grew up by successive accretions, with the help of blundering interpretations of words and phrases occurring in the text. The names of the king, his people, his two new priests, and their despatched and revived adversary, appear to him to be fabricated out of epithets which in fact have quite other meanings. Moreover, the whole story has as little adaptedness to the real content of the hymns as it has possible accordance with sober fact: it is neither *vero* nor *ben trovato*. Finally, we receive a new version of the whole series of verses, made in independence of the commentator; their disconnectedness is pointed out, and it is made to appear that the hymns are put together, in part, out of fragments having a different scope and intent.

In these three papers we have the case of the anti-comment party drawn out in all desirable fulness, and illustrated from every point of view: Professor Roth stating the general considerations which apply in all cases of the traditional interpretation of ancient texts; Dr. Muir illustrating those principles by the fullest and most detailed examination of the particular interpreters whose authority is called in question; Professor Müller exemplifying, upon a connected portion of the Veda, the two modes of interpretation, and contrasting their results. Now let us see what is urged upon the other side.

The first scholar who criticised unfavorably the rising school of Vedic interpretation in Europe, and attempted to cast discredit upon its results, was Professor H. H. Wilson of Oxford and London. He had been educated as a Sanskritist in India, and had won a highly honorable name by his labors upon the later Sanskrit literature: a literature in which artificial conceits and labored obscurity unfortunately play no insignificant part, and commentaries are often absolutely essential to the progress of the student; where works are cast in a form intended for learned exposition, and an author sometimes adds to his own enigmatically terse text a written exposition which shall render its meaning accessible to others. Study of the Veda was not taken up in Europe until Wilson was already an old man, with his views and habits of study fixed by long cus-

tom. His patronage and influence were very freely given to the new branch of research into Hindu antiquity, and were of essential aid to its progress: it would ill become any Vedic scholar to speak disparagingly of his services. But his merits are so great and universally acknowledged, in so many departments, that his friends can well afford to see his weaknesses plainly pointed out. He was never in real sympathy with the spirit of the scholars he had assisted; he distrusted their methods of independent inquiry, and rejected the conclusions they arrived at. It was too late for him to make himself a Vedic scholar in their sense, even if he had understood the requirements of Vedic scholarship as they did. The commentaries were the spectacles through which his disposition and training led him to look at those ancient texts, and he persistently credited and defended their sufficiency. To what an extreme he carried his transfer of the conditions belonging to the later and artificial periods of Hindu literature to the early and spontaneous epoch of the hymns is shown most clearly by a highly curious passage (too long for quotation here) in the Preface to the second volume of his translation of [Sayana's version of] the Rig-Veda. He there seriously lays it down as an acceptable doctrine, that only a tradition established by the authors of the hymns themselves, and handed down from their times to the present, could give us the intent of their epithets and elliptical phrases; that, if a Vedic poet spoke, for example, of "the crooked," or "the broad and golden," he uttered a riddle to which he alone could furnish the clew: — as if such expressions must not have their ground and find their explanation in their own inherent significance and applicability, and in the habits of speech, the current associations, of the period! It were quite as sensible to maintain, that, when an English poet speaks of "the deep," or "the briny," he must needs establish a tradition, lest after generations should have no means of knowing what noun had to be supplied; that Longfellow and Tennyson, — or, to put it more strongly, Emerson and Browning, — when they turn off a verse, whisper its esoteric meaning in the ears of a select number of disciples, by whose pious care it shall be set plainly before the apprehension of our descendants a thousand years hence. Even Wilson, however,

as Dr. Muir has abundantly pointed out, was not so slavishly obsequious to the commentators in practice as in theory. The instances are by no means rare of his calling attention to the unsatisfactory character of Sayana's explanations of particular words or phrases, to his inconsistency with himself or his discordance with other commentators, to his forcing upon his text ideas that are the acknowledged growth of a later time; and if he had been a younger man, there is no telling to what lengths of unbelief these heretical beginnings might have led him.

Since the death of Wilson, his mantle rests upon the shoulders of Dr. Theodor Goldstücker, Professor of Sanskrit in University College, London, author of the fourth paper whose title we have set at the head of this article. The paper was intended as a direct reply to the one by Dr. Muir which we have already considered. We have in our hands, it is true, at present, only an abstract of it: but, on the one hand, this abstract is very full and well digested, bearing every mark of having been drawn up by the author himself, and doubtless presenting with trustworthy correctness the main points of his argument; and, on the other hand, having waited in vain for more than a year for the appearance of the article in its completeness, and knowing by experience that its author is apt to find himself forced by circumstances to much longer delays in the publication of his works than he or others had anticipated, we do not feel that we need refrain from bringing it, in the shape it wears, as an authentic document, into the discussion.

In considering, then, the argument of Professor Goldstücker, we have first to notice, that, in more than one important respect, the title which he has prefixed to it is ill chosen. He styles it "On the Veda of the Hindus and the Veda of 'the German School.'" Herein is involved an evident *petitio principii*. The question is not between the Veda of the German school (or however else we may choose to call it), on the one hand, and the Veda of the Hindus, on the other. The Veda of the Hindus, in the proper sense, is what both parties are alike trying to comprehend; and whether its comprehension shall be most surely arrived at through the methods of modern Hindu

scholarship, or of modern European, is the point which we are endeavoring to determine. It would be only a similar assumption of the other party to entitle its argument "The Veda of the Hindus *versus* the Veda of the Hindu Schools." Let Professor Goldstücker, if he would be fair, acknowledge as his theme, "The Veda of the Hindu Schools, and the Veda of the European School: which is the true Veda?"

Again, what we have here called the European school, as representing the established methods of modern European archæology and philology, Professor Goldstücker knows throughout as "the German school," always putting the words into quotation marks, and claiming that he borrows them from Dr. Muir. We have looked through the latter's paper, however, with considerable care, for the express purpose of discovering this title, and have failed to find that he employs it in a single instance. We would not venture to deny that it may lie hidden there, in some obscure corner that has escaped our search, or that Dr. Muir may have let it drop in the oral communication of his paper, while excluding it, as on the whole objectionable, from the paper as printed. But even this could constitute no justification of the way in which Professor Goldstücker makes use of it. He emphasizes it, dwells upon it, reiterates it three or four times in a paragraph, as if there lay in the words themselves some potent argument against the views he is opposing. Any uninformed person would say, we are confident, that he was making an unworthy appeal to English prejudice against foreign men and foreign ways; there can be no question, that, whether by his intention or not, his language directly tends to excite, and array upon his own side, whatever of such prejudice may exist among his hearers and readers. We are not at all willing to credit, that, being himself a German domiciled in England, he can have done anything consciously to "foul his own nest," as the saying is; but we might fairly have expected him to take more pains to avoid whatever could possibly have an effect that way. Nor are we ready to believe that any one whose suffrage he would value is liable to be swerved from a correct judgment by national prepossession. That there should exist in the English mind a certain leaven of jealousy of the foreigners who have done so

much more than the English to illustrate the language, history, and antiquities of their own Eastern empire would be only natural; but it must be acknowledged, to their honor, that in general they have risen superior to it, and have shown a liberal readiness to receive both instruction and teachers from abroad: witness the long list, mainly of Germans, (but including even one American, Dr. Fitz-Edward Hall,) who have filled and are filling chairs of Indian study in English institutions of learning. During the past fifty years the whole world has been following the lead of Germany in all departments of philological science, glad and proud to do so. There is no more a "German school" in Vedic study than there is in comparative philology. In both alike, Germans made the effective beginning, and have done the greater part of the work; but, in both alike, the school has become European, and is fast becoming universal. Not to speak of Professor Goldstücker himself as the main, if not the sole, champion of the opposing party, an insurmountable obstacle in the way of any such restriction as he would fain imply in the name "German school" is to be found in the person of Dr. Muir, the most eminent of the Vedic scholars of English birth; and if he would look into other parts of the learned world, he might discover others of the same character.

But our author, while professing to borrow from Dr. Muir the invidious title which the latter does not use, and of which the relative position of the two is the most effective refutation, is at the same time at the pains to show that there is, in very fact, no "German school" at all, in the sense in which his opponent understands the expression, — or would have understood it, if he had employed it. In so doing, he misapprehends, as it appears to us, the whole scope of the controversy. The point at issue is not, whether Roth and Benfey and Muir and Müller have rendered any given Vedic passage in precise accordance with one another, nor even whether any one of them has rendered it correctly, but whether they shall be allowed to translate it, if they can, or leave it untranslated, if they cannot, without obsequious regard to what Sayana may affirm to be its meaning. Must we be content to translate Sayana, or may we do our utmost upon the Veda itself, using Sayana as a means to the

comprehension of its significance, but only as one among many, and one whose value in any particular case is to be judged and determined by ourselves? This is the question with regard to which Professor Goldstücker stands upon one side, and his "German school"— that is to say, all the other Vedic scholars of note in the world — upon the other. He asserts that Roth and Benfey belong to different "schools," because their methods of interpretation (meaning, of course, in details) and their interpretations differ. But in this sense every individual scholar, ancient or modern, Hindu or European, constitutes an independent "school." Weber, he says again, must not be counted in the same school with the others, because, being addicted to contradicting himself, he has once expressed an opinion different from theirs as to the existence of a break in Hindu tradition. This seems to us little better than trifling. Lastly, Müller entirely disagrees with them all; he has lately "distinctly declared, that, in his opinion, three fourths of the whole Rig-Veda had been correctly understood by Sayana, whereas, regarding the remaining fourth, he would often not be able to offer an interpretation of his own." But every other scholar whose name has been mentioned would doubtless be able to say nearly the same thing, varying only as regards the exact proportion of the text which, in his view, Sayana has shown himself capable of interpreting. To compare the Veda and Sayana together, and note that the latter has comprehended the easier parts of it, while of the rest no small part is so difficult that we do not understand it much, if at all, better than he, is a marvellously different thing from taking him for our guide and authority. How Müller actually deals with the commentary has been sufficiently shown above; he speaks of it always with great gentleness, as befits the editor of Sayana to do, but, when it comes to translating, not even Roth or Benfey could pursue a more independent course than he. In his regard for the repute of his Indian predecessors, he comes close upon the verge of misstating his own position toward them, and has, perhaps, fairly exposed it to the risk of being misunderstood by others who should pay more attention to his words than his deeds. Thus, in his paper now under discussion, he says (p. 452) that there is "no neces-

sity for going beyond Sayana's interpretation, whenever that interpretation satisfies both the rules of grammar and the requirements of common sense." Of course not: but this implies the setting up of grammar and common sense, according to our judgment of them, as authorities by which Sayana is to be tried, in order that we may see whether his interpretation should be accepted, — that is to say, the putting him into no better position than that to which he would be relegated even by the extremists of "the German school."

It is quite in vain, then, for Professor Goldstücker to claim Müller's support in his advocacy of the Hindu commentators. We do not see, in fact, that, since the death of Wilson, he can reckon any one but himself upon his own side: he constitutes, solitary and alone, the "anti-German school." Mr. Cowell, the lately elected Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge, has, it is true, dropped an expression or two which have seemed to some to betray an inclination to like views; but we are convinced that it would be doing great injustice to this scholar, considering the thoroughness, enterprise, and freedom of spirit testified by his various publications, to imagine, that, when once fairly entered upon the task of Vedic interpretation, he would long remain in bondage to Indian guides. And certainly no other scholar to whose utterances the learned world is accustomed to pay attention can be rallied by our author under his banner.

But we may go farther, and assert that he is in great danger of being deserted by himself, his only partisan. Dr. Muir, whose acuteness and research almost nothing bearing upon the subject of controversy escapes, directs our attention to quite a number of instances in which the fragment of Goldstücker's Sanskrit Dictionary that has thus far appeared rejects Sayana's interpretations, or pronounces them artificial and forced; exhibiting, as Dr. Muir phrases it, "a certain heretical tendency, ... which may, perhaps, as [the] Dictionary advances, become by-and-by developed into a more pronounced heterodoxy." If one's feet are once allowed to swerve from the narrow track of exegetical orthodoxy, it is difficult to see upon what firm ground they rest: they are liable to slide away even into the broad road of "German" rationalism.

The controversy, then, assumes a new form; it is virtually narrowed down to the question, whether Professor Goldstücker alone is to be regarded as qualified to decide when and how far the authority of the commentary is to be set aside, or whether others may also have their opinions respecting it. It does not need to be pointed out, that, with the liberty of private judgment, there comes also a heavy burden of responsibility. Every scholar who puts himself forward as an interpreter must be held to a strict account, and judged according to the learning, acuteness, and good sense displayed in his renderings. There are those, doubtless, (it may not be unfair to refer, as an example, to M. Langlois, author of a complete version of the Rig-Veda in French,) who come so poorly fitted to the work of translation that they do even worse than if they had followed the comment step by step. Ignorant presumption may show itself in the one direction, not less than comfortable indolence of spirit and bigoted submission to authority in the other; yet the only way to arrive at the truth in the end is to permit and encourage freedom of independent interpretation. Nothing is gained to Professor Goldstücker's cause by casting in the face of the other party the discordance of each one's version with that of his comrades; all that is fully foreseen and provided for in their system; there is not one among them who fails distinctly to point out that conjecture — or, as their antagonists would contemptuously style it, guess-work — must, for a long time to come, play a considerable part in our attempts at translation, as it demonstrably has done in those of the Hindus; that certainty will in some parts never be attained, and in others will come only as the result of successive approximations. The analogy of the Homeric and Biblical studies has been repeatedly appealed to by way of illustration; and Vedic scholars have been content to anticipate the solution of the last difficulty offered them by their theme at an interval after the last passage of the Greek poet or of the Hebrew narrators and prophets shall have ceased to be the subject of controversy, at least not more extended than that which separates the beginnings of Sanskrit philology from those of Greek and Hebrew exegesis. This may seem to some a not altogether encouraging prospect; yet few, we hope, will be inclined to

escape from it by subjection to the infallible authority of a Hindu commentator.

Let us now look a little at the specific replies made by the champion of the commentators to the allegations of their opponents. He justly characterizes as "the most important argument of Mr. Muir against the value of the native commentaries" the exhibition of the alternative explanations — one, two, three, or even more — given by them in numberless instances for the same word or passage. What is this argument alleged to prove? Of course, that there was in existence in India no authoritative tradition, coming down from the period of the hymns themselves, and teaching with certainty their true meaning, which must have been one, and not many; but that the later Hindus were reduced to erudite methods of exegesis, to etymologic inference, and, when that failed them, to conjecture; and that they applied these methods with a degree of success depending, in different cases, on the difficulty of the problem in hand, and the learning and acuteness which they brought to its solution, — often giving the right interpretation, but sometimes also the wrong, and very frequently unable to satisfy themselves which of two or more suggested versions was the true one. Professor Goldstücker would fain set aside this argument by pleading that the alternative explanations *may* represent the views of different schools of Vedic study in India; nay, leaping in the space of a single line from a possibility to an almost certainty, he asserts that they "must probably" be so accounted for. A most unfortunate reply; for it involves a full admission of the truth of the very argument against which it is brought. It is a matter of indifference to Dr. Muir and his side whether the discordant versions reported by Yaska and Sayana be the products of their own unassisted ingenuity, or whether each had a separate paternity, and was backed by a whole school of commentators, or a dozen schools; in either case their presentation is equally conclusive against the existence of the claimed authoritative tradition, and the trustworthiness of the reporting commentator as a guide for us to follow. He who is curious as to the history of Hindu learning may pay what heed he pleases to them; he who strives simply to know what the Veda means can only look at them

with curiosity as so many guesses, among which some one may possibly point the way to his own. After the admission here made, we see not what ground Professor Goldstücker any longer has to stand upon in his contest with "the German school."

Again, he states Roth's principles of interpretation to "consist in deriving the sense of Vedic words 'from a juxtaposition of all the passages cognate in diction or contents' in which such words might occur"; and he proceeds at once to point out "that the determining of cognateness of Vedic passages in diction, which, if it means anything, means their grammatical cognateness, was one of the most difficult problems of Vedic philology, — a problem which, so far from having been solved, has as yet not even been propounded; and that it was begging, therefore, the question, if a writer founded an interpretation of words on that which, at present at least, was an unsolved difficulty." We must confess, that, much as we have pondered this passage, setting it in every light and contemplating it from every point of view, it remains to us, as at first, totally unintelligible. We have no distinct idea of what our author is driving at. Any answer on our part, therefore, must necessarily be waived until the complete publication of his paper shall make clear his meaning, and enable us to see what is this awful question of the "determination of the grammatical cognateness of Vedic passages," which even he, deep as have been his studies in the Veda, has as yet ventured only reverently to recognize, but not to propound. Meanwhile, however, we cannot but think that the simple comparison of parallel passages (though a very different thing, no doubt, from the other) may still be made a useful means of arriving at their respective intent. It has been applied, so far as we are aware, with a very tolerable degree of success, in nearly every language on earth excepting the Vedic, — in languages new and old, well known and obscure; it is the principal method by which we elicit the meaning of a difficult expression in a German, a Greek, or a Sanskrit author, of a phrase in Egyptian hieroglyphics or in Assyrian cuneiform; and until Professor Goldstücker, or some one else, shall show good cause why it should be excluded from the treatment of the Vedic dialect of the Sanskrit, we suspect that great difficulty will be found in preventing incautious scholars

from resorting to it, under the deluding influence of so much fancied authority.

But Professor Goldstücker goes on further to show, "that a method like that laid down by Professor Roth could be called scientific only on the assumption that all the Vedic hymns belonged to the same period of time, and to the same author," whereas it is admitted that they actually cover different periods, more or less distant from one another. "Classical philologers, he said, would laugh to scorn a method which, without so much as a settled grammatical basis," (that is, we presume, without having previously propounded and determined the question of the grammatical cognateness of its passages,) "would pompously propose to derive the unknown sense of Greek or Latin words from a juxtaposition of passages belonging to different authors, and distant epochs of Greek or Latin literature." We heartily join with our author in deprecating the introduction of the contemplated proposal with any pompousness. He who should attempt to give himself airs on the score of bringing forward a suggestion so essentially obvious and commonplace would deserve at least to be broadly smiled at. If the risibles of classical philologers are so easily provoked, and on such subjects, we hardly know whether most to regret that we do not form a member of so hilarious a body, or to rejoice that our ordinary proceedings are not liable to an accompaniment of jeers from our associates; for, although we never heard of their settling their grammatical basis in any such way as our author appears to contemplate, we feel confident that the classicists are all the time doing what he pronounces fit matter for scornful laughter. There is not a Grecian among them all who, instead of resorting to a Modern Greek professor, or even to an Alexandrian critic, to get upon authority the meaning of an obscure word in Homer, for instance, would not search through the whole Greek literature, and even, if his knowledge extended so far, through the vocabularies of other tongues akin to the Greek, for possible light to be cast upon it. Professor Goldstücker seems inclined to assume that no word which has any variety of meanings, or which has had a history of development of meaning, can have its meanings determined or its history drawn out by the com-

parison of parallel passages, — that is to say, by studying it in the whole sphere of its use. If this were so, the applicability of the method would indeed be reduced wellnigh to nullity, for there are few words in any language that have a narrowly restricted and persistent individuality. But surely it is not so. The practised philologist, if he have material enough, knows how to mark out and set in order the whole territory of significance covered by the word he is studying; and it is only the practised and scientific philologist who can do this, though the word belong to his own vernacular speech. Our author's plea would be more effective, if, on the one hand, there had been any disposition on the part of European scholars to slight the element of variety and growth of signification in Vedic words, or, on the other hand, any disposition on the part of Hindu scholars clearly to recognize and duly to allow for it. The fact we believe to be just the other way. If any Hindu exegete, grammarian, or lexicographer has succeeded in drawing out an acceptable scheme of the meanings of any Sanskrit word, according to their true internal connection, we, at least, have never been so fortunate as to fall in with it; nor do we discern in the discordance of Hindu interpretations of the Veda any traces of such schemes. We are warned, indeed, by Professor Goldstücker, that "words may have different meanings in different passages, and the merely individual impression derived by a scholar from the context of what might constitute to his mind a justification of such a variation is far too unsafe a criterion to be made the basis for narrowing the meanings of words." This sounds very well; yet, after all, the variation has its limits, and somebody must be allowed to decide in a given case whether an alleged world-wide discordance of meaning be fairly attributable to historical development or to the ignorance and arbitrariness of the interpreter. No scholar possessing any independence of mind can help criticising the authorities upon whom he is asked to rely; and when the student of the Veda finds the commentators explaining a word or phrase as meaning, in one and the same passage, (to take a few instances almost at random from Dr. Muir's pages,) either 'having the lightning for a weapon' or 'supporter of creatures,' either 'taken with the hand' or 'hav-

ing rays,' either 'with full neck' or 'to be praised by many,' either 'having cattle' or 'perceiving what is minute,' either 'thy riches are most gladdening' or 'thy kinsmen are most destructive,' either 'persons who are sacrificing around' or 'birds which are flying around,' either 'swift' or 'a buck yoked in front,' and when he further finds a like diversity of meanings ascribed to the same word or phrase in different passages, we submit that he cannot long hesitate to which class of causes he is to ascribe both the one and the other.

At the end, Professor Goldstücker promises that the sequel of his paper shall show, by a detailed discussion of the proceedings of "the German school," that the scholars who compose it cannot be "considered as having at all contributed to, or even facilitated, the solution of really difficult and doubtful points of Vedic exegesis." This is a very bold and comprehensive promise, and the learned world — or, at least, that part of it which is interested in the study of Indian antiquity — will be apt to look pretty sharply to see how it is fulfilled. Since we have shown that the "school" comprises all the known Vedic students except Professor Goldstücker himself, and that even he is, without acknowledging it to himself, not wholly at variance with them as regards the one principle which unites them as a school, the question at issue (as already hinted) becomes virtually a personal one, wearing this form: "Is there a scholar in the world, save Professor Goldstücker, who is capable of judging when Sayana's interpretations are to be accepted as authoritative, and when they may be set aside and superseded?" We hardly think that he would shrink from putting it thus; at the beginning as well as the end of his paper, he appears rather to court than to shun a personal contest, reproaching Dr. Muir with failing to add to his intended proof of the untrustworthiness of Yaska and Sayana further proof that their opponents were any better than they; "for," he says, "even if their labors were worthless, it might at least be possible that those of 'the German school' were yet more worthless." Nor would the assumption involved in such a formulation of the question as we have proposed be perceptibly greater than that exhibited by the same scholar a dozen years ago, when, being himself quite unknown as a

Sanskritist to the world at large, (he had not at that time, so far as we are aware, published any contributions to Sanskrit literature excepting prospectuses, including one of a rival dictionary,) he boldly condemned, as worse than worthless, the great St. Petersburg Lexicon, edited by the veteran scholars Böhtlingk and Roth, and contributed to by many of the leading Sanskritists of Germany, and suggested that the part of it already published should be cancelled, and the work begun anew. Since then, indeed, he has shown his powers in a variety of ways; and no one, we believe, will be now found to question his immense learning, his minute accuracy, and the sincerity and intensity of his convictions. These are qualities which, if combined with a due share of sound sense and critical judgment, must give a high value to whatever he shall bring forth in the way of animadversion upon the results of Vedic scholars, and may establish his claim to be ranked among their number (for we cannot allow that denunciation of his fellows and worship of Hindu predecessors make one a Vedic scholar). We trust that this will be the case, and that his criticisms will prove a solid and instructive contribution to Vedic exegesis. But we can already say, with a confidence amounting to certainty, that, if it be so, it will be because he adopts and carries out the method of those to whom he opposes himself in a better manner than they themselves have done; because he shows good and sufficient reason for regarding their interpretations as less acceptable than others which may be proposed, — even, in certain cases, than those of the commentators themselves. And though he may thus rehabilitate some part of Sayana's work, he cannot reinstate Sayana in the place of paramount authority which has been claimed for him; to attempt it is to fight against the whole spirit of modern philology, of modern inquiry in every department; this has broken the yoke of too many an asserted authority to submit itself blindly to the lead of Hindu guides. The so-called "principles" of "the German school" consist solely in the application to Vedic studies of the well-established and tested methods of modern critical research; when they are abandoned, men will also be ready to go back to a belief in the fables of Livy respecting the oldest history of Rome, or in those of the

early chroniclers respecting the settlement of England by Brut and his Trojans. Professor Goldstücker's attacks have not, so far as we can perceive, shaken them in a single particular. He may go on now to point out discordances between the interpretations of the different representatives of the school, — discordances, perhaps, even approaching in degree to those of the versions which Sayana sets side by side, comfortably leaving to his readers the responsibility of judging and choosing among them: but this will not help the argument; it will not even result in putting the modern and the ancient interpreters in one category together. Only he who (or his friends for him) shall thrust himself forward as an authoritative guide, and assert his own results to be infallible and final, can be looked upon as occupying a kindred position with that of Sayana, and as needing, like him, to have his claims proved unfounded and set aside.

Nearly all our valuable knowledge of the Veda is due to the labors of "the German school." Even Colebrooke, vast as was his learning and acute his insight, beholding these ancient records through the eyes of the native scholars, was far from appreciating their significance, and closed his famous essay "On the Vedas" with a discouragement to their study; and they remained for more than a generation longer mere literary curiosities, little heeded by students either of India or of humanity. The results drawn from them by German scholars have already won a universal value; they have passed into the possession of the world, as an essential part of its knowledge and conception of ancient times. If the study is to continue to flourish, and to complete its important work, it must be true to the same methods which it has thus far so successfully pursued.

W. D. Whitney.

Art. VII. — Quotation and Originality.

Whoever looks at the insect world, at flies, aphides, gnats, and innumerable parasites, and even at the infant mammals, must have remarked the extreme content they take in suction, which constitutes the main business of their life. If we go into a library or news-room, we see the same function on a higher plane, performed with like ardor, with equal impatience of interruption, indicating the sweetness of the act. In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. He who has once known its satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity. Like Plato's disciple who has perceived a truth, "he is preserved from harm until another period." In every man's memory, with the hours when life culminated are usually associated certain books which met his views. Of a large and powerful class we might ask with confidence, What is the event they most desire? what gift? What but the book that shall come, which they have sought through all libraries, through all languages, that shall be to their mature eyes what many a tinsel-covered toy pamphlet was to their childhood, and shall speak to the imagination? Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature. If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read. We expect a great man to be a good reader; or in proportion to the spontaneous power should be the assimilating power. And though such are a more difficult and exacting class, they are not less eager. "He that borrows the aid of an equal understanding," said Burke, "doubles his own; he that uses that of a superior elevates his own to the stature of that he contemplates."

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise. Our debt to tradition through reading and conversation is so massive, our protest or private addition so rare and insignificant, — and that commonly on the ground of other reading or hearing, — that, in a large sense, one would say there is no pure originality. All minds quote. Old and new make the warp and woof of every moment. There is no thread that is not a twist of these two strands. By necessity, by pro-

clivity, and by delight, we all quote. We quote not only books and proverbs, but arts, sciences, religion, customs, and laws; nay, we quote temples and houses, tables and chairs. The Patent-Office Commissioner knows that all machines in use have been invented and re-invented over and over; that the mariner's compass, the boat, the pendulum, glass, movable types, the kaleidoscope, the railway, the power-loom, &c., &c., have been many times found and lost, from Egypt, China, and Pompeii down; that if we have arts which Rome wanted, so also Rome had arts which we have lost; that the invention of yesterday of making wood indestructible by means of vapor of coal-oil or parafine was suggested by the Egyptian method which has preserved its mummy-cases four thousand years.

The highest statement of new philosophy complacently caps itself with some prophetic maxim from the oldest learning. There is something mortifying in this perpetual circle. This extreme economy argues a very small capital of invention. The stream of affection flows broad and strong; the practical activity is a river of supply; but the dearth of design accuses the penury of intellect. How few thoughts! In a hundred years, millions of men, and not a hundred lines of poetry, not a theory of philosophy that offers a solution of the great problems, not an art of education that fulfils the conditions. In this delay and vacancy of thought we must make the best amends we can by seeking the wisdom of others to fill the time.

If we confine ourselves to literature, 't is easy to see that the debt is immense to past thought. None escapes it. The originals are not original. There is imitation, model, and suggestion, to the very archangels, if we knew their history. The first book tyrannizes over the second. Read Tasso, and you think of Virgil; read Virgil, and you think of Homer; and Milton forces you to reflect how narrow are the limits of human invention. The "Paradise Lost" had never existed but for these precursors; and if we find in India or Arabia a book out of our horizon of thought and tradition, we are soon taught by new researches in its native country to discover its foregoers, and its latent, but real, connection with our own bibles.

Read in Plato, and you shall find Christian dogmas, and not only so, but stumble on our evangelical phrases. Hegel pre-exists in Proclus, and, long before, in Heraclitus. Whoso knows Plutarch, Lucian, Rabelais, Montaigne, and Bayle will have a key to many supposed originalities. Rabelais is the source of many a proverb, story, and jest, derived from him into all modern languages; and if we knew Rabelais's reading, we should see the rill of the Rabelais river. Swedenborg, Behmen, Spinoza, will appear original to uninstructed and to thoughtless persons: their originality will disappear to such as are either well read or thoughtful; for scholars will recognize their dogmas as reappearing in men of a similar intellectual elevation throughout history. Albert, the "wonderful doctor," St. Buonaventura, the "seraphic doctor," Thomas Aquinas, the "angelic doctor" of the thirteenth century, whose books made the sufficient culture of these ages, Dante absorbed, and he survives for us. "Renard the Fox," a German poem of the thirteenth century, was long supposed to be the original work, until Grimm found fragments of another original a century older. M. Le Grand showed that in the old Fabliaux were the originals of the tales of Molière, La Fontaine, Boccaccio, and of Voltaire.

Mythology is no man's work; but what we daily observe in regard to the *bon-mots* that circulate in society, — that every talker helps a story in repeating it, until, at last, from the slenderest filament of fact a good fable is constructed, — the same befalls mythology: the legend is tossed from believer to poet, from poet to believer, everybody adding a grace or dropping a fault or rounding the form, until it gets an ideal truth.

Religious literature, the psalms and liturgies of churches, are of course of this slow growth, — a fagot of selections gathered through ages, leaving the worse and saving the better, until it is at last the work of the whole communion of worshippers. The Bible itself is like an old Cremona; it has been played upon by the devotion of thousands of years, until every word and particle is public and tunable. And whatever undue reverence may have been claimed for it by the prestige of philonic inspiration the stronger tendency we are describing

is likely to undo. What divines had assumed as the distinctive revelations of Christianity theologic criticism has matched by exact parallelisms from the Stoics and poets of Greece and Rome. Later, when Confucius and the Indian scriptures were made known, no claim to monopoly of ethical wisdom could be thought of; and the surprising results of the new researches into the history of Egypt have opened to us the deep debt of the churches of Rome and England to the Egyptian hierology.

The borrowing is often honest enough, and comes of magnanimity and stoutness. A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good. What he quotes he fills with his own voice and humor, and the whole cyclopædia of his table-talk is presently believed to be his own. Thirty years ago, when Mr. Webster at the bar or in the Senate filled the eyes and minds of young men, you might often hear cited as Mr. Webster's three rules: first, never to do to-day what he could defer till to-morrow; secondly, never to do himself what he could make another do for him; and, thirdly, never to pay any debt to-day. Well, they are none the worse for being already told, in the last generation, of Sheridan; and we find in Grimm's "*Mémoires*" that Sheridan got them from the witty D'Argenson; who, no doubt, if we could consult him, could tell of whom he first heard them. In our own college days, we remember hearing other pieces of Mr. Webster's advice to students, — among others, this: that, when he opened a new book, he turned to the table of contents, took a pen, and sketched a sheet of matters and topics, — what he knew and what he thought, — before he read the book. But we find in Southey's "Commonplace Book" this said of the Earl of Strafford: "I learned one rule of him," says Sir G. Radcliffe, "which I think worthy to be remembered. When he met with a well-penned oration or tract upon any subject, he framed a speech upon the same argument, inventing and disposing what seemed fit to be said upon that subject, before he read the book; then reading, compared his own with the author's, and noted his own defects and the author's art and fulness; whereby he drew all that ran in the author more strictly, and might better judge of his own wants to supply them." We remember to have heard

Mr. Samuel Rogers, in London, relate, among other anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington, that a lady having expressed in his presence a passionate wish to witness a great victory, he replied: "Madam, there is nothing so dreadful as a great victory, — excepting a great defeat." But this speech is also D'Argenson's, and is reported by Grimm. So the sarcasm attributed to Lord Eldon upon Brougham, his predecessor on the woolsack, "What a wonderful versatile mind has Brougham! he knows politics, Greek, history, science; if he only knew a little of law, he would know a little of everything." You may find the original of this *mot* in Grimm, who says that Louis XVI., going out of chapel after hearing sermon from the Abbé Maury, said: "*Si l'Abbé nous avait parlé un peu de religion, il nous aurait parlé de tout.*" A pleasantry which ran through all the newspapers a few years since, taxing the eccentricities of a gifted family connection in New England, was only a theft of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's *mot* of a hundred years ago, that "the world was made up of men and women and Herveys."

Many of the historical proverbs have a doubtful paternity. Columbus's egg is claimed for Brunelleschi. Rabelais's dying words, "I am going to see the great Perhaps" (*le grand Peut-être*), only repeats the "IF", inscribed on the portal of the temple at Delphi. Goethe's favorite phrase, "the open secret," translates Aristotle's answer to Alexander, "These books are published and not published." Madame De Staël's "Architecture is frozen music" is borrowed from Goethe's "dumb music," which is Vitruvius's rule, that "the architect must not only understand drawing, but music." Wordsworth's hero acting "on the plan which pleased his childish thought," is Schiller's "Tell him to reverence the dreams of his youth," and earlier, Bacon's "*Consilia juventutis plus divinitatis habent.*"

In romantic literature examples of this vamping abound. The fine verse in the old Scotch ballad of "The Drowned Lovers,"

> "Thou art roaring ower loud, Clyde water,
> Thy streams are ower strang;
> Make me thy wrack when I come back,
> But spare me when I gang,"

is a translation of Martial's epigram on Hero and Leander, where the prayer of Leander is the same: —

"Parcite dum propero, mergite dum redeo."

Hafiz furnished Burns with the song of "John Barleycorn," and furnished Moore with the original of the piece,

"When in death I shall calm recline,
O, bear my heart to my mistress dear," &c.

There are many fables which, as they are found in every language, and betraying no sign of being borrowed, are said to be agreeable to the human mind. Such are "The Seven Sleepers," "Gyges' Ring," "The Travelling-Cloak," "The Wandering Jew," "The Pied Piper," "Jack and his Beanstalk," the "Lady diving in the lake and rising in the cave," — whose omnipresence only indicates how easily a good story crosses all frontiers. The popular incident of Baron Munchausen, who hung his bugle up by the kitchen fire, and the frozen tune thawed out, is found in Greece in Plato's time.* Antiphanes, one of Plato's friends, laughingly compared his writings to a city where the words froze in the air as soon as they were pronounced, and the next summer, when they were warmed and melted by the sun, the people heard what had been spoken in the winter. It is only within this century that England and America discovered that their nursery-tales were old German and Scandinavian stories; and now it appears that they came from India, and are the property of all the nations descended from the Aryan race, and have been warbled and babbled between nurses and children for unknown thousands of years.

If we observe the tenacity with which nations cling to their first types of costume, of architecture, of tools and methods in tillage, and of decoration, — if we learn how old are the patterns of our shawls, the capitals of our columns, the fret, the beads, and other ornaments on our walls, the alternate lotus-bud and leaf-stem of our iron fences, — we shall think very well of the first men, or ill of the latest.

Now shall we say that only the first men were well alive, and the existing generation is invalided and degenerate? Is all literature eavesdropping, and all art Chinese imitation? our life a custom, and our body borrowed, like a beggar's dinner,

* Dacier, Doctrines de Platon, Tome I. p. 79.

from a hundred charities? A more subtle and severe criticism might suggest that some dislocation has befallen the race; that men are off their centre; that multitudes of men do not live with Nature, but behold it as exiles. People go out to look at sunrises and sunsets who do not recognize their own quietly and happily, but know that it is foreign to them. As they do by books, so they quote the sunset and the star, and do not make them theirs. Worse yet, they live as foreigners in the world of truth, and quote thoughts, and thus disown them.

The mischief is quickly punished in general and in particular. Admirable mimics have nothing of their own. In every kind of parasite, when Nature has finished an aphis, a teredo, or a vampire bat, — an excellent sucking-pipe to tap another animal, or a mistletoe or dodder among plants, — the self-supplying organs wither and dwindle, as being superfluous. In common prudence there is an early limit to this leaning on an original. In literature, quotation is good only when the writer whom I follow goes my way, and, being better mounted than I, gives me a cast, as we say; but if I like the gay equipage so well as to go out of my road, I had better have gone afoot.

But it is necessary to remember there are certain considerations which go far to qualify a reproach too grave. This vast mental indebtedness has every variety that pecuniary debt has, — every variety of merit. The capitalist of either kind is as hungry to lend as the consumer to borrow; and the transaction no more indicates intellectual turpitude in the borrower than the simple fact of debt involves bankruptcy. On the contrary, in far the greater number of cases the transaction is honorable to both. Nay, it is an inevitable fruit of our social nature. The child quotes his father, and the man quotes his friend. Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value. Whatever we think and say is wonderfully better for our spirits and trust in another mouth. There is none so eminent and wise but he knows minds whose opinion confirms or qualifies his own. And men of extraordinary genius acquire an almost absolute ascendant over their nearest companions. The Comte de Crillon said one day to M. d'Allonville, with French vivacity: "If the universe and I professed one opinion,

and M. Necker expressed a contrary one, I should be at once convinced that the universe and I were mistaken."

Original power in men is usually accompanied with assimilating power, and we value in Coleridge his excellent knowledge and quotations perhaps as much, possibly more, than his original suggestions. If an author give us just distinctions, inspiring lessons, or imaginative poetry, it is not so important to us whose they are. If we are fired and guided by these, we know him as a benefactor, and shall return to him as long as he serves us so well. We may like well to know what is Plato's and what is Montesquieu's or Goethe's part, and what thought was always dear to the writer himself; but the worth of the sentences consists in their radiancy and equal aptitude to all intelligence. They fit all our facts like a charm. We respect ourselves the more that we know them.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this, that line will be quoted east and west. Then there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies : " Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." And we must thank Karl Ottfried Müller for the just remark, " Poesy, drawing within its circle all that is glorious and inspiring, gave itself but little concern as to where its flowers originally grew." So Voltaire usually imitated, but with such superiority that Dubucq said : " He is like the false Amphitryon ; although the stranger, it is always he who has the air of being master of the house." Wordsworth, as soon as he heard a good thing, caught it up, meditated upon it, and very soon reproduced it in his conversation and writing. If De Quincey said, " That is what I told you," he replied, " No : that is mine, — mine, and not yours." On the whole, we like the valor of it. 'T is on Marmontel's principle, " I pounce on what is mine, wherever I find it" ; and on Bacon's broader rule, " I take all knowledge to be my province." It betrays the consciousness that truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men. And inasmuch as any writer has ascended to a just view of man's

condition, he has adopted this tone. And in so far as the receiver's aim is on life, and not on literature, will be his indifference to the source. The nobler the truth or sentiment, the less imports the question of authorship. It never troubles the simple seeker from whom he derived such or such a sentiment. Whoever expresses to us a just thought makes ridiculous the pains of the critic who should tell him where such a word had been said before. "It is no more according to Plato than according to me." Truth is always present: it only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles. But the moment there is the purpose of display, the fraud is exposed. In fact, it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others as it is to invent. Always some steep transition, some sudden alteration of temperature or of point of view, betrays the foreign interpolation.

There is besides a new charm in such intellectual works as, passing through long time, have had a multitude of authors and improvers. We admire that poetry which no man wrote, — no poet less than the genius of humanity itself, — which is to be read in a mythology, in the effect of a fixed or national style of pictures, of sculptures, or drama, or cities, or sciences, on us. Such a poem also is language. Every word in the language has once been used happily. The ear, caught by that felicity, retains it, and it is used again and again, as if the charm belonged to the word, and not to the life of thought which so enforced it. These profane uses, of course, kill it, and it is avoided. But a quick wit can at any time reinforce it, and it comes into vogue again. Then people quote so differently: one finding only what is gaudy and popular; another, the heart of the author, the report of his select and happiest hour: and the reader sometimes giving more to the citation than he owes to it. Most of the classical citations you shall hear or read in the current journals or speeches were not drawn from the originals, but from previous quotations in English books; and you can easily pronounce, from the use and relevancy of the sentence, whether it had not done duty many times before, — whether your jewel was got from the miner or from an auctioneer. We are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates.

We read the quotation with his eyes, and find a new and fervent sense; as a passage from one of the poets, well recited, borrows new interest from the rendering. As the journals say, "the Italics are ours." The profit of books is according to the sensibility of the reader. The profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine, until an equal mind and heart find and publish it. The passages of Shakespeare that we most prize were never quoted until within this century; and Bacon, Milton's prose, and Burke, even, have their best fame within it. Every one, too, remembers his friends by their favorite poetry or other reading.

Observe, also, that a writer appears to more advantage in the pages of another book than in his own. In his own, he waits as a candidate for your approbation; in another's, he is a lawgiver.

Then another's thoughts have a certain advantage with us simply because they are another's. There is an illusion in a new phrase. A man hears a fine sentence out of Swedenborg, and wonders at the wisdom, and is very merry at heart that he has now got so fine a thing. Translate it out of the new words into his own usual phrase, and he will wonder again at his own simplicity, such tricks do fine words play with us.

'T is curious what new interest an old author acquires by official canonization in Tiraboschi, or Dr. Johnson, or Von Hammer-Purgstall, or Hallam, or other historian of literature. Their registration of his book, or citation of a passage, carries the sentimental values of college diplomas. Hallam, though never profound, is a fair mind, able to appreciate poetry, unless it becomes deep, being always blind and deaf to imaginative and analogy-loving souls, like the Platonists, like Giordano Bruno, like Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan; and Hallam cites a sentence from Bacon or Sidney, and distinguishes a lyric of Edwards or Vaux, and straightway it commends itself to us as if it had received the Isthmian crown.

It is a familiar expedient of brilliant writers, and not less of witty talkers, the device of ascribing their own sentence to another, in order to give it weight, — as Cicero, Cowley, Swift, Landor, and Carlyle have done. And Cardinal de Retz, at a critical moment in the Parliament of Paris, described him-

self in a Latin sentence, which he pretended to quote from a classic author, and which told admirably well. It is a curious reflex effect of this enhancement of our thought by citing it from another, that many men can write better under a mask than for themselves, — as Chatterton in archaic ballad, Le Sage in Spanish costume, Macpherson as Ossian, and Sir Philip Francis as Junius, — and, I doubt not, many a young barrister in chambers in London, who forges good thunder for the "Times," but never works as well under his own name. This is a sort of dramatizing talent; as it is not rare to find great powers of recitation, without the least original eloquence, — or people who copy drawings with admirable skill, but are incapable of any design.

In hours of high mental activity we sometimes do the book too much honor, reading out of it better things than the author wrote, — reading, as we say, between the lines. You have had the like experience in conversation: the wit was in what you heard, not in what the speakers said. Our best thought came from others. We heard in their words a deeper sense than the speakers put into them, and could express ourselves in other people's phrases to finer purpose than they knew. In Moore's Diary, Mr. Hallam is reported as mentioning at dinner one of his friends who had said, "I don't know how it is, a thing that falls flat from me seems quite an excellent joke, when given at second hand by Sheridan. I never like my own *bon-mots* until he adopts them." Dumont was exalted by being used by Mirabeau, by Bentham, and by Sir Philip Francis, who, again, was less than his own Junius; and James Hogg (except in his poem "Kilmeny") is but a third-rate author, owing his fame to his effigy colossalized through the lens of John Wilson, — who, again, writes better under the domino of Christopher North than in his proper clothes. The bold theory of Delia Bacon, that Shakespeare's plays were written by a society of wits, — by Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon, and others around the Earl of Southampton, — had plainly for her the charm of the superior meaning they would acquire, when read under this light; this idea of the authorship controlling our appreciation of the works themselves. We once knew a man overjoyed at the notice of his pamphlet in a leading newspaper. What range he gave

his imagination! Who could have written it? Was it not Colonel Carbine, or Senator Tonitrus, or, at the least, Professor Maximilian? Yes, he could detect in the style that fine Roman hand. How it seemed the very voice of the refined and discerning public, inviting merit at last to consent to fame, and come up and take place in the reserved and authentic chairs! He carried the journal with haste to the sympathizing Cousin Matilda, who is so proud of all we do. But what dismay, when the good Matilda, pleased with his pleasure, confessed she had written the criticism, and carried it with her own hands to the post-office! "Mr. Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "allow me to introduce to you my only admirer."

Swedenborg threw a formidable theory into the world, that every soul existed in a society of souls, from which all its thoughts passed into it, as the blood of the mother circulates in her unborn child; and he noticed, that, when in his bed, — alternately sleeping and waking, — sleeping, he was surrounded by persons disputing and offering opinions on the one side and on the other side of a proposition; waking, the like suggestions occurred for and against the proposition as his own thoughts; sleeping again, he saw and heard the speakers as before: and this as often as he slept or waked. And if we expand the image, does it not look as if we men were thinking and talking out of an enormous antiquity, as if we stood, not in a coterie of prompters that filled a sitting-room, but in a circle of intelligences that reached through all thinkers, poets, inventors, and wits, men and women, English, German, Celt, Aryan, Ninevite, Copt, — back to the first geometer, bard, mason, carpenter, planter, shepherd, — back to the first negro, who, with more health or better perception, gave a shriller sound or name for the thing he saw and dealt with. Our benefactors are as many as the children who invented speech, word by word. Language is a city, to the building of which every human being brought a stone; yet he is no more to be credited with the grand result than the acaleph which adds a cell to the coral reef which is the basis of the continent.

But there remains the indefeasible persistency of the individual to be himself. Every mind is different; and the more it is unfolded, the more pronounced is that difference. He must

draw the elements into him for food, and, if they be granite and silex, will prefer them cooked by sun and rain, by time and art, to his hand. But, however received, these elements pass into the substance of his constitution, will be assimilated, and tend always to form, not a partisan, but a possessor of truth. To all that can be said of the preponderance of the Past, the single word Genius is a sufficient reply. The divine resides in the new. The divine never quotes, but is, and creates. The profound apprehension of the Present is Genius, which makes the Past forgotten. And what is Originality? It is being, being one's self, and reporting accurately what we see and are. Genius is, in the first instance, sensibility, the capacity of receiving just impressions from the external world, and the power of co-ordinating these after the laws of thought. It implies Will, or original force, for their right distribution and expression. If to this the sentiment of piety be added, if the thinker feel that the thought most strictly his own is not his own, and recognizes the perpetual suggestion of the Supreme Intellect, the oldest thoughts become new and fertile whilst he speaks them.

Originals never lose their value. There is always in them a style and weight of speech, which the immanence of the oracle bestowed, and which cannot be counterfeited. Hence the permanence of the high poets. Plato, Cicero, and Plutarch cite the poets in the manner in which Scripture is quoted in our churches. A phrase or a single word is adduced, with honoring emphasis, from Pindar, Hesiod, or Euripides, as precluding all argument, because thus had they said: importing that the bard spoke not his own, but the words of some god. True poets have always ascended to this lofty platform, and met this expectation. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, were very conscious of their responsibilities. The *trouveur*, Pierre d'Auvergne, of the twelfth century, says, "Never was a song good or beautiful which resembled any other." When a man thinks happily, he finds no foot-track in the field he traverses. All spontaneous thought is irrespective of all else. Pindar uses this haughty defiance, as if it were impossible to find his sources: "Neither by sea nor by land canst thou find the way to the Hyperboreans": "There are many swift darts

within my quiver, which have a voice for those with understanding; but to the crowd they need interpreters. He is gifted with genius who knoweth much by natural talent." In what grand tone Beethoven speaks of his music! "I have no friend. I must needs live alone with myself; but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others. I commune with Him without fear. No evil fate can befall my music, and he to whom it is become intelligible must become free from all the paltriness which the others drag about with them."

Our pleasure in seeing each mind take the subject to which it has a proper right is seen in mere fitness in time. He that comes second must needs quote him that comes first. The earliest describers of savage life, as Captain Cook's account of the Society Islands, or Alexander Henry's travels among our Indian tribes, have a charm of truth and just point of view. Landsmen and sailors freshly come from the most civilized countries, and with no false expectation, no sentimentality yet about wild life, healthily receive and report what they saw, — seeing what they must, and using no choice; and no man suspects the superior merit of the description, until Chateaubriand, or Moore, or Campbell, or Byron, or the artists arrive, and mix so much art with their picture that the incomparable advantage of the first narrative appears. For the same reason we dislike that the poet should choose an antique or far-fetched subject for his muse, as if he avowed want of insight. The great deal always with the nearest. Only as braveries of too prodigal power can we pardon it, when the life of genius is so redundant that out of petulance it flings its fire into some old mummy, and, lo! it walks and blushes again here in the street.

You cannot overstate our debt to the Past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present. Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor. We must not tamper with the organic motion of the soul. 'T is certain that thought has its own proper motion, and the hints which flash from it, the words overheard at unawares by the free mind, are trustworthy and fertile, when obeyed, and not perverted to low and selfish

account. This vast memory is only raw material. The divine gift is ever the instant life, which receives and uses and creates, and can well bury the old in the omnipotency with which Nature decomposes all her harvest for recomposition.

R. W. Emerson.

Art. VIII. — Boston. II.

Three months ago the more recent commercial record of Boston was criticised in the pages of this Review. It was then suggested that of late years that record was more characterized by spasm and flounder, resulting in settled decadence, than by any apparent study of natural laws and forces, or by systematic, well-sustained effort. The question was asked, How had that foreign steam commerce planted in Boston thirty years before flourished and increased? And it was answered, that twenty-five years ago Boston sent out to Liverpool her two Cunarders a month, and that she sent out her two Cunarders a month now. Events, however, moved rapidly. While that paper was passing through the press, — before the ink which told the story of the cessation of growth was dry, — a new illustration was afforded of the truth, that to rest is impossible, that movement is a necessity of existence, and that what does not grow does decay. The first of January, 1868, marked a new era for Boston in the history of her ocean steam navigation, and the withdrawal of the Cunard line of steamers from her waters furnished proof beyond controversy of the moral and material condition criticised in these pages. It is easier to criticise than to suggest, far easier to find fault with self-evident ills than to promote practical remedies. Recognizing the force of this truism, no attempt was made, in reviewing a record of the past filled with abortive schemes and rich in quack nostrums, to point out any special panacea, or any royal road to a renewed prosperity. The difficulty of that task was recognized as far transcending the utmost capacity of the critic, and it was simply suggested that the study of the laws ignored and the forces neglected might well task the strength of the best

ability Boston could furnish. That ability had for years been exerting itself with brilliant success in distant fields not tributary to Boston. Could it now be brought to bear, with all its accumulation of experience and capital, with all the confidence which past success must carry with it, to make possible the fulfilment of its recommendations, it was suggested that the causes of failure might be detected, and the proper remedy, if, indeed, any existed, might be applied.

The ability, experience, energy, and capital which did so much to build up Chicago, which have made the Boston-built railroads the incomparable lines of the West, which are now forcing forward the Pacific Central, and fulfilling contracts covering forty million dollars in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, seem no nearer a practical application to the ever-increasing difficulties of the home problem now than then. Yet the event of the first of January is a significant intimation that the problem will not await man's convenience for its solution. Since the best cannot be had, such as can be had may not prove wholly useless, and it is now proposed to deal with remedies, as in January with defects. As that paper in its tone was chiefly negative, this is meant to be positive; as then the recognized evil was presented, now such practical remedies as may suggest themselves will be discussed. Many conflicting propositions and results, derived from a study of almost innumerable figures and statistics, should enter into the proper consideration of such a problem, and be part of any reasonably probable solution. Much would be accessible to a public commission from which individual inquirers are debarred. Wielding all the influence of a community, having every source of information thrown open to them, such officials become the recipients of light from all quarters, and can, if they be competent, concentrate the scattered rays into a powerful focus. These advantages are not enjoyed by individual inquirers, and the results of their investigations must be proportionally less valuable. The object of the present article, therefore, is not to lay down the law, but to excite discussion. The solution of the problem which is offered is put forward rather with extreme deference than with any claim to infallibility. It is useless, however, even where the creation

of discussion is the only object, to advance timidly. Laws and forces must be spoken of as if established and universally recognized. The claim for consideration once entered must there be allowed to rest, while the subject itself is to be treated as though all the material which could go to make up the opinion of the ablest and most industrious commission were at the disposal of individuals.

What is it that Boston wants? What is this problem which forces itself more and more painfully upon her, and the solution of which she has sought through anguish and perturbation of spirit for twenty years? Evidently she wishes to recover a vanishing commercial prosperity; she does not wish to become a provincial, manufacturing town; she wishes to remain a centre, and not to be reduced to a satellite. Twenty years of effort, only less abortive than costly, have been directed to this end. Those schemes have mainly failed. The record of their failure may be read in the courts of insolvency, and in ledgers closed over a final dividend sadly meagre as compared with original outlay. Why have they so failed? Why have subscriptions to those enterprises been made by Boston merchants as a sort of duty of patriotism or charity, and not as an investment? The answer need not be sought far. For twenty years Boston has been, and, so far as those schemes are concerned, she now is, running counter to the laws of trade, — trying, in a word, to make water run up hill. That this is no idle statement will hereafter be more evident. It will be seen more and more that one inherent, absolute cause of failure has run through all those abortive schemes; that uniformly the impracticable has been attempted, or impossible fields of competition have been selected, or co-operation has been neglected, or the laws of trade in some way violated. The principle pursued has almost uniformly been to provide conveniences and commercial facilities — steamboats, wharves, and connecting railroads — for a trade which did not exist, but which was to appear on the creation of this machinery for it. The natural order of things has been reversed, — or rather its reversal has been attempted. The appliances have preceded the trade, and not the trade the appliances. Supply has preceded demand instead of succeeding it, and with the usual result. Those merchants

and men of property who for years past have been cajoled or threatened, in the name of patriotism or of city pride, into all sorts of enterprises, which their own judgments, at the time they subscribed their thousands, told them were foredoomed to failure, have simply been guilty of very foolish conduct. They have placed the cart before the horse, and then looked for locomotion. They have been trying to make water run up hill. All such schemes are futile, and such patriotic subscriptions worse than useless. They not only do no good, they do positive harm. Each failure not only sinks capital, but it destroys prestige, — not only prevents natural evils from working out their own remedy, but obscures insight into difficulties, and impairs confidence in natural remedies. Where, then, in future must a beginning be made? The answer may be given in the words of the character in Hamilton's fairy tale: "*Commençons par le commencement.*" Recourse must be had to elementary principles. The question, moreover, is as simple as one of hydraulics. Trade and commerce obey a law of gravitation of their own, just as much as water. In obedience to its law, water will always run down hill; and so trade, in obedience to laws which patient study will discover, will always flow down the steepest decline; and by the steepest decline is meant through the most convenient and cheapest outlet and inlet. If Boston is or can be placed at the foot of such a trade decline, and in just so far as she is placed there, trade will flow to her and through her just as naturally as water runs down hill. Until she is placed there, a costly system of pumping may force a weak driblet of the coveted stream into her channels; but the process will hardly, in the future any more than in the past, prove a financial success. The object to be attained, then, is as easily understood as the law of gravitation as illustrated in the natural flow of water. Stated in correct language, it is this, — to make Boston, as an outlet and inlet for some existing demand of trade, as cheap and more convenient, or as convenient and cheaper, than any other geographical point. No scheme which does not on its face propose to do this is deserving of a moment's consideration; any scheme which does propose to do it may at least ask attentive consideration.

It is necessary to go over a good deal of ground to decide whether this can be done. In traversing that ground, the stranded wrecks, thick as dead leaves in autumn, of many notable schemes of the past will mark points to be avoided. In the first place, however, the subject requires division. Trade is liable to three distinct influences, all more or less within the control of man. These influences may be described as the geographical, over which human power exerts the least, though still a very decided influence, — the economical, under which head are included all those appliances and inventions by which cheapness or convenience, either natural or artificial, is obtained, and over which man has a more decided, though still not absolute, control, — finally, the legislative influence, over which his control is absolute. The geographical influences limiting and affecting the trade of Boston, existing or possible, are first to be dealt with.

This part of the problem, so far as oceanic trade is concerned, does not seem difficult of solution. Other things being equal, and as a simple port of export and import, (and the essential fact that she is not now, and probably will never again be, a great market, is hereafter to be considered,) Boston is sufficiently convenient to Liverpool, Northern Europe, and the Mediterranean. The remaining commerce of the seas may be left out of consideration. The one single fact necessary to be borne in mind is, that, for the Liverpool trade, for the European export and import trade, Boston is twenty-four hours nearer the foreign terminus than New York.

The geographical conditions, so far as the domestic or internal trade is concerned, are more intricate, and require more careful consideration. Regarded from Boston as a standpoint, the United States may best be considered as resolved into three trade sections or zones, — the southern or Gulf zone, the middle or railroad zone, and the northern or Lake zone. Lying as Boston does on a bleak projection of the coast, it might be supposed that the trade of the southern zone would have been abandoned by her to New York without a struggle. A glance at the map would show, that, to reach Boston, Southern trade must flow down hill as far as New York, and then up hill to its point of destination. The pro-

posal to bring it to Boston would seem to have been absurd. Yet a determination strongly possessed the Boston mind, compelling a struggle to compete where Nature proclaimed competition impossible, and no region, unless perhaps the lands famous for oil-wells and gold-mines, has been more profusely overspread with the wrecks of Boston enterprise than the Gulf zone. For years the Southern trade was a rallying cry in politics. To it were offered up human sacrifices under the shadow of Faneuil Hall, and great jurists bowed down and crept under chains into their court-rooms that Southern buyers might not abandon a market to which all the laws of trade made it impossible for them to come. Then, again, the patriotic subscription-lists went round, and facilities were afforded for a trade which did not and could not exist. Costly steamers ran to every Southern port, and ran at a loss, and projectors and subscribers savagely denounced that unpatriotic spirit which would select the cheapest routes to the most convenient markets, and they innocently wondered that their capital disappeared in spite of their strenuous efforts to make water run up hill. To these lines, where healthy trade had not called them into existence, the war gave the finishing stroke, and of some of them the last sad final dividends have even yet scarcely found their way into the pockets of the stockholders. The Gulf zone may, then, be left out of the question. In that field competition is impossible to Boston; the water will not run up hill.

Next comes the middle or railroad zone, extending north to the region drained by the St. Lawrence. Is competition for the trade of that great region possible for Boston? It is that region — the region drained by the great through railroads of Baltimore and Philadelphia, by the Erie Railroad and Canal, and by the New York Central — that Boston has for long years been contending for, in vain competition with New York. To compete in that region, she built her Western Railroad thirty years ago, is now striving to complete her Hartford and Erie, and is scooping out the bowels of the Hoosac Mountain. Successful competition there or commercial death is the traditional alternative in the Boston mind. But is competition there really possible? Must not trade, in the nature of things,

ascend an incline to get to Boston from that region as compared to New York, after it has once touched the Hudson? Twenty years of bitter experience should have made it evident that it must, to all who are not wilfully blind.

Fifty years ago De Witt Clinton looked at the whole country, and took in all the relations of its great features to the State and city of New York. Before his day "the commerce between the East and the West found its way up the Hudson River to Troy, and along the Mohawk, and, with a little help overland, down the Oswego River to Lake Ontario. Then it was conveyed in bateaux up the lake to Niagara Falls, — the great barrier Nature interposed between the upper and lower lakes. Then the back of the poor Indian came into use over the portage around the Falls, until the Lake Erie vessels took it from his shoulders." Seeing all this, Clinton, like a great and wise man, contented himself with assisting Nature in making water run down hill. He saw clearly enough that those great lakes must forever drain three hundred thousand square miles of territory, the most productive in the world. It needed an access to a market, and that only. He accepted the Falls of Niagara as a fixed fact, an insurmountable barrier. Lake navigation must stop at Buffalo, and to that point the whole region of the upper lakes must drain. From that point, therefore, he opened navigation to the Hudson, and emptied the trade of the Lakes into New York Harbor; and they are wise to-day who account "that trade as worth to New York more than all the gold of California." Could Boston hope to compete for that trade with the Hudson by means of a railroad over the Green Mountains? She apparently thought so. The whole Western railroad system of Massachusetts — that system on which it counted for its foreign trade and for the power of competition in the middle and Lake zones — was built to terminate at the Hudson. First, the Western Road, and more recently the Troy and Greenfield, and then the Hartford and Erie, all ran direct to that river. It did not seem to occur to their projectors, that, so far as foreign trade was concerned, where the Hudson begins there competition ends, and there it must end, as long as the Hudson flows to the sea. Water runs from the locks of the canals into the Hudson; and there locks cease to exist, and

the water flows freely down to New York, and to that point it carries trade untaxed. It does not flow over the Green Mountains, and cannot be made to do so. The whole of the Massachusetts railroad system, therefore, so far as competition in the central zone is concerned, is founded on a fallacy, — the fallacy that steam could run up hill cheaper than water could run down.

But in winter the canals and the Hudson are closed, and freight moves by rail. Still, however, at the Hudson competition ceases. The channels of trade are worn broad and deep to New York, — the great interior network of roads is owned by and runs to New York, — and in New York are the machinery, the facilities, and the ships. Trade cannot be diverted from its customary channels by slender influences. Evidence enough of these patent facts may be discovered by Bostonians, anxious to inform themselves, in the history and returns of the much abused Western Railroad. That road was expected to perform an impossibility, and has been roundly berated because it did not do it. Few will speak too well of the enterprise or management of that corporation, but still fewer recognize that the task assigned it was an impossible one. For itself, it long ago realized that rivers and mountains and miles of additional road were stubborn facts, and contentedly resigned itself to a course of local freights and ten per cent dividends. It has fed and is now feeding Massachusetts ; — that is all. Even in this small field of duty it has not fulfilled its task at all well, and has made Eastern Massachusetts import the very staff of life by water from Portland, New York, and Baltimore ; and in so far it is justly to be blamed. It only obeyed, however, the evident laws of trade, in that it never attempted or early desisted from an impossible competition.

De Witt Clinton, however, has now been dead just forty years. He accepted the Niagara Falls as an essential feature of his scheme, and placed the terminus of Lake navigation at Buffalo as an established fact. He did not foresee the Welland Canal, or its probable American competitor. It never occurred to him that twenty-eight miles of steamship lockage there now, and probably seven miles of it in 1876, would obviate the necessity of three hundred and fifty miles of canal-boat lockage through Central New York, and would empty the whole

trade of the upper lakes into Ontario, and far east towards the St. Lawrence and tide-water. The introduction of these two new elements, steam navigation — impossible on the Erie Canal — and ship canals around the Falls, have changed, and are destined to change still more, the whole nature of this problem, by extending the Lake zone from Superior to Ontario, and by bringing the terminus of Lake steam navigation, not to Buffalo, but to Ogdensburg, — *a point equidistant from New York and from Boston.* It remains, then, only to consider the practicability of competition for Boston in the Lake zone.*

Those who talk most of the advantages of natural position as affecting the course of trade, of the advantage of buying and selling in the cheapest market, and of other propositions as apparently self-evident as these, but each of which leaves it yet to be proved which really is or can be made the best position or the cheapest market, — all such persons, who invariably set down the commercial decadence of Boston as a fixed fact, useless to be struggled with, still admit that her future leaves her the central point of New England. The local provincial market is hers, be the same more or less. In any case, therefore, she is destined to remain the centre of at least three millions of industrious and energetic people. Accepting this as a universally conceded basis of wealth and trade, it remains only to go one step farther. How much can this area be extended by judicious enterprise and well-sustained effort? Apathy will doubtless decrease it; energy, seconded by judgment, cannot fail to enlarge it. It is the direction given to the effort which is in question; — all concede that an effort should be made. However great a difference may exist as to the possible limits of the extension, on two points all concur: that a degree of prosperity, now and hereafter, based on every known law of trade and convenience, does and will exist, and that its extension, within limits more or less large, is practicable.

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* The statistics of the Welland Canal demonstrate this tendency to Eastern Lake navigation. In 1850, 399,600 tons passed through this channel; in 1851, 691,657; in 1864, 1,332,837; in 1866, 993,938 tons; yet the capacity of that canal admitted only vessels of a maximum burden of 400 tons. The West is now almost angrily demanding a new canal, on American soil, which shall accommodate vessels of 1,500 tons; and should that be constructed, it is estimated that an aggregate saving of at least three cents a bushel would be made in the cost of transporting wheat by that channel to tide-waters.

Having established a basis of at least local prosperity, it only remains to study the map and the natural features of the country, as Clinton did fifty years ago, to see how this basis may be extended. There is New England; there are the Lakes. There are three hundred thousand miles of territory draining into those Lakes, and ships laden on Superior moving down to the rapids of the St. Lawrence. There are New York and Boston, equidistant in direct lines from the eastern point of navigation.* New England and Northern New York have thus assumed a new shape. They are now — what De Witt Clinton found the State of New York east of Niagara Falls — a great peninsula some three hundred miles wide, separating the waters of the Lakes from the sea. To cross that peninsula by the shortest and cheapest possible route is now the great problem throughout one half of the West. At last it reduces itself to a question of figures, as to which points are nearest, and what method of transportation is cheapest. Distance, transportation, and handling are the three elements to be taken into account. As for material, the West has enough for all. Its granaries are bursting, and its outcry for more lines of transportation is most natural. "When, close upon the Mississippi, corn is burnt for fuel, because the expense of sending it to market is more than it is worth, — when from Illinois, on an average, it costs the farmer three bushels to get the fourth to market in New York, and much more to lay it down in Liverpool, — when from all the Lake States it costs half of all the flour and wheat to the farmer to get the rest into the markets of the world, — . . . . when the break in the lines of transit through New York, in the spring of 1865, for the period of three weeks, occasioned a greater loss by far to the holders

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* As these distances are important, it is well to have them clearly established at the outset.

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CANADA EAST
MONTREAL
Richmond
St. Johns
Rouses Pt.
VERMONT
CANADA R.R.
OGDENSBURG & LAKE CHAMPLAIN R.R.
GRAND TRUNK R.R.
Plattsburg
Essex Jc.
Burlington
Ogdensburgh
RUTLAND & OGDENSBURG POSSIBLE ROUTE
Adirondack Ironworks
Ticonderoga
RUTLAND & BURLINGTON R.R.
VERMONT CENT. R.R.
NORTHERN R.R.
Whiteriv. Jc.
Lebanon
Rutland
ATLANTIC & ONTARIO R.R. PROPOSED LINE
Sackets Har.
Watertown
TORONTO
LAKE ONTARIO
Oswego
Oswego Canal
Erie Canal
Rochester
NEW YORK CENTRAL
Syracuse
Saratoga Sp.
Bellowsfalls
CONCORD
Manchester
Nashua
LOWELL
Schenectady
ALBANY
TROY
Hoosac Tunnel
Greenfield
Pittsfield
Pittsburg
B. & FITCHBURG R.R.
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS
Springfield
Worcester
PROVIDENCE
HARTFORD
CONNECTICUT
Binghampton
ERIE R.R.
HUDSON RIVER R.R.
NEW YORK & HARLEM R.R.
Corry
PHILADELHIA & ERIE R.R.
Franklin
Newburgh
Fishkill
Chester
NEW JERSEY
NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
PITTSBURG
HARISBURGH
PENNSYLVANIA CEN. R.R.
PHILADELPHIA

of Western produce seeking the market than the Niagara Canal would cost, even though it should reach $ 25,000,000 of money," — when such are the facts now, the West may well be uneasy for the future, as it sees the facilities for reaching the Eastern and European markets increasing in no appreciable proportion to the increase of its crops. In solving this transportation problem, railroads running along the shores of the Lakes may be left out of the account. For moving large masses, railroads cannot compete with open steam navigation.* Massachusetts has learned that lesson on the Hudson. Now, as in the days of Governor Clinton, trade will naturally find its way across the peninsula which separates the Lakes from tide-water along the line of shortest land transit. That line the map shows us starts from the eastern end of Ontario. Thither the water flows down hill.

The point of possible competition, if any exists, is, then, established at the eastern terminus of Lake navigation, and so far the problem is simplified. Trade has arrived at the peninsula, and the question is now simply one of competition in cheapness, convenience, and speed in crossing it. Two elements, very distinct, enter into the discussion of this question: the construction of the lines of transit, and their management when constructed. New York has laid down all her lines to Buffalo; Boston has directed her lines to the Hudson, and to Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence. So far as these lines are concerned, the single question is of management. One fact, however, must always be borne in mind, — that both geographically and by rail Boston is materially nearer to Ogdensburg than New York is to Buffalo.

And yet the question, even as concerns these roads, is not exactly one of management, but rather of management with a view to freight transportation. Competition, discussion, and experience are so rapidly evolving two new principles of cheap transportation, that they can already be considered as established, and may be stated with confidence. In regard to canals, their day is past. Only ship canals will ever be constructed in

* To move a ton of produce from Chicago to Buffalo by rail cannot cost less than $ 7.50, and at the present time costs much more; while by steamer it can now be moved, with a profit, at $ 4.50 per ton.

future ; and, except for short distances and in very level countries where there is little or no lockage, the existing canals will be gradually abandoned. It may therefore be regarded as established, that, mile for mile, under any except the most favorable circumstances, a railroad will dry up a canal. The other principle referred to may be stated with equal confidence. In future, where competition exists for the movement of very large masses of freight by rail, no railroad which moves freight in total subordination to its passenger travel can compete with another road which makes the movement of freight its essential business, and regulates its passenger travel to accommodate it. This principle, once fully established, must necessarily lead to a complete reorganization of the railroad system. Hitherto the division of labor in that system has been extremely imperfect. Most people can recall the time when, in the early days of railroads, the passenger and the freight trains were often combined, and there were few freight trains which did not have some passenger cars attached. The tendency now is to divide the two descriptions of business, — to construct pure freight roads and pure travel roads. As yet, however, the division is not complete, and the prevailing system of management is unnecessarily costly just so far as this is wanting. Passenger travel and freight movement must necessarily interfere with and disarrange each other, so long as they are conducted on the same lines of rails. The result can only be long delays, great inequality of speed, and considerable confusion to the freight movement.* The principle of cheap, slow freight movement, as the main

* The movement of freight on the Erie Railroad, in 1866, was 478,485,772 tons moved one mile. Owing to the delays and unequal speed consequent on mixed travel, this immense mass was moved at a speed of fourteen miles an hour, when in motion. It is a commonly quoted law of railroad economics, that the cost of movement increases as the square of velocity. Good authorities assert that one express train wears more than ten freight trains. The average cost of moving freight on that road during the last six years has been twelve and six tenths mills per ton per mile. Supposing a regular speed never exceeding ten miles an hour, and applying the law just stated, a saving on the items of fuel, wear of rolling stock and roadway, and wages, would have been effected, in the case referred to, of four mills per mile per ton on the mass moved, reducing the cost to eight mills per mile, and leaving, upon a freight charge of one cent per ton per mile, two mills as profit. This would have afforded the road, even on the amount of freight moved, a net revenue of $ 956,971.54, or nearly $ 200,000 more than it actually earned on its whole business during that year in the manner in which it was conducted.

support of railroad enterprise, is new only as applied to the transportation of Western produce from the Lakes to the ocean. The final establishment of the division of labor indicated will inevitably be one of the results of future railroad development. Whenever freight roads shall be established, terminating, as they inevitably must, in New York, the commercial decadence of Boston will pass out of the range of controverted facts into that of undoubted history, unless this city is prepared to compete with equal weapons for the possession of her own territory. Nor do the future divisions of labor in transportation end here. One essential feature of the freight railroad will be that the same corporation shall not necessarily own both road-bed and rolling stock. Such a distinction is peculiarly important for a company running from waters where navigation is closed during the winter months by ice. The demand created by this distinction would greatly stimulate the rise of a class of forwarders, — great firms, like Pickford, or Chaplin and Horne, in England, — who would own their own rolling stock, while the road would furnish motive power. The facilities for transportation would then appear on, or disappear from, the various roads as the forwarders required and the season admitted, and a road to the Lakes would not find itself taxed beyond its equipment in summer or burdened with an idle machinery in winter. This last division of labor is so well adapted for the purpose, that it is probably destined to play as large a part in the future produce movement of America as it has long played in the coal movement in England.*

* "L'usage, à peu près général, d'après lequel le matériel nécessaire pour les transports minéraux est fourni par les expéditeurs, simplifie beaucoup le service de la petite vitesse sur les lignes Anglaises. Ces transports entrent, en effet, pour plus de deux tiers dans le mouvement général des marchandises, et ils constituent, on le sait, la partie du trafic qui est sujette aux fluctuations les plus nombreuses et les plus étendues.

"L'organisation Anglaise laissant ainsi aux expéditeurs de matières minérales le soin de prévoir leurs besoins et d'y satisfaire, les compagnies de chemins-de-fer n'ont plus à pourvoir qu'à la traction, c'est-à-dire à la partie la moins compliquée du service. Dans tous les cas, il résulte de cette organisation que pour les transports dont il s'agit les questions de délai n'existent pas, puisque le service se résume par l'exécution d'un remorquage. Dès lors, les compagnies n'ont à leur charge, comme fourniture de matériel et comme manutention, que la partie la moins considérable et la plus régulière des transports, celle qui comprend seulement les marchandises proprement dites, ou marchandises de classes." — *Commission d'Enquête sur les Chemins-de-Fer.* Rapports de 1862, p. 73.

It now only remains to consider the means Boston has of reaching the point of competition, — her lines of road to that point either already constructed, or those of which the construction is practicable. The matter of management, however, is far more important than that of construction; almost any line will do the work, and make competition possible, if it be but well managed; all the State roads or freight roads which the country admits of will not improve the prospect, unless their management is equal to the occasion. Towards the eastern end of Ontario, as being their one accessible point of competition, shrewd Bostonians long ago directed their eyes. To it a road was built, but it was a road which originated in accident, and the existence of which has been one of trouble. Instead of leaving Rutland, and striking out boldly, by way of Ticonderoga, through the Adirondac wilderness, to Ogdensburg, — securing the drainage of Lake Ontario, and trusting to itself and the future to people its line of route, — it ran deviously along through Central Vermont, turning painfully aside to visit each town of note, — here in the hands of one corporation, there in the hands of another, — skirting the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, and finally reaching Ogdensburg through alien territory, with the breadth of the peninsula increased from the necessary three hundred miles to more than four hundred. Nor was this all. Errors of conception and construction might have been, as they yet will be, redeemed by energy of management. This, however, could not, nor can it now be, until energy of management becomes possible. At present, one of the two routes between Boston and Ogdensburg is held by five, and the other by seven different corporations: some of these are rich, respectable, and lazy; others are poor, not always honest, and generally insolvent. So far as management is concerned, for a railroad to be in the hands of trustees is as disastrous as in business it is to have one's affairs in the hands of an assignee. The roads in question, especially those in Vermont, have through long years made rich the harpies of the law. One road for a long time did this to the extent of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Another road was rescued from the law by a direct outlay of one hundred thousand dollars. A third was

built up from bankruptcy by a shrewd and careful officer. Taken altogether, it may safely be asserted that there is no known vicissitude of railroad fortune or misfortune, no form of railroad rascality, blundering, mismanagement, and improvidence, no legal process known to the science of railroad law, which has not been exemplified, somewhere or at some time, in the history of that mosaic of lines which form the connection between Boston and Ogdensburg. It should also be said, however, that few States have been so fortunate as to be able to command, either in their cabinets or their diplomacy, such skill in negotiation, such executive ability, and such untiring perseverance as have been developed — it might almost be said wasted — in extricating these petty corporations from their tangled embarrassments. That work, however, is but yet half done.

The West is a country of large ideas, even though those ideas be sometimes incorrect; they do things on a large scale; their talk is "tall," their figures grand, their distances fabulous. Their elevators will hold a million of bushels, and they forward their produce thousands of miles to a market: they will not deal with conflicting interests, with trustees and lawyers and courts; their way must be made very plain. The next era in the history of these Lake lines, therefore, must be the era of consolidation. This, indeed, is only a question of time; but delay is fatal to successful competition. The channel is there, but artificial obstructions block it, and the water will not flow. In New York everything now tends to consolidation, and consolidation in the hands of able men portends as assured a success in the struggles of competition in trade as does the massing of troops under brilliant generals in war. It is said that recently the president of some connecting line of railroad asked Commodore Vanderbilt for a free pass over the Central Road, of which Vanderbilt had lately become president; the country official received a refusal of his request, immediately followed up by the inquiry, "How much will you take for your d— road, anyhow?" It is only a few years since the New York Central itself consisted of a patchwork of corporations, exactly similar to that of the present Ogdensburg route; but they were early consolidated, and with what re-

sult, so far as trade is concerned, Massachusetts well knows. Yet to-day, in that consolidation of lines which brings commerce, Boston stands almost a lifetime behind any other considerable city in America. To the north lie Montreal and Portland, with the Grand Trunk Road of thirteen hundred and seventy-seven miles of track under one direction and in one interest; westward is New York, stretching out her double consolidated lines, the one operating eleven hundred and eighty-three miles of road, and the other six hundred and ninety-two, to Lake Erie; south is Philadelphia, with her Pennsylvania Central and her Erie; farther south lies Baltimore, reaching out by an unbroken track through four States to the Ohio and on to Cincinnati, and soon to become, thanks to her energetic system, the second exporting city of the Atlantic slope; to the west lies Cincinnati, with her Atlantic and Great Western, constituting five hundred and seven miles of consolidated insolvency; and on the shores of Lake Michigan is Chicago, the great railroad metropolis, with her Northwestern of twelve hundred miles, and her Central of seven hundred, and with the eight thousand miles of track of which she is a centre, holding out her hands to Boston, who advances to meet her over five hundred and sixty miles of road in the control of twelve squabbling corporations.

Notwithstanding this unsatisfactory condition of affairs, certain facts are, however, established, certain points are gained. For instance, there is the point of competition. There are the roads leading to it, built and largely owned by Boston capital. The returns make it very clear that the development in that direction is natural. Already a transportation company owning fifteen steamers finds itself quite unable to satisfy the demands of trade between the western terminus of these roads and Chicago. This is a line of steamers with which patriotism has had little to do. This line may do something for the commercial prosperity of Boston, for its growth is founded on a succession of ten-per-cent dividends, and a handsome accumulated surplus. During the last year it has turned away hundreds of thousands of bushels of breadstuffs, simply because it had not capacity to carry them. It now asks for thirty steamers, and it will soon demand sixty. It may yet prove the nucleus of Boston

Ocean steam navigation. Portland is the winter port of Montreal. Baltimore is the tide-water outlet of Cincinnati and the Ohio, as New York is of the great body of the West. Each city has its interior affinities. While Ogdensburg is the throat of New England, Boston, through her existing line of Lake steamers and her future lines of Ocean steamers, should make herself the seaport of Detroit, of Chicago, and of Milwaukee. Her commercial development exists in this alliance, or it does not exist at all. The decay of her Ocean steam navigation, would she but realize it, has its full compensation in the vigorous infancy of her steam navigation on the Lakes. Her point of recommencement is not upon salt water, but upon fresh. While, however, this vision is pleasant to contemplate, while through Ogdensburg there deepens and widens for Boston a new channel of trade, yet her development through that channel is eternally checked by the endless bickerings of a dozen different corporations. The depots are at Ogdensburg, with all their machinery of wharves and elevators. That the ability is at hand, the results already attained make plain as day; all that is needed is concentration and system, and the field of New England might be spread out so as to include the whole Lake region. While Vanderbilt and Drew and Taylor are drawing the whole commerce of the country to one centre, men like Ames and Page and Starke and Stearns, as able and as experienced as they, seek in disgust other fields of development, or remain in Boston wasting their abilities and energy in getting bankrupt corporations out of court. Their lives are wellnigh thrown away in trying to establish some degree of accord among a dozen small factions, who seem solely bent on outwitting each other, who will not see that union is strength, who cannot be made to realize that they have but one interest, and that that interest is the interest of the community whose servants they are.

Such are the lines which Boston now has open to the point of competition, and such are their condition and management. It remains only to consider what other lines are possible. It has already been pointed out that the present system of Massachusetts roads leading to the West must lead nowhere, in so far as Western trade is concerned, as they have all been con-

structed to terminate at Troy, — the very point where river and steam navigation begins, where lockage and canal navigation end, and where, consequently, competition ceases. The lowest rate which the boldest railroad reformers suggest for the movement of freight in mass by rail is a dollar a ton per hundred miles. But on the Hudson it can be moved for forty cents a ton for the same distance; so that, when freight touches the Hudson, it will flow down hill to New York, and will not flow up hill to Boston. It is therefore claimed that Troy should not be the terminus of the Massachusetts system, but that that terminus should be moved thirty-two miles north of Troy to Saratoga, and that the Massachusetts railroad system should be extended and made independent of that of New York, by means of a freight railroad directly across the Adirondac wilderness, one hundred and eighty miles, to Sackett's Harbor. This would make the shortest line from the Lakes to tide-water, it would narrow the peninsula to three hundred and sixty miles, it would bring Boston as near the point of competition as New York, and it would complete the whole system of Massachusetts railroads. The construction of such a road would be both feasible and cheap. It has already been attempted, and twenty-five miles of it are now in operation, while fifty more have been graded and the whole route surveyed. The execution of such a scheme would also give some reason for the completion of that Hoosac Tunnel, in which Massachusetts is so deeply embarked, and which, as leading to Troy, can be only a stupendous monument of engineering folly. Not so, however, it is claimed, if it leads by way of Saratoga to Sackett's Harbor. It would then furnish the shortest possible line from the Lakes to the Ocean, and, built by the State, and admirably adapted for the purposes of freight movement, it would ever be the great outlet for the West. Nor are all the advantages of such a line yet enumerated. The western terminus at Saratoga would feed not only the road to Boston through the Hoosac Mountain, —that would be but the shortest route, — it would also feed the Boston and Albany and the Rutland Roads; so that the whole Western grain crop could, with ease, be laid down on the wharves of Boston at the lowest charge possible by rail.

The purpose of this paper is rather to discuss what can now be done with the means at hand, than to bring forward any schemes, however brilliant. The plan just sketched out for reaching the Lakes certainly deserves and should receive the most careful consideration. So far as the Hoosac Tunnel is concerned, such an object, clearly kept in view, could alone justify its completion. The outlay involved in so extensive a project is evident, but, if it accomplish the end desired, the outlay is the least consideration. To complete the Hoosac Tunnel may cost ten millions of money, and to build the proposed line of road would certainly cost as much more. What, however, is even that outlay, when its return is the possession of that trade in the breadstuffs of the West which New York now esteems as worth more to her than her gold to California? Certainly the community which has sunk forever more than fifty millions of money since 1861 in bubble schemes — in coal and oil and copper and gold mines — might well invest less than half of that sum in what must ever remain one of the richest channels of trade in the whole world. So far as the West is concerned, such a road would be of inestimable value. Of this no doubt can exist. If constructed by private capital, such a road could hardly fail to be remunerative, for over it must of necessity pass the great movement of freight, whether that movement be to New York or to Boston. To the Bostonian, however, one doubt suggests itself: Would that movement be to Boston, or would it be to New York? The eastern terminus of the proposed line is Saratoga, and Saratoga is alarmingly near the head-waters of the Hudson, — is already connected by railroad with Troy. By whomever built, owned, or managed, the proposed road must be no less open to freight moving from Saratoga to New York than from Saratoga to Boston. So far as this road is concerned, therefore, Saratoga and Troy must be considered as one, and both as placed at the head-waters of the Hudson, — that river so fatal to Boston, which always will flow to the sea. This plan, therefore, while it is brilliant and deserving of careful consideration, while it promises rich returns for the outlay it demands, while to the West it is of the first importance, cannot be considered as undoubtedly tending to the commercial development of Boston.

It is more likely to bridge the peninsula from Ontario to the head-waters of the Hudson than from Ontario to tide-water. This is certainly the view taken of this project by enterprising New-Yorkers. It entered into the discussions of the Detroit Convention in 1865, and Mr. Littlejohn, there representing New York, said of it: * "The nearest point on Lake Ontario to the Hudson River is Sackett's Harbor, and next Oswego. From one or other of those points private enterprise will soon construct a double-track railway to Troy or Albany. A propeller of fifteen hundred tons could leave Chicago and reach the lower end of Lake Ontario in six days. A train could be loaded up by an elevator from the vessel and despatched every two hours, which would take from 200,000 to 250,000 bushels to the Hudson River in every twenty-four hours. The cost of transferring the grain from the vessel to the cars would be but a quarter of a cent per bushel, and the law of gravitation would carry it into the barge at Troy or Albany, and another day would put it on board the ship for Liverpool." It may well, therefore, be questioned whether Boston should now turn her attention to the construction of new and dubious lines of communication. While the lines already constructed are but half finished, and not utilized to a tenth part of their capacity, she may find in their instant development ample field for enterprise and investment of capital. To their consolidation and enlightened management she may well direct all her superfluous energies for the next five years. She had best fight it out on that line.†

* Proceedings of Commercial Convention, p. 74.

† The relative advantages of New York and Boston in regard to the proposed Atlantic and Ontario line may be stated as follows. From Ontario to Saratoga the line would be in common, and may be left out of the question. From Saratoga to navigation on the Hudson, at Troy, is about as far as to Eagle Bridge on the road to Boston. From Troy to New York by river is about 150 miles. Allowing freight to be transported at five mills per ton per mile, the regular New York allowance for the Hudson River freights, the cost to New York from Troy would be seventy-five cents per ton. The distance from Eagle Bridge to Boston, by the Hoosac Tunnel, is 167 miles, and the roads which constitute the route are unconsolidated, owned by several corporations, and operated as passenger roads, so that freights over them would probably be nearer two cents a mile than one. Allowing, however, the freights to be one cent per ton per mile, the cost per ton to Boston could not be much less than $1.70, or nearly $1.00 per ton, or three cents per bushel, more than to New York. Arrived in Boston, the freight must be hauled through the crowded streets of a city, either by horse power or steam, while the freight sent to New York

The geographical influences entering into the problem have now been disposed of. Next to be considered are those economical influences which were defined as including all the appliances and inventions by which cheapness or convenience, either natural or artificial, is obtained, and as being more decidedly than the geographical influences within the control of man. Properly, railroads come under this head; but they have been disposed of in the other connection. Here, again, the end always to be kept in view in this discussion must be recalled to mind, — that end being to make Boston an outlet or inlet for some existing demand of commerce, as cheap and more convenient, or as convenient and cheaper, than any other attainable point. The attempt hitherto has been to discover how and where, by what means, and for what region, she could be made as cheap and as convenient as any other port. If the possibility of her being so made is established, it remains to take the next step, and to discover how she can be made either cheaper or more convenient. The positive degree, making competition possible, being established, the comparative degree, making successful competition probable, still remains to be attempted. The positive degree, it is conceded, is not enough. All things being equal, trade will inevitably flow to New York, where is and ever will be found the great mart and resort of men. At this late day, the waters of the Pactolian stream of trade will not flow to Boston, unless Boston be on a lower level than New York. In the plain language of the Corn Exchange, the problem is, How to lay down for export a bushel of wheat five cents cheaper in Boston than it can be laid down in New York. That problem is not yet solved. Fortunately, however, other influences less subject to human control being equal, the influences which now come into play are those over which man exercises more control. The question of competition, so far

would glide by water to any pier or ship's side in the harbor. All the advantages of terminal handling would thus be in favor of New York. It is not easy to see how Boston could compete over the line which it is proposed to build for her special advantage, unless it can be proved that the cost of shooting the freight out of the cars into the lighters at Troy would exceed $1.00 per ton. As this task would, according to Mr. Littlejohn, be performed by "the law of gravitation," this proposition can hardly be maintained.

as the export and import trade is concerned, — for the question of market is hereafter to be considered, — is reduced to a narrower issue. Can freight, by any possibility, be handled more cheaply or more conveniently, when once landed in Boston, than it can be elsewhere? All experience demonstrates that it cannot now; that it may be hereafter is not improbable.

Boston is by nature wonderfully located for freight handling, — more advantageously, perhaps, than any other city of the continent. The city proper lies upon a peninsula surrounded by deep water, and opposite that peninsula are other peninsulas, each offering its great additions of deep-water front, and all within a small compass, and accessible each from the others by rail. Every wharf might communicate by steam with every railroad, and cars laden at Ogdensburg might stop under the yards or over the hold of the ship freighting for Liverpool. It is wellnigh inconceivable that such advantages should have been so long and so entirely neglected. Nature seems to have plainly marked out to the city every step in her progressive growth; and, as usual, her citizens obstinately began wrong-end foremost, with a succession of abortive schemes. Years ago a cry was raised for a deep-water front. It was vociferated, that, if appliances for export were furnished, trade would come: only make ready the mouth of the channel, and the current will flow up over the Berkshire hills to Boston, and no longer down the Hudson to New York! There was at that very time abundance of old wharves quietly decaying within the city limits, and common sense would seem to have dictated the expediency of connecting them by a freight railway, through the streets of the city, with the terminal stations: it is true, while the railroads led to the Hudson, the result must have been the same. The cry, however, went out, and a long Grand Junction Railroad was built, leading to new docks in a suburb. In a few months both the Grand Junction Road and the new docks of the suburbs joined the old docks of the city in the peaceful task of rotting away. So far, however, as the water front was concerned, even had the trade existed, the development was at least premature. The natural course of growth of Boston in this case was plain enough. It ought to

Route Eastern R. R. G.J.R.R.

CHELSEA

New

E. BOSTON

CHARLESTOWN

Boston & Maine

CASTLE I.

Projected Flats S. Boston Docks

CAMBRIDGE

BOSTON

SOUTH BOSTON

Grand Junction R.R.

Worcester R.R.

Boston & R.R.

Old Colony & R.R. to S. Boston

ROXBURY

Boston & Providence R.R.

Possible Extension of Grand Junction & Fall River R.R.

Brooklyn Br. R.R.

DORCHESTER

have saved its capital to perfect its railroad system, and should have utilized old docks before building new ones. If commerce ever returns to Boston, the city will overflow its limits, and then will come the day for Grand Junction Railroads, and for the docks of the suburbs. Both economy and convenience demand that the city proper should first be utilized.

Another year will see this done, and a freight railroad, skirting the wharves of the city, will make Boston cheaper than any other city for the handling of freight, and convenient to a degree which New York cannot hope to reach for years. Every station will communicate with every wharf, and the freight car can drop its load by the run into the hold of the packet. That, so far as convenience is concerned, this is more than as good, is better than the facilities afforded by New York, may be asserted on the strength of such statements as this from her own most reliable organs: —

"At present New York is the most inconveniently arranged commercial city in the world. Its wharves are badly built, unsafe, and without shelter; its streets are badly paved, dirty, and necessarily overcrowded; its warehouses are at a distance from the ships, and for the most part without proper labor-saving machinery for the quick and inexpensive transfer of goods; its railroad depots have no proper relations to the shipping or to the warehouses; transportation, needlessly and enormously increased by this ill arrangement, is made more costly yet by uneven pavements, which waste the strength of horses. Its laborers are badly lodged, and in every way disaccommodated; the means of going from one part of the city to the other are so badly contrived, that a considerable part of the working population — which includes nearly all the youth and men, and thousands of women and girls — spend a sixth part of their working-day on street cars or omnibuses, and the upper half of the island is made almost useless to persons engaged in daily business of any kind in the city." *

While such shall be the condition of her overshadowing competitor, the Marginal Freight Railway will, at once, on its completion, eliminate another element of difficulty from the problem, and this time decisively in favor of Boston. The im-

* New York Evening Post, 20th March, 1867.

portance to Boston of this enterprise cannot well be overestimated. One great advantage which New York has hitherto enjoyed as a point of shipment, especially of breadstuffs, has been, that the canal barges, laden at Buffalo and tugged down the Hudson, have broken bulk by the side of the ships which were to convey their cargoes to Liverpool. In this case there was no trucking, no handling, — the whole machinery ran without friction. In Boston, on the contrary, everything which entered the city, either by land or by water, had to be handled by men or drawn by horses: the friction was extreme. It is impossible accurately to compute the burden of this tax on the business and enterprise of the city.* It alone, however, would have been amply sufficient to turn the scale in competition, other things being equal.†

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* Though the statistics in this case are wanting, some results may be approximated. The usual charge for truckage through the streets of Boston may be roughly averaged at one dollar per ton. Where the charge is by bulk and not weight, it would naturally exceed that sum. This would constitute a charge of three cents a bushel on cereals, and would alone render their exportation impossible. A single large company of Boston iron-founders now pays forty thousand dollars a year for truckage, which is, of course, nothing but a tax on trade, imposed by a defective commercial machinery, and so much dead weight in active competition. The removal of this difficulty, by means of some machinery which shall bring the wharves and warehouses and stations of the city in direct communication by cheap tractive power, might not unreasonably be estimated as equivalent to a premium of fifty cents on every ton of goods now landed in the city. As the freight movement of the Boston roads is about three million tons a year, all of which is subject to truckage, and large masses are also landed at the wharves and stored in the city, the whole annual freight movement of Boston may probably not unreasonably be computed at four million tons. The system of the Marginal Freight Road is now in its infancy; but, even so far as matured, it can hardly fail to economize two million dollars per annum in the handling of that mass.

† All the elements of cost affecting the transportation of Western produce for export have now been passed in review. Few figures or statistics have been cited. The end proposed was to inquire as to the possibility that a forwarder would ever be able to lay down a bushel of wheat on shipboard in Boston for five cents less than he could do it in New York. The case stands thus: The cost for 1867 of bringing a ton of wheat to New York from Chicago, by the cheapest route, through Buffalo or Oswego, was stated by the New York Financial and Commercial Chronicle (28th September, 1867) at $9.57. As the season advanced, the prices on the canals advanced also, until they stood, for the bulk of the harvest, at about $13.50. Meanwhile, of late years, the canal freights do not regulate the produce freights to New York. The following figures represent the tons of breadstuffs transported, during the years specified, by way of the Erie Canal, and over the New York Central and Erie Railroads, respectively: —

A new obstacle in the way of commercial development may, however, be suggested. Exports are, perhaps, provided for; but commerce cannot live by exports alone: whence are to come the imports to balance those exports? New York is the great point of import, and ships cannot afford to come round thence in ballast to Boston for a return cargo. The difficulty with Boston, however, has hitherto been, not imports, but return freights. Ships which come loaded to her wharves

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	Erie Canal.	N. Y. Central and Erie Railroads.
1856	475,385 tons.	431,970 tons.
1857	263,141 "	396,558 "
1865	420,614 "	561,780 "
1866	289,166 "	851,626 "

"These figures present the remarkable circumstance, that our railroads are gradually, but surely, supplanting the canals for this species of freight." Three causes enter into the explanation of this fact: — the danger of loss by heating on the canals in summer; of freezing in winter; and the certainty of delay at all seasons. A single forwarding house in 1861 lost $50,000 by heating between Buffalo and Albany; between the same points, during the last winter, some five million bushels of grain alone, exclusive of all other products, were frozen up; and the movement by canal does not average two miles per hour, against ten by rail. The competition, then, is with railroad, and not canal freights. Without multiplying figures, and taking the returns of 1866, it appears that the average charge per ton per mile for transporting freight on the Central Road was 29 mills, and on the Erie 24. Breadstuffs were, of course, carried below the average, and at a charge not above the cost to the roads of average movement, which was returned at 27 mills per ton per mile on one road, and at 19 mills on the other. If the charge on breadstuffs was averaged for both roads at two cents per ton per mile, or at three mills less than the mean average cost to them of transportation, the movement by rail could have averaged hardly less than $8.50 per ton in freight charges from Buffalo to New York. And this does not include the cost of elevating and warehouse charges at New York and Buffalo, nor the cost of "lighters, which must be employed at considerable extra expense to take the freight brought by railroads to the part of the city desired." The lake freight from Chicago to Buffalo ranges from $3 to $4, and may be averaged at $3.50. These figures would seem to establish the fact that the immense bulk of breadstuffs between Chicago and salt water pays in freight, before it reaches the ship's hold, not less than $12 per ton. This may therefore be fixed as the limit within which competition must come. The summing up, then, is: Time from Chicago to New York, by canal, twenty-one days, or, by rail, seven days; Cost on a bushel of wheat, thirty-six cents.

The case in regard to Boston stands as follows. The Northern Transportation Company receives on an average $5 per ton freight from Chicago to Ogdensburg; with a sufficient quantity to transport, the unconsolidated roads even now will take the freight there and deliver it in Boston for $6 a ton; and the Marginal Freight charges, those for elevating, measuring, insuring, &c., will not exceed fifty cents more: making a total, *every charge included*, of $11.50 per ton. The summing up,

leave them in ballast to seek cargoes elsewhere.* Imports may be divided into two classes, — those which come seeking a market, and those which come seeking simply a channel of entrance for an interior destination. So far as the great market is concerned, the question is decided. New York is, and will always remain, the great mart of the country, — the place where men buy and sell; not only can no effort of Boston or any other port disturb her supremacy in this respect, but Boston cannot prevent her own manufactures from flowing thither as to a better market than her own. But because men can there best buy and sell, it by no means follows that there they can most conveniently export or import, as through a point of transit. On the contrary, the very bustle and confusion of the great Babel would indicate the reverse. Boston might, then, find her account in showing herself to be a convenient point of transit, a place noted for the quick, cheap, and honest handling of goods. Such a character Boston has not yet earned. The absence of all means of handling goods, the cost of truckage, the insufficient railroad facilities, and general absence of system, have hitherto thrown this business into the hands of Portland. Boston has hardly imported and forwarded directly to the West to the extent of a million dollars a year. Portland, however, having the Grand Trunk to aid her, out of an aggregate of imports about one third that of Boston, receives a million a year of direct importations by steamer for

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then, will be: Time from Chicago to Boston, ten days; Cost on a bushel of wheat, thirty-four cents.

This is the existing condition of affairs. But Boston has her position to make in the future. Once establish the germ of the transit business in the city, and the Niagara Ship Canal will surely come in time. Should the completion of that enterprise within any reasonable time enable steamers of fifteen hundred tons measurement to come down to Ogdensburg, and there find a consolidated railroad company, making the freight movement its specialty, to send forward their cargoes to tide-water, then wheat could be delivered by this route on shipboard for $8 a ton, or twenty-three cents a bushel, instead of thirty-four as at present, or *five cents a bushel less than the lowest charges of the Erie Canal for* 1867. That limit is one perfectly within the power of Boston to attain, on it she should keep her mind fixed, and to it direct her endeavors.

* Foreign commerce of Boston: —

	1864.	1865.	1866.
Exports,	$ 20,417,710.	$ 16,530,328.	$ 21,305,531.
Imports,	31,615,000.	29,439,000.	47,923,000.

Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee. The delays and extortions incident to landing goods in New York will be touched upon presently; in Portland these goods are landed, appraised, the duties estimated, the bonds given, and the articles fifty miles on the way to their destination within a few hours after the steamer has made fast to the pier. A business so managed cannot but increase.

This system, however, is yet in its infancy; but the West loudly demands it, and what the West demands she usually gets. One of the preambles and resolutions put forward by the recent Commercial Convention held in Boston was in these words: —

"Whereas the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and St. Louis have, through their Boards of Trade, desired a change in the laws regulating foreign importations; therefore

"*Resolved*, By this Convention, that in our opinion Congress should, by necessary legislation, secure such change in the laws regulating foreign importations as shall authorize invoices of merchandise arriving at one port, but designed for another, to be directly forwarded from the ship's side to the ultimate ports and custom-houses for entry, and without warehousing or other detention at the port of arrival."

The whole interior region of the United States is interested in the change of law here suggested; for that whole region is an importing country. It now buys imported goods in New York, and pays the importer his profit; but it also more and more imports for itself, and saves that profit. For the handling of all such imports Boston can compete: and here she may find the imports wherewith to balance her exports. And not only from this source may any necessary balance of exports be derived; the very merchants of New York will, in obedience to the laws of trade, import through Boston, or any other port equally accessible, which can prove itself to be beyond question, as a port of entry, pre-eminently cheap and convenient. Not that New York is not, and will not always remain, the *facile princeps* among American ports of entry; but at present New York is neither cheap, prompt, convenient, nor honest. All the economical appliances in use there are notoriously defective. Docks, warehouses, drayage, and

Custom-House are all equally the subject of daily complaint. It is openly charged that every Custom-House official must be paid, and paid handsomely, both for doing those things which he ought not to do, and for leaving undone those things which he ought to do. "The North River order business" — another name for a great system of extortion — has recently on high authority been defined as "the collector's big plum," and the country may not yet have forgotten the revelations contained in the report of March 3, 1867, of the Committee on Public Expenditures on the abuses of the New York Custom-House. Probably the case of Landman and Kemp, cited in that report, does not stand alone. That firm imported certain cases of quinine on which the legal charges should have amounted to $5.32, and they produced the bill of extortions rendered them, and it amounted to $30. The statement then made, that examples of bills of such a "make-up," increasing certain legal charges to one thousand per cent, could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, would seem to lend an air of probability to the remark attributed to A. T. Stewart, that every ton of goods brought from the steamship pier in Jersey City to Broadway cost $5 in charges. Nor is the material condition of things more favorable to importers than the moral. One extract from the New York press has already pictured the con dition of the general business facilities of that city; another, from an authority equally high there and throughout the country will more particularly set forth the condition of those parts of New York especially devoted to shipping. "The wharves of such a city as New York are really to its floating commerce what the streets and highways are to its locomotion by land. The objections which are continually making to the present dilapidated and dangerous state of things are precisely analogous to the objections which are daily made, and most justly made, to the hideous condition of our facilities (falsely so called) for getting up and down town. If our streets were mere ruts, unpaved, full of holes and stones, unlighted by night and unregulated by day, we should have in the internal economy of our city transportation just what we now have in the river frontage of the metropolis." And again: "The detentions to vessels are long and mischievous.

Ships are detained many days before they can discharge their cargoes; there are no warehouses where goods may be loaded and transshipped without leaving the pier; it is necessary to move everything by carts; meanwhile river thieves have an ample field for remuneratively plying their vocation. . . . . It is entirely within the limits of possibility that at some not very distant day this scandal of our city, if it be not done away with, may actually result *in transferring the bulk of our exportations and importations to some rival more enterprising than ourselves.*" * Her very prosperity makes New York careless of improvement. Hers is the great market; she is, and must remain, the great emporium of trade and the centre of finance. All this is conceded, and the very concession makes her inert at reform. Here Boston has the advantage. While a suspicion of decadence has taught her a bitter lesson, prosperity has made New York too confident. It may be that pride does not with cities, as with men, precede a fall, but it certainly will develop weak points of which a watchful opponent may take advantage. Even now, when Boston has no railroad connecting with deep water, the New York merchant could enter his goods through Boston and forward them to New York more cheaply and with less trouble than he can enter them through his own custom-house.† This will be infinitely more apparent, when a freight car can be placed under the yard-arms of every packet moored at the wharves.

Hitherto the question has been of the commercial influences affecting the problem. It now only remains to leave natural laws entirely out of consideration, and to deal with the one disturbing element in the problem which rests wholly under the control of man. The influence of legislation remains to be considered. A subject which includes the law of corporations, the usury laws, the railroad legislation, and the State and city system of taxation, is, in itself, not small. Massachusetts did well a year ago in repealing that usury law which sought to place a

* New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle, January 6, and December 8 and 22, 1866, and March 2, 1867.

† The single firm of Jaffrey & Co. have imported through Boston to the extent of $ 800,000 in one year; and the aggregate importations of New York firms, chiefly in dry goods, through this port have in some years amounted to $ 5,000,000, or about twelve per cent of the entire amount entered.

uniform value on credit. Of that repeal an influential New York paper has recently said: "That is, we conceive, the most damaging act, as regards its effect upon us, which has been done for many years in New England; and unless we repeal ours, it will do more than a dozen bridges across the Hudson to divert our trade, by diverting our capital and enterprise to Boston."* But all the usury laws of Massachusetts are not yet repealed. There still remains on the statute-book that absurd restriction which provides that to earn more than ten per cent, and not to be able to conceal it, is ultimate destruction to a Massachusetts railway. This is a usury law of the most blighting description,—a usury law which makes increase of business a source of terror to those very lines on which an increase of business must be the first indication of the increasing volume of commerce. In its railroad legislation, Massachusetts still adheres to the exploded system of regulating profits, and not charges. Her lines may now charge what they please; no limit is assigned them there; but they may not divide more than a given per cent. One system, and one system only,—the contract system,—can make the now divergent interests of community and corporations coincide, and that the State must study out and apply. In consideration of receiving their charters and a monopoly of the lines of travel for a specified time, railroads must agree to fulfil every demand of travel and traffic over that line at specified rates, and all they can earn in so doing, in energetically fulfilling their contracts and expanding their business, they should be free to divide.

Wheresoever investigation turns, however, the same crying necessity for reform is encountered. The cost of truckage, for instance, has been referred to, and a rude estimate ventured as to the amount of the burden it imposes on the commerce of the city. The sum of petty exactions does not stop there, but one charge follows another, each small in itself, until the aggregate becomes, not large perhaps, but enough to render competition impossible. One dollar for truckage brings the ton of Western freight to the wharf, where the wharfinger receives it, and charges his forty cents a ton for wharfage: a small sum, but, with truckage, swelling the aggregate to four and a half cents

* New York Evening Post, January 21, 1868.

for transferring each bushel of wheat from car to shipboard, — a sum sufficient to move two bushels from Troy to Brooklyn. In some cities, which have advanced with the times, dock charges are simple: in New York, for instance, the whole code is contained in six short lines of an act of Assembly which provides that so much per ton per diem, by admeasurement, shall be paid by each vessel which lies at a wharf or pier, and so much per ton per diem upon all merchandise left upon a pier over forty-eight hours; and wharfage charges constitute a lien on vessels and goods. In Boston, on the contrary, the tariff of the wharves constitutes a literature in itself, and is quite a curious relic of Middle-Age learning. It savors of the feudal system, and seems to have been handed down to us by tradition from some old Colonial wharfinger. It includes a study of dockage charges and wharfage charges, — sometimes the wharfage including dockage, and then again dockage excluding wharfage. But wharfage is the black-letter learning of the science, and constitutes a study hardly less mysterious than the United States tariff. Twenty pages of double columns contain all known forms of measurement and articles of commerce. There are bags and bales, tons and tubs; nails by the hundred, and nuts by the bushel; church organs by the foot, and cantharides by the case. Corn-shellers are charged six and a quarter cents each; a cow pays fifteen, and her calf five cents; a bale of cotton pays ten cents, and a hundred pounds of putty pay two; so also does a basket of wine, — though a butt of the same article pays fifteen cents, and a cask of ale pays ten: and so the list goes on, through living and dead, from anchors to washboards, after a fashion well calculated to worry importers, and to give them a vivid hint of horrors to come within the doors of the Custom-House. Such a system needs reforming altogether.

Even were transportation and truckage and wharfage reformed and right, the system of taxation is fearfully and wonderfully wrong. It seems almost to have been framed with an eye to the encouragement of vice and the destruction of enterprise. In proportion to rate and principle of assessment, the taxes of Boston, even were they skilfully adjusted, would be ruinously oppressive. It may in fact be safely asserted that

Boston is the most heavily taxed city on earth. She conceals this fact ingeniously from herself and others by placing her rate of taxation low, — that is, low for America, — and assessing the property of her citizens at its full value. The fact that she is the most heavily taxed city on earth is, however, sufficiently susceptible of proof. No one who walks her streets can fail to be convinced, that, as compared with other cities, Boston is more than substantial, — that she is wealthy; but it may well be questioned whether she is more than twice as wealthy, in proportion to her population, as any other great city of America. Yet in 1866 her *per capita* valuation amounted to $1,934 for every human being within her limits, while the similar valuation of New York was $820, that of Baltimore $381, that of Chicago $429, and that of Brooklyn $411. The same handsome pre-eminence may be safely claimed for New England's capital after an examination of the *per capita* taxes paid in the various cities. In Chicago, in 1866, every man, woman, and child paid on an average $23.69 for the blessings of their government; in Philadelphia the amount was $23.39; in New York it rose to $33.13; but Boston stood proudly out with a *per capita* average of $38.42, or just seventeen per cent higher than the more than ever envied commercial metropolis.* Such were in that year the municipal taxes in America, while the unfortunate "tax-ridden" people of London were groaning under a *per capita* burden of $9.28. Here is another extra weight imposed upon Boston, — she is handicapped out of all reason in this race, in which she has nothing to spare. The want of concentration and combination in her railroad lines is one weight, and a terrible one; her statute restrictions on the growth of the business of those lines is another; the friction of commerce, as it toils through her streets, is another weight, and a weight which places a tax of one dollar on every ton of merchandise which she handles; then comes this last weight, — a load of taxation such as no other community on earth is called upon to submit to, and which alone is enough to drive the ships from her wharves, the

* See the tables, statistics, and conclusions on this subject in the paper entitled "Debts and Taxation of our Large Cities," in "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine" of August, 1867.

customers from her shops, and the merchants from her warehouses.

Not only, however, is this tax most burdensome in itself, but it is most clumsily and ignorantly imposed, as if intended to cause the greatest possible obstruction to business and enterprise. Some hints might be obtained on this subject from "benighted" England, where taxation has finally been reduced to a science, had it not become a fundamental principle of American faith that every man is competent to legislate, and that in legislation there is nothing to learn. The English system is a simple one. Almost the whole revenue is raised from a tax on certain articles of luxury; while all capital actively employed in commerce, or any mode of producing wealth, is exempted from all taxation, except a certain direct tax upon profits. Accordingly, while in 1867 twenty-nine per cent of the whole British revenue was raised from its excise tax on spirits and malt, and from licenses, those great lines of steamers which are driving our own steam marine from the ocean expanded without restraint, save a certain per cent tax on their profits, if any were made. There seems to be a degree of carnal wisdom in such a system. Meanwhile, what course is pursued in Massachusetts? Certain patriotic business men of that State move heaven and earth to raise money and build a line of steamers to run from Boston to Liverpool. The line takes every chance against it; the risk of heavy loss to those contributing to it is great, — the hope of profit very small. The company struggles along and builds and equips its steamers, and ventures them out in competition with those of Liverpool. Meanwhile the assessor and the tax-gatherer are at hand. If the competing English steamer makes no profit, it pays no tax; profit or no profit, competition or no competition, the one and a half or two per cent of taxation on its assessed value must be exacted from the Massachusetts steamer. So much as an example of the intelligent and discriminating manner in which taxes are imposed. — It now remains to consider where exemption comes in. It has already been stated that England raises nearly one third of her whole revenue from an excise law. The consumption of spirits is an almost pure luxury. The consumer can

generally as well abstain from their use, and the additional cost imposed on consumption in the form of tax is little regarded. Spirits, however, and licenses to sell alcoholic stimulants, all the main sources of an excise revenue, Massachusetts, in the exercise of an enlightened philanthropy, has hitherto refused to consider as fit subjects of taxation. Commerce, trade, enterprise, may languish under a load of imposts, — one leading article of Massachusetts exports may be, as it is, a million of gallons of rum each year to the western coast of Africa, — but her moral sense revolts from an excise tax at home. The best authorities concur in saying that from this source alone, with scarcely a sense of burden, the State could raise a revenue of at least a million and a half a year. That burden is now imposed on business and enterprise, — on capital employed in the production of wealth, — on Boston firms engaged in the war of trade with the firms of Providence and New York ; — it is another dead weight in the fierce race of competition. No one need wonder that the Liverpool steamer drives the Boston steamer from the seas.

Here is room for missionary labors. People may say, and legislators may enact, what they please ; the stern logic of taxation will at last convince us that there is a science of revenue ; that the careful adjustment of taxes has something to do with the healthy development of trade ; that the good old rule which directs the legislator to impose a tax of one per cent on everything, and if that is not enough, to make it one and a half, and if he can find any foreign capitalist creeping into the State, to scalp him, — this rule does not, after all, express the whole science of revenue. When this idea has worked its way through the pockets into the heads of the people, Massachusetts may follow the good example already set her by Congress in the appointment of a Commissioner of the Revenue. That Commissioner, now on the whole the most useful man in the country, is rapidly adjusting all taxation to meet the wants and convenience of the United States treasury. If States and cities do not move quickly and understandingly in this matter, they will shortly find every source from which revenue can be raised without oppressing enterprise monopolized by the Federal government.

This paper has already exceeded its limits, and must come

to a close. The leading influences, geographical, economical, legislative, which can affect the future commercial development of Boston have been passed in superficial review. The end throughout has been to attain some result in accordance with the recognized laws of trade. Each objection that has suggested itself has been met, in spirit at least, fairly and honestly. The end proposed was a simple one,— none other than to inquire whether any channel did really exist through which the waters of trade might flow easily and naturally down hill to Boston. An evident defect has been suggested in many former schemes, in that they began by inversion; the channels were opened without regard to inclines, or the facilities supplied without regard to demand. The proposition was to inquire how Boston could be made, as an outlet or inlet for some existing demand of trade, as cheap and more convenient, or as convenient and cheaper, than any other geographical point. It is for the community to consider, and for the future to decide, whether a practical way to this end does exist. Some sanguine spirits may maintain that it would exist, were every advantage utilized, a system employed, and every unnecessary weight thrown off. He, however, is a bold man who will maintain that the longed-for way lies through disorganized transportation, ignorant legislation, and oppressive taxes. What is now asked for is discussion. Is the question here raised really one of a foregone conclusion? is the commercial decadence now so apparent also hopeless? It is for others finally to decide this question; the sole object of the present paper is to show that it is a question with at least two sides. Others really competent to decide it may decide it finally in the affirmative, as here the decision has been in the negative. It should at least, however, be discussed and properly examined, and a system and policy introduced. The days of patriotic subscriptions, of blind struggling, of abortive schemes, and of efforts by inversion, should be at an end in Boston. The road to success does not lie that way. Whatever is attempted, let it be attempted knowingly and systematically, in obedience to some natural law, and in response to some acknowledged demand.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

Art. IX. — Western Policy in China.

From time immemorial the Emperor of China has claimed to be the son of Heaven, and, as such, the sovereign of the race. He recognized no equals, and he could be approached by the representatives of other countries only when they came as tribute-bearers and as suppliants.

The free intercourse which was formerly permitted to Western countries was abandoned, when the rapid advance of European arms in Asia exposed both the designs and the strength of Spain, England, Portugal, and Holland. The Chinese government, fearful for its own independence, adopted an exclusive policy; and restricting foreign commerce to the narrowest of limits in the part of the Empire most distant from the capital, ignored the foreigner except as a trader seeking gain. That which is known as the Opium War of 1840 added largely to the field open to foreign commerce; but, as it did nothing towards establishing diplomatic intercourse with the central government, it merely rendered more active the policy of retaliation, by increasing the points of contact with a people among whom the cause of and the manner of conducting this unjust war had raised a deep hatred of the foreigner. This would ultimately have led to annexation of parts at least of China by European powers, had not the events at Canton in 1856–1858 caused the British and French to carry the war to near the capital. This war led to results which mark a new era, not only in the history of the relations of China to the outer world, but also in the history of Chinese civilization. It may not be amiss to recall briefly the events which led to such a consummation.

The concessions which had been obtained from the Chinese by the treaties of 1842, 1843, 1844, and 1845, consisted chiefly in opening to trade the ports of Amoy, Foo-chow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, besides Canton, and in the recognition of consuls established there, — in the transfer of the island of Hong Kong to England, and an indemnification of $21,000,000 for the opium destroyed by order of the Emperor, and for the expenses of the war. In addition to these, the subjects of the treaty powers obtained the right to travel within certain limits, and

to lease real estate at the open ports, and at these points the toleration of Christianity was assured.

These privileges obtained by force were to a great extent counterbalanced by the hostility shown by the Chinese, and the relations of the two races became daily more and more complicated.

Soon after the close of the Crimean War, England turned her attention to the accumulating difficulties in China. The immediate cause of the war which soon followed was in itself a good illustration of the intercourse between the proudest and most powerful nations of the West and East. In October of 1856, the native authorities at Canton seized a Chinese boat, manned by natives, engaged in smuggling under the protection of a British flag. This act was considered to be an outrage by foreigners, and the British consul demanded instant satisfaction. Governor-General Yeh having refused to give an explanation, the British squadron bombarded Canton for three days, destroying the government buildings. France, and for a short time even the United States, through the frigate Portsmouth, joined England in the aggressive.

Preparations for war were begun on both sides, but the English forces destined for China were diverted to aid in suppressing the rebellion in India. After eight months of suspense, interrupted only by occasional aggressive acts on both sides, Lord Elgin arrived at Hong Kong, and Canton was declared to be in a state of siege. On the 12th of September, 1857, the declaration of war against England by China put an end to the hopes that the Emperor would disavow the acts of Yeh. In the middle of December the allied British and French forces occupied an island opposite Canton, and bombarded the city, and, after taking its defences by storm, finally took possession of Canton on the 5th of January, 1858. Yeh was sent to Calcutta, where he died a prisoner.*

After the taking of Canton, the allied British and French forces turned towards Peking, as being the only point at which the central government of China was vulnerable. Arriving at the mouth of the Pei Ho, and receiving no answer to an ulti-

* In this *résumé* of events down to the taking of Canton, we have followed the author of the article "China" in "The New American Cyclopædia."

matum sent to the capital, the Allies took the forts and advanced up the river to Tientsin, about ninety miles from Peking. This action resulted in the appointment of Chinese plenipotentiaries, and the conclusion of treaties in immediate succession with Russia, the United States, England, and France, — creating four new ports, throwing open the Yangtse Kiang to foreign trade, recognizing ministers accredited to the Court of Peking, tolerating Christianity and protecting Christian missionaries, permitting foreigners to travel in the interior, and indemnifying England and France for the expenses of the war. Such a sudden change in the traditional policy of the great Empire seemed the beginning of a new era for Asia, and a fit subject for the first despatch through the Atlantic Cable.

But a murderous fire was opened upon the English and French at Taku in June, 1859, while attempting to force their way to Tientsin in order to effect at the capital the exchange of the treaties which the Emperor wished to have consummated at Pehtang on the coast. This appeared to be a disavowal of the engagements entered into the preceding year. Whatever may have been the moving spirit with the imperial government in this affair, it led to serious consequences, which, though humiliating to the government, have been undoubtedly beneficial to the country. The American minister, conforming to the wish of the Chinese that he should visit Peking by way of Pehtang, was conducted to the capital. Although he there met with a friendly reception, he was obliged to return to Pehtang to effect the exchange of the treaties. This step made clear the determination of the government neither to make nor exchange treaties under the walls of the capital, and more especially to prohibit all direct communication with the central government. There is no doubt that the same would have been the case with the other ministers, had they avoided the mouth of the Pei Ho, and gone overland from the neighboring village of Pehtang. But the anti-foreign party was so powerful at Peking, that it is doubtful whether the ratifications would not have been the beginning of serious troubles; indeed, the treaties were avowedly granted in order to gain time for preparation to resent the force used in obtaining them.

The English and French ministers withdrew to Shanghai, and the Court of Peking refusing an apology, their governments, deciding to obtain it by force, made preparations for war on a scale which should be decisive.

An ultimatum, demanding, first, an apology for the attack on the allied forces at the Pei Ho, second, the ratification and execution of the treaty of Tientsin, and, third, the payment of an indemnity for the expenses of the naval and military preparations, was rejected by the Emperor.

In the summer of 1860, the allied forces, accompanied by the Earl of Elgin and Baron Gros, captured the forts on the Pei Ho and advanced to Tientsin, of which they took possession, and thence to near Tungchaw, a city twelve miles from Peking. During these proceedings the anti-foreign party ruled the weak Emperor, and when negotiations seemed about to be satisfactorily concluded, the Chinese, by an act of treachery, tried to cut off the forces, and seized Mr. Parkes and several other persons who were returning under a flag of truce from an interview with the imperial plenipotentiaries. All negotiations were now stopped, and, as the prisoners were not given up, it was decided to punish such a flagrant breach of faith. Peking was invested, and Yuenningyuen, the summer palace, a few miles west of the city, was destroyed. In the mean time, the Emperor Hienfung had fled to Tartary, a step which aided much the political revolution that threw the reins of government into the hands of his brother, Prince Kung.

Prince Kung, although very young, exhibited considerable tact and ability; while the fact that with his first appearance began a new policy gave to him a position with the foreign ministers that would not easily have attached to names better known to them.

Those of the prisoners who had not died under the horrible treatment they experienced were given up. A gate of the city was surrendered, and the articles of the Tientsin Convention were signed, embodying the demands of the ultimatum, the opening of the port of Tientsin, and the permanent establishment of the ministers at Peking.

The war was over; the anti-foreign party was thrown into the background, and for the first time the field was open for

the action of wise diplomacy in bringing China into the circle of interdependent nations. The manner in which this short and decisive war was conducted tended far more than is generally known to facilitate the attainment of this object. When the use of force was first decided upon, the British minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, who had succeeded his brother, Lord Elgin, turned his efforts towards relieving the people from any participation in the sufferings of war, and aiming the blow solely at the government. During the presence of the troops in the North, their behavior inspired the inhabitants with such confidence that no difficulty was experienced in obtaining supplies, which were scrupulously paid for. After the taking of Tientsin, its population remained confidently at their occupations, and the native committee that had been organized to supply the Chinese army undertook to do the same for the allied forces. Indeed, during the journeys of the writer in the North, he met several wealthy dealers who spoke earnestly of the good times when the foreign troops offered a profitable market for their products. By refraining from a bombardment of Peking, and destroying instead the widely celebrated summer palace, a blow was struck which humbled the Emperor without the loss of a single innocent life, and without injury to private property. The effect of this humane course, so directly opposite to the Chinese method of warfare, and indeed to the previous action of foreign armies in the East, was immediately apparent in the treatment which the inhabitants of Peking and its environs extended without exception to unprotected foreigners. And at present there are few countries in the world where one can travel with more safety than in Northern China.

If the attitude of the people during this war exhibited an indifference to the most important political questions, and to the interests of the government, it showed not less a great degree of independence among themselves, as well as an absence of unfriendliness to Europeans, and proved that our efforts towards the improvement of our relations with China must be directed as well towards them as towards the government.

The great advantages gained by the treaties, and by the war that insured their validity, were the permanent residence of foreign ministers at Peking, the opening of the Yangtse, the

right of travel in the interior for business or pleasure, and, indirectly, the extension of the foreign customs system. To appreciate the full value of these results, it will be necessary to glance at the position held by foreigners before the war.

Confined to a few ports, and treating only with the local officials, they were practically ignored by the central government. Having no intercourse with the latter, and treated as barbarian traders by the provincial authorities, such a thing as legal redress for injuries was out of the question. Gunboats ready to act on the orders of consuls, or even without them, were at every port, and no time was lost in using force on the slightest provocation. The different provinces were treated as so many independent nations, and war was waged at one port while trade was continued uninterruptedly at others. In all these troubles the central government shifted the responsibility to the shoulders of the provincial authorities, — a policy the effect of which became yearly more evident in the arbitrary action of foreign consuls, and in the insolent weakness of the native officials.

Such a system could not exist without leading to terrible abuse of power by the stronger side, and establishing dangerous precedents which could be used by either party whenever a favorable opportunity offered. And, worse yet, it formed a school in which foreign officials, merchants and their clerks, shipmasters and sailors, learned to exercise with impunity the law of might, and to hold the rights, property, and lives of Chinamen as of no value. Wholesale murder was committed almost daily at the ports, where it was a common occurrence for steamers and sailing vessels to run into and sink dilatory boats and junks, often crowded with passengers. Young clerks drove rapidly through crowded streets without stopping to care for the women and children run over by their carriages, and men of position made their way through thronged thoroughfares by belaboring the heads of the populace with heavy walking-sticks. Such acts were the more cowardly because of the timid and peaceful character of the natives, and the fact that the removal of foreigners from Chinese jurisdiction to the dead law of the consular courts almost insured impunity for every kind of crime. Hatred of the foreigner

caused by this state of things spread through all the provinces that were in close communication with the open ports.

That such an intercourse must have led to frequent and costly wars, and ultimately to a disintegration of China, and its absorption by European powers, can hardly be doubted; and this danger would have been multiplied with the opening of every new port, and with the increasing influx of lawless adventurers attracted by the rebellion.

But the establishment of direct intercourse between the foreign ministers and the imperial government, an intercourse based on a revolution in the policy of the latter, substituted diplomacy for force, and, by causing disputed questions to be referred by both sides to Peking, reduced the powers alike of consuls and of viceroys to their legitimate limits.

Arriving at Peking at a time when the imperial government was reduced to its greatest straits by the rebellion, the ministers were able to give direct proofs of the sincerity of their professions of friendship and good-will, and immeasurable progress was rapidly made in breaking down the barrier of prejudice that had grown up between the two races. But although the just action of the representatives of Western powers was soon appreciated at Peking, and was generally met in a similar spirit by Prince Kung and the Board of Foreign Affairs, obstacles to harmonious action were not wanting on both sides at the treaty ports. In many instances both the consular and the provincial authorities were men who had been educated in the school of the past, and with them the traditional method of settling disputes by force was at times resorted to. Too often irregularities committed, now by the foreigner, now by the natives, caused troubles which were not referred to Peking till the use of force had made diplomatic action almost impossible. Unfortunately, too, the disregard shown at times by consuls for the treaties furnished the government with a ready answer, when its viceroys were charged with disobedience to instructions sent from the capital.

The control of their respective subordinates was easier to the ambassadors than to Prince Kung and the Ministers for Foreign Affairs. The central government, possessing in theory almost unlimited power, was practically fettered in its action

by the corrupt policy of selling its offices, or of paying nominal salaries, and allowing the officials to enrich themselves at the expense of the people and of the revenue, — a practice which could not fail to produce endless troubles, by affecting trade adversely, now to the spirit, now to the letter of the treaty.

The anti-foreign party was not, and perhaps is not yet, wholly crushed, — and though apparently daily losing ground before the increasing confidence in Western governments, and before the rapidly growing revenue brought into the imperial treasury by foreign trade, and by the honest administration of the foreign customs officers, it necessarily impeded the action of the Prince and his advisers. And even when, after the death of Hienfung, Prince Kung became Regent during the minority of the young Emperor, the fact that he soon might be held to answer with his head for the administration of the Regency prevented the use of extreme measures towards dilatory provincial authorities.

Thus in 1863 an accumulation of unsettled disputes with the different treaty powers, arising out of persistent disregard of the treaties at the ports and in the interior, threatened to produce a rupture, and to undo by a new war what had been already accomplished. Fortunately, the West was represented at Peking by men of just and liberal views, free from the prejudice of nationality and race, who were unwilling to risk by precipitate action the future welfare of one third of mankind and the interests of the world. At this time, when war seemed imminent, and when, considering the gigantic proportions of the Taiping and Mohammedan rebellions, a war might have indirectly overthrown the ruling dynasty, and resulted in long-continued anarchy, the foreign ministers framed a co-operative policy, the basis of a moral warfare. This policy, which was indorsed by the respective home governments, marks a new era in the history of the relations of the West and the East, and will surely be not less important in its results to us than to that immense nation with whom the nineteenth century is rapidly bringing us into a contact pregnant with much good or much evil. Originating in the necessity for united action on the part of foreign governments, to obtain the observance of the treaties, it binds the ministers to

consult together, and act in concert on all material questions: thus bringing to bear the moral pressure of the whole Western world in support of the just demands of each power.

As experience has shown that the source of the greatest dangers in the future lies in the weakness of the central government, as against its provincial officials, the co-operative policy binds the foreign powers to use every peaceful means of strengthening the former, both by encouragement and by moral pressure. One of the first steps in this direction was the guarantying the integrity of China proper, so far as concerned foreign nations, by their agreement neither to demand nor to accept concessions of territory from the Chinese government. To strengthen the government within, and to raise China to a military position commensurate with the rank she should hold in the world, the ministers agreed to encourage a thorough reorganization of her army, to assist her in adopting European discipline and arms, and to furnish the officers necessary to introduce these changes. The next and equally important step was to insure the maintenance of an honest and efficient administration of the foreign customs service, as a means of insuring the revenue necessary to centralized strength. While observing a general neutrality in face of the internal war, the policy called for such defensive action at the treaty ports as might be necessary to maintain treaty rights.

Each of the treaties of 1858 contained a clause permitting the subjects of the respective governments to acquire land for building-sites at the open ports. For greater convenience the consuls of the different treaty powers chose a considerable area for subdivision among their countrymen. These tracts soon came to be regarded as concessions of territory, forming no longer parts of the Chinese Empire. The security to life and property at the open ports soon attracted thousands of Chinese families flying from their homes before the scourge of the Taiping rebellion; and thus the foreign settlements, intended by the spirit of the treaties to furnish homes and places of business to foreign merchants, became cities containing vast numbers of natives who rented dwellings from foreign speculators. At Shanghai, the area under the control of foreigners, and more or less occupied by them, covers nearly ten square

miles, and is rapidly filling up with houses. In 1863 the population of this area was nearly one million. The exterritoriality clause, which transferred jurisdiction over foreigners in all civil and criminal cases to their respective consuls, would have been easily extended so as to cover this native population, had the idea that the foreign settlements were concessions of territory been sustained. The first result would have been, that the most flourishing cities of the Empire, cities rivalling the largest in the world, would have sprung up on these concessions, concentrating Chinese capital, skill, and enterprise at points beyond the control of the legitimate government. After a few years there would have been British, French, and American cities on the coast and in the heart of China, according to the predominance of the nationalities at the different ports, — or they would have become free cities, like those of the Hanseatic League. The immediate interests of speculators — and almost every foreigner speculated — was to have this concession principle carried out, although unauthorized by the treaties; and, in the weak condition of the government, the action of the foreign authorities and the necessity of a municipal organization were rapidly rendering it an accomplished fact. But the principle was too unjust; it was sure to lead to serious complications among foreign powers and with the Chinese government, and was also sure to increase the weakness of the central government. In face of a strong opposition from their countrymen, the foreign plenipotentiaries at Peking agreed neither to ask nor to accept concessions of territory.

One of the difficult questions in our intercourse with Oriental nations is that of the jurisdiction over foreigners, especially in mixed cases. In the treaties with China, as in those with all Oriental countries, the exterritoriality clause confers authority on consuls in all legal cases over their respective countrymen. The systems of Oriental laws and punishments differ so widely from those of Western nations, and there is such general corruption in their administration, that it would be out of the question to place the lives and property of Europeans under their control. Still some other system than the present is imperatively demanded; for the tendency of the

present method is to impair seriously the power of the native authorities over their own subjects, and the increasing amount of crime committed by foreigners is growing beyond the proper limits of consular courts.

It is evidently an outrage upon the spirit of international law that a Chinaman or a Japanese should suffer death for a crime against a foreigner, where for the same acts the latter would be punished with a fine or a short imprisonment. This is a question which will solve itself before long; for China has only the alternative of gradual reorganization and progress in the track of the civilization with which she is coming every day more and more in contact, or of retrogression and disintegration. She can no longer remain stationary. There is great vitality in the people; but, unless it become active in them and in the government, Western intercourse will be to China a deadly evil. But there are weighty reasons for believing that the vitality of this people will carry the nation onward through the stages of reform that are needed to effect a transition to a higher political condition, and this reform would involve great changes for the better in many branches of its polity.

The Burgevine imbroglio * proved the danger that might attach to the employment of foreigners in the Chinese army, at the same time that the force organized by Ward and Burgevine demonstrated the possibility of making brave and efficient soldiers of Chinamen, when acting under proper officers and paid regularly. The foreign ministers urged strongly upon the government the necessity of beginning a radical change in the army, by providing bodies of native soldiers with foreign weapons, and having them disciplined by foreign drill ser-

* A few years since, an American, named Ward, acting under a commission from the imperial government, disciplined a force of Chinamen to act against the rebels. The undaunted bravery of their commander inspired these troops with a courage that carried everything before them, and their success won for them the name of "The Ever-Victorious Braves." After the death of Ward, from a wound in the head, received while leading his men through a breach in the wall of a rebel city, the command was given to Burgevine, one of Ward's bravest officers. This gentleman, after receiving a serious wound, was made the victim of intrigues on the part both of Chinese and foreign officials; and finding it impossible to obtain satisfaction for his just demands, very ill-advisedly deserted to the rebel cause. Had Burgevine's injury not impaired his energy, this step would certainly have prolonged the rebellion, and might perhaps have led to the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty.

geants, and already considerable progress has been made in this direction. Before any nation can make itself respected by others, it must be in a position to enforce internal order, and to maintain its rights against all comers. The present army of China is wholly unable to do either of these things, and is merely a gigantic drain on the resources of the country, a scourge to the inhabitants, and a source of official corruption. Favored as the Empire is by its geographical position, a small standing army disciplined and armed after the manner of Western troops would be sufficient for any emergency, and would remove the consciousness of weakness, — one of the greatest obstacles to general improvement.

But the most important and most active innovation is the foreign customs organization, which collects the duties on all foreign exports and imports. Originating, in 1854, in the appointment at Shanghai, at the request of the local officials, of three inspectors chosen by the consuls of the three treaty powers, the unexpected increase of the customs revenue attracted the attention of the officers of other provinces, and led to the ultimate extension of the system to every open port. From being a foreign governmental aid to the Chinese, it has become an arm of the Chinese government, and as much a national institution as the customs department in any Western country. At each port there is a commissioner, having under his orders the necessary number of clerks, tidewaiters, &c., of different nationalities. Over all these is an inspector-general, appointed by the Board of Foreign Affairs, with which he corresponds, and through which he reports to the Board of Revenue. The government has been fortunate in choosing for its inspector-generals men of great ability and well acquainted with the language and customs of the country; and the present incumbent, Mr. Robert Hart, is evidently alive to the importance of the institution as a means of improving every department of Chinese administration.

Every effort is made not only to maintain thorough honesty in the service, but to attract to it young men of high intellectual capacity, and to this end extremely liberal salaries are paid. The employees are now taken from among the best graduates of the English and American universities, the former

after a severe competitive examination. After studying the language for two years at Peking, with a salary of £400, they enter active service as clerks, with salaries increasing with promotion from £600 to £1,200; and when advanced to the rank of commissioners, of whom there are thirteen, they receive, according to the port, £1,200 to £2,000.

It is hoped that in time the necessity for employing foreigners will disappear, and that the administration will pass gradually into the hands of efficient native officials. The government fully appreciate the advantages of the institution. Indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise, considering the great increase in the revenue derived from foreign trade. According to Mr. Hart, they are also gradually learning the importance of paying salaries large enough to raise officials above the necessity of being dishonest; and they are realizing, too, the advantages of departmental division of labor, as compared with the long-established practice of uniting in one official the most varied duties, — a practice that renders any check on fraud impossible. If the successful working of the customs organization should lead to reform in these two particulars, (and there is much reason for believing that it will,) the greatest barrier in the way of improvement in other respects will then be removed, and the road to judicial reform will be open.

Among the great changes that remain to be accomplished the most needed are such as would affect the finances of the Empire; for by insuring a proper collection and application of the revenue, the provincial authorities would be made dependent upon the central government, instead of the reverse as at present, and the largest source of official corruption would be removed. The accomplishment of these changes and those connected with the judicial organization is a question rather of reform than of revolution. They could be brought about without the overthrow of the existing religious or social organization, and without any change in the established theory of government.

Such reforms must be the fruit of the grafting of Western ideas on the Chinese stock, and their growth must necessarily be slow. They can flourish only under the patient forbearance of more powerful nations, whose duty and true interest it is to encourage, and not repress.

Until ten years ago, the decrees issued from the imperial throne taught the people to look upon all foreign nations as barbarian tribute-bearers, and as trembling subjects of the mercy or wrath of the "Son of Heaven." Now this language has disappeared: the decrees published in the gazette and sent through the Empire speak in becoming terms of Europeans, and generally give to foreign employees the credit they deserve. Recognizing no equals, and nominally merely tolerating the presence of foreigners, the government always insisted that in all our intercourse with it we should assume the attitude of suppliants. This stumbling-block disappeared after the last war; and in 1863, acting readily on the advice of Mr. Burlingame, they employed the American missionary, Dr. W. P. Martin, to translate Wheaton's International Law. Some of the best scholars in the Empire were associated with Dr. Martin as assistants; and Tung, perhaps the leading scholar of China, a member of the Board of Foreign Affairs, gave constant attention and the finishing touches to this great work, which was published early in 1865.

That the government does not look upon this as a mere piece of fancy-work is proved by the fact that copies are sent to officials in all parts of the Empire, especially on the coast, as also by the following circumstance. During the late war between Prussia and Denmark, the Prussian fleet in Chinese waters seized two Danish vessels. One of these was captured while at anchor within three miles of the shore; in the other instance, the Prussian, while anchored within the three-mile limit, sent its boats to capture the Danish vessel outside these bounds. The translation of Wheaton was not yet published; but its principles seem to have become familiar to some of the high officials, for the government instantly demanded the release of the vessels, on the ground that their capture was an infringement upon the neutrality of the Emperor. Much to the astonishment of the Prussian minister, the government quoted in support of its position decisions exactly covering the cases, and which had been rendered against England, by English law officers, during the war with America.

The establishment by government of a school in which foreign languages and other subjects are taught is another step

forward; for from this school are to be taken interpreters and secretaries for envoys to the West, and for officials at the treaty ports.*

In looking over the history of affairs at Peking during the last six or seven years, one hardly knows which most to admire, the unexpectedly high degree of intelligence and statesmanship of some of the leading officials, or the wise diplomacy of the foreign ambassadors in turning these to account. But the same history exposes the weak points of Chinese administration, and the existence of a public opinion that demands to be consulted. For example, when Mr. Lay, having, by authority from the government, organized a flotilla, entered into an agreement with the commander, Captain Osborne, that he should act only under orders from Peking, he transcended not only the limits of his own power, but likewise those of the central government. It may be well to review briefly this transaction, which threatened to lead to disagreeable results.

The increase of piracy and smuggling along the coast and on the rivers called for action on the part of the government, unless it were willing to have the police duty of the Chinese waters exercised by foreign men-of-war. The Board of Foreign Affairs, therefore, authorized Mr. H. N. Lay, the Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs, to contract for the building in England of a flotilla of gunboats, which should form a portion of the naval force of the Empire, and be officered and in part manned by Englishmen. A fine fleet of eight steamers was accordingly built and sent out to China, and the command, with the rank of admiral, given to Captain Sherard Osborne, one of the best officers of the British navy.

The agreement between Lay and Osborne contained a pledge to the latter that he should be responsible only to the central government at Peking, at the same time binding him to act upon no orders, even from the Emperor, unless they had first received the sanction of Lay. This agreement the govern-

* This school has lately been enlarged in its plan, and is now called the University of Peking. Its president is one of the highest and most learned of the Chinese ministers, while an able corps of professors from the West has been attached to it.

ment refused to recognize, not only because it had no wish to put supreme power into the hands of its chief of the customs service, but also because the theory and practice of government in China required that the authority over the navy should be vested in the viceroys of the provinces in which its services might be needed. Thereupon, Captain Osborne, declining to be placed in subjection to provincial officials, resigned his position; Mr. Lay was dismissed from service; and the vessels were sent back to England, where they were sold on account of the imperial government.

Thus was this costly and much needed squadron lost to China, not simply because Mr. Lay had assumed to make himself the arbitrating medium through which the admiral should receive the imperial orders, but quite as much because of the fear of the Regency to assume a responsibility which by custom belonged to the provincial authorities.

How much greater the powers of the Emperor may be than those of the Regency, which will end when the Emperor decides to take the reins into his own hands, is a difficult question; but the strong language of censors in memorials to the throne reveals the existence of checks on the imperial will that have their origin in public opinion, whether this be the sentiment of the people generally, as is most likely, or of the large class of literati, or simply of the great body of officials.

The existence of such a powerful public influence should admonish us that the field of our labor is not confined to Peking and the government alone. Great as is the advance already made, we have on our part to show the people throughout the Empire that a treaty is not a mere concession obtained by force, and binding only the conquered.

How easily public opinion concerning us is formed was well shown in the province of Hunan in 1862. An English gunboat at Hankan burned a junk which was conveying soldiers to Nanking. The soldiers had brutally assaulted an Englishman, and with a precipitation worthy of the old retaliation policy the junk was burned. But the vessel was private property, having been impressed in Hunan by the braves; and its destruction, instead of being a punishment of the offenders, incensed the whole population of Eastern Hunan. Know-

ing no difference among foreigners, the inhabitants of that province visited on the heads of the Catholic missionaries the offence of the English gunboat, destroying the missions, and barely allowing the priests to escape alive. So strong was the hatred towards the foreigner, a feeling first communicated along the great transit route from Canton, and increased by this blind act of retaliation, that in 1863 the writer found it impossible to penetrate to Southern Hunan with safety.

In strong contrast to this stands the treatment shown to foreigners through Northern China: all who have travelled in that part of the Empire will bear witness to the friendliness of the people.

It is not enough that the government at Peking understands the whole meaning of the treaties, the privileges and obligations mutually conferred and exacted, and that it appreciates the importance to China of the plans followed and recommended by the foreign ministers; it is absolutely necessary that this knowledge should extend to the whole wide-spread body of officials, and further yet to the people at large. The treaties have been published throughout the Empire, and the mandarins ordered to abide by them; but it requires time for the officials to learn the meaning of such innovations. Then, too, aside from the weakness of the central government, the local authorities have really little power over the people. An official would gladly pay a considerable sum to any foreigner to bribe him to avoid the limits of his authority, so much do they fear popular disturbances, which they are powerless to quell. The authority of the mandarin is, indeed, in great measure dependent on the forbearance of the people, and is proportionate to his popularity. Few officials, even in sight of Peking, venture to resort to extreme measures.

From these considerations it appears how much the extension of our intercourse with this race into fields not yet opened by treaties will depend on the manner in which we meet the people, or rather upon the policy by which Western powers shall regulate the actions of their subjects. In China, the axiom, that the will of the people is the will of Heaven, and must be observed by the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, has during thousands of years been accepted as a fundamental principle of govern-

mental science, and continued disregard of it has always caused the overthrow of the aggressive dynasty. This axiom is as powerful to-day as ever, and it is probable that the Emperor would not dare to make a concession antagonistic to the wishes of the people, — and there is hardly a concession which we could now ask for that would not call forth a widespread opposition.

The foreign trade of China is as nothing, when compared with the increase which we have a right to hope for; but this increase will require the introduction of steamers throughout the immense network of inland waters, the construction of long lines of railways and telegraphs, and the development of a great mechanical industry on the basis of the boundless resources of the Empire in coal, iron, raw materials, labor, and capital.

We have no right to expect that the dense population of China will readily welcome these innovations. The government cannot force them on the people; their introduction can only follow a general conviction of the advantages to be derived from them. From the government we may ultimately get the right to reside in the interior, and to treat with its subjects for the purchase of property, right of way, &c.; but even this must be based on the strict observance of the treaties by foreigners.

There is little doubt that by exercising patience the prejudices that arise from ignorance of the principles of political economy will be gradually overcome. The Chinese are so essentially practical, and they are from childhood such adepts in the art of making commercial combinations, that we may reasonably expect a rapid introduction of the great modern instruments of material prosperity. The opening of the lower Yangtse to foreign steamers — a step rendered easy by the destruction of native shipping by the rebels — is instructing the native capitalists and the people generally in the advantages of steam transit, and many steamers are now owned by the former, while native passengers willingly pay higher fares for the privilege of being carried more quickly than by junks.

Many, if not all, of the wealthy Chinese merchants at the open ports appreciate already the advantages to be derived

from the introduction of modern improvements, and are ready to advance capital for that purpose, and the opposition of special interests will probably be overcome by driving the wedge gradually. But both the people and the government must first learn that foreign ideas and improvements are not intended to overthrow the national independence and the imperial authority.

Thus far nothing has been said concerning the missionary problem, — for it should not enter into the question of foreign policy. The zeal which urges the Catholic enthusiast to seek a martyr's crown in the interior is a fruitful source of trouble to France, the champion of the Church. As a religious movement, the Chinese government views the missionary enterprise with perfect indifference, but it fears its political bearings. The authority of the priest too often impairs that of the mandarin, though frequently in favor of justice. Were there danger of more general proselyting, the fear of the extension of priestly power would probably raise an active opposition to the missionaries, but at present the labors of the latter are mostly confined to the small cures that have descended from the past. Few new converts are made beyond the children saved from death or bought from poor parents.

The work of the Protestant missionaries has thus far done little toward complicating our relations with China. Confined mostly to the immediate neighborhood of the treaty ports, they interfere little with the local authorities, and their success is so slight, and even so doubtful, that the government now offers no opposition to their teaching.

In a conversation with Mr. Burlingame, one of the members of the Board of Foreign Affairs thus stated the views of the government. "Our sentiments are identical with yours, though they are expressed by different signs; and our religious principles are the same as yours, though they are clothed in different forms: that is to say, what you mean by 'Lord' we call 'Heaven.' It is not a firmament of stone or vapor that we worship, but the Spirit who dwells in Heaven. In the popular idolatry we put no faith whatever, but the Emperor makes use of it as an auxiliary power in governing the people. The teachers of every creed agree as

to the principles of virtue; any one of these systems will suffice to deter men from the perpetration of secret crimes, which the law of the land would be powerless to prevent. . . . . As a proof of our liberality, I may mention that we are even now inviting Christian missionaries to become the teachers of our children; and if Christian churches ever produce better citizens than Buddhist, or Christian schools better scholars than the Confucianist, we shall gladly acknowledge their work."

It is well for China that the Western powers have been represented at Peking by statesmen who had the wisdom to inaugurate a new policy, and the patience to carry it out through all the opposition they encountered. The co-operative policy, framed chiefly by Mr. Burlingame and Sir Frederick Bruce, with the approval of their colleagues, at the same time that it acts as a wholesome check on individual judgment, insures as far as possible the observance of the treaties by all parties; and while it exerts a strong pressure on the Chinese government, there is just enough diversity in the interests of the treaty powers, and enough of national jealousy, to guarantee that this pressure shall not be used unjustly.

Of the ministers who worked hand in hand in inaugurating the new policy, none are now in Peking. Sir Frederick Bruce, a true friend of America during its troubles, left China to represent his country at Washington. His death, last year, came at a time when his dispassionate judgment could not well be spared on either side of the Atlantic. How deeply interested he felt in the welfare of China will appear from the following extract from a letter addressed by him, a few weeks before his death, to the writer of this article.

"I have lost none of my interest in those countries [China and Japan], and sober reflection has only confirmed me in my high appreciation of the qualities of the people and of the statesmen of China. The great fact remains, that since 1860 they have pulled through their foreign difficulties, and have done much to improve their internal condition, without impairing their authority or their rights. We can claim for the 'co-operative policy,' that it contributed largely to that end; that the moderation impressed upon foreign ministers by their agreement to act together kept the individual repre-

sentatives within bounds; and that the support given to the custom-house system affords the best, and, indeed, the only, hope of assimilating pacifically the Chinese administration to the emergencies of Western intercourse and ideas. I believe, that, if the policy then sketched out is steadily adhered to, and the Chinese are brought to rely on our friendship and good faith, we shall have little cause to complain, and the march of progress will be soon accelerated. The speed with which changes are effected bears some ratio to the size of the area where the changes are to be introduced, and to the numbers of the nation which it is sought to impress, — a truth we are very apt to forget."

M. Berthémy, also an earnest worker in the framing of the co-operative policy, now represents his country at Washington.

Mr. Burlingame, after a short visit home in 1865, returned to Peking, where his position as senior member of the diplomatic corps, as well as his strong personal influence, enabled him to continue the harmonious action among the more newly arrived ministers, and between them and the Board of Foreign Affairs. The brilliant appointment which he has lately received from the Chinese government is an evidence both of the high estimation in which he is personally held, and of the successful working of the policy of which he was the most active framer.

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY.

ART. X. — 1. *Allegiance and Citizenship. An Inquiry into the Claim of European Governments to exact Military Service of Naturalized Citizens of the United States.* By GEORGE H. YEAMAN. Copenhagen. 1867.

2. *Recent Debates in Congress.* Congressional Globe. Washington. 1867, 1868.

THE last weighty question of international law which has arisen to vex the diplomatists of these busy times concerns expatriation and naturalization. Like so many of its predecessors, it has assumed the form of a conflict between the New

and the Old World, between new and old ideas, between the doctrine of progress and the belief in precedent. America is at issue with England; until within a few weeks she has been so with Prussia and the German States; and though the vastly smaller amount of emigration from other European countries has prevented much dispute with any of them, still none has ever acknowledged that it held our views. First, the question is, Whether or not the right of expatriation exists, except by statute, or by consent, otherwise expressed, of government. Next, What are the rights, and what is the national character, of a naturalized citizen at home, abroad, in the land of his birth, in peace, and in war? In the discussion of these topics no two nations of the civilized world will be found at quite the same stage of the road. America is at the head of the column; Great Britain lags in the extreme rear. The exigencies of the present time, however, have, in the opinion of our statesmen, rendered it not only desirable, but absolutely necessary, to gently goad the lingering steps of the rearward line.

America founds her theory on the broad, immovable basis of reason, abstract right, and the light of Nature. England takes her position on the weaker ground of human law and ancient precedent. Prussia and Germany have contented themselves with simply and resolutely asserting what they would do with persons of Prussian or German birth found on Prussian or German territory, as an individual may state what disposition he will make of his own property in his own hands. But one of the most cheerful gleams which have pierced the gloom of this troubled winter has been the announcement that Mr. Bancroft has succeeded in consummating a treaty with the Prussian government, by which the right of expatriation is admitted, and a person of Prussian birth who has resided in the United States for five consecutive years, and has been naturalized here, is recognized as having fully denationalized himself, and as being thereafter for all purposes, at all times and places, in all circumstances, an American citizen. Our success in this negotiation is due to the intelligent policy of Count Bismarck. In 1865 the same great statesman made a long stride towards us; but we were not willing to advance over the narrow debatable ground which still intervened. The

truth, as all Americans feel it, is, that, if we are right at all, we are right wholly. The right cannot be found at any half-way station, midway between the old doctrine and the new. Our theory rests altogether on pure reason; and if it is not utterly and absolutely truthful, then we cannot claim that it has any elements of truth whatever.

In England the matter has become subject of active discussion, and there are many indications of a rapid change of view. Able and cultivated Englishmen are dissatisfied with the position which the nation by its theory is compelled to hold. The vigorous and caustic pen of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, signing himself "Historicus," and his merciless *reductiones ad absurdum*, make his countrymen sensible of the weakness of the arguments in support of the British doctrine. He has the indorsement of the "Times," through whose columns his ideas have a wide and influential circulation; and he is further understood to be unofficially connected with the Foreign Office. The English doctrine is certainly so extravagant that there is no danger that any effort will ever be made to carry it out in its fulness. It declares that allegiance is indefeasible, — that the male issue of an English male subject, to the most distant generation, are and remain forever inalienable subjects of the British crown. This would make a very large proportion of the present population of this country liegemen of Queen Victoria: for all are such whose lineage on the male side can be traced back to an ancestor who, since the American Revolution, was a British subject. All this is too absurd to be insisted upon in practice. Still it is the English statute law, and officially it must be recognized in all its monstrosity as the English doctrine. It has its foundation in the old feudal principles of vassalage, when the vassals and their increase were *adscripti glebæ*, were bought and sold with the soil. In private life, this, of course, had, at a very early stage in the progress of civilization, to be abandoned; yet a modification of the same principle is still held to be the law, governing the relations between the British crown and its liegemen.

The English argument which seeks to sustain this doctrine is an artificial and technical mosaic of precedents and statutes.

It would better become a lawyer than a statesman. It is true that we ourselves are only less submissive to precedent than are the English. We study and respect it; yet our reverence for it, and our manner of using it, are widely different from those of our Transatlantic exemplars. An English statesman appeals to precedents as though they of themselves made right and wrong and *created* justice and reason. With us precedents are treated with just so much regard as their intrinsic truth entitles them to. We consult them for enlightenment and aid, and to gain renewed confidence in ourselves from the wisdom of others. But we are not blindly submissive to them. We acknowledge their usefulness in showing the doctrines of the country, and, *cæteris paribus*, we should follow their lead; but we do not regard them as eternal pledges of an unchangeable national principle. Above all, we use them as weapons with which to combat those who themselves rely upon such weapons and consider them to afford the highest arbitrament. If we can by precedent make good our point, or in any part strengthen it against an English minister, who regards precedent as an unanswerable argument, of course we bring forward the fruits of our historical research. It is because this furnishes us with a means of assault which our enemies will consider mighty, rather than because we ourselves hold it in similar estimation. Thus, when, as in the matter under discussion, we are accused of sudden tergiversation in the very teeth of our own record, when cavillers charge us with denying our own doctrines, and bidding others do just what we ourselves have never been willing to do, we can meet the attack with an unperturbed front.

The doctrine of indefeasible allegiance was one of the prejudices and errors which our forefathers brought over. In many important matters our nation entered upon its career with inherited English notions: those of them that are good we cherish; but we have not yet reached the end of our long task of plucking up and casting out the idle and the false. American beliefs have ever been as clay in the hands of that great potter, Reason. And therefore, as the course of events brought to our shores many millions of foreigners, — it is estimated that considerably over six millions have come here since 1790,

— and when these men and women, of all ages and various conditions in life, sought to set up their household gods among us, gave us the benefit of their knowledge, their skill, and their strength, and reared their children among us to continue in contributing the same advantages, we were obliged to ask ourselves what were our reciprocal duties towards these adopted children. Then a new light dawned upon us. Heretofore the questions of expatriation and naturalization had been of little importance, either in Europe or elsewhere. Isolated cases had attracted slight notice. The views of feudal sovereigns had found none who sought or who were able to test their soundness, and they had passed unchallenged. But a new state of affairs called imperatively for a new organization of national principles in these matters. Our municipal rights in the cases of these persons, that is, our power to invest them, as among ourselves, with the privileges of citizenship, such as the right of suffrage, &c., were undisputed; that we might also undertake to protect them in foreign parts was a duty or a burden readily conceded to us, since we were willing to assume it. The point at issue was, what relation a citizen of a foreign state, having voluntarily expatriated himself and been naturalized in this country, held towards the state of his birth. Here the doctrines of indefeasible and defeasible allegiance directly clashed. This country then took a ground which has since caused her, though unfairly, to be charged with inconsistency.

Our statesmen and diplomatists approached the subject, which had never before been fairly discussed, as if it were *nova quæstio.* They saw at once what was desirable, nay, what might be considered absolutely necessary to our national honor and to our future welfare. We must change the old rule, or we should have nearly as many British subjects as American citizens on our territory, not to mention large camps of Prussians, Germans, and others. Had this result been arrived at through subtle labyrinths of logic and the winding ways of technical sophistry, wherein plain reason is confounded, there would have been some ground for saying that self-interest was our guiding thread in the maze. When, however, we abjured such paths, and assumed only to make one direct stride to the fountain-head of everlasting truth and unchangeable right, we were

not open to such aspersions. We must then be met by answers, not by innuendoes. But diplomatists are cautious, and astute in avoiding difficulties; and each petty case, as it arose, involving the affairs only of some insignificant individual, after some letter-writing, was settled to the moderate satisfaction of both parties, without the laying down of any greater amount of unacceptable principle than was utterly unavoidable, and with no positive recession or compromise.

The first instance in which our policy was diplomatically announced in its present full and rounded shape was in 1859. But while American statesmen, with that freedom of motion which diplomates of every age and nation enjoy, had been advancing from darkness into light, and had taken at last a resolute and tenable position, the judiciary, shackled by the legal enactments of past times, were in no condition to adapt the law to the diplomacy of the age. This point ought to be better understood, at least by such writers as Mr. Vernon Harcourt, than it is, — or at least than they seem willing to confess that it is. In the absence of express statute, it is well understood that the old English common law, Ante-revolutionary English law statutes, and English legal precedents are recognized as authority in our courts, and as binding, except that in rare instances a decision may be reluctantly overruled. Thus, before our present theory of expatriation and naturalization had been perfected and adopted as the national theory, the courts had taken the old English view. They had done so with great caution and reluctance, and had avoided encountering the question by all possible arts of technical skill; still the current of their opinions and the sources from which they drew them left the matter in no doubt. Indeed, it is not clear, that, if the question were to arise to-day before the Supreme Court, (the pending Naturalization Bill being not yet an act,) that tribunal would feel authorized to decide otherwise than in accordance with the old English law. The courts are not to be blown about by every wind of doctrine. The correspondence of ministers of state is slender authority before the bench; and the dicta of the foreign office are not principles of law. Further, we must acknowledge that our present system has been developed in its full extent only of late years, and has had

official expression in very few instances. The only document of weight, of a legal character, so far as we are aware, in which a new view of the law is taken, is a late opinion of Attorney-General Black. This able paper, however, belongs rather to the department of state than of law. The learned gentleman stands wholly alone in his position, unsupported by, and even diametrically opposed to, all other professional authority. The opinion belongs to that class, well known to lawyers, which might be designated as *tentative* or *revolutionary*. Such opinions are given, when, for some strong reason, it is supposed that the courts may be willing to overrule or revise their previous decisions and adopt new views. In the case in hand, Mr. Black doubtless thought that it was worth while to try the temper of the court, and see how the manifest popular sentiment and the new diplomatic views might have affected it. It was probably with this experimental purpose that the opinion was written. It expressed what the writer thought, or *hoped, might thereafter be declared* law. But when foreigners taunt us with this state of our law, and reproach us with demanding of others that which we ourselves are unwilling to do the simple answer is, that such legislation as is required in order to bring about consistency on the part of our judiciary with our avowed governmental policy must be the first fruit of mutual agreement between ourselves and other nations. We shall not gratuitously fetter ourselves with such statutes until others will do likewise, or until we are resolved to enforce our doctrines by any means which may become necessary. Of the treaty made with Prussia and the North German Bund, Prussians and Germans naturalized in America will hereafter have the benefit in all our courts, as a law of the land.

We have said that our diplomatic policy has passed through a series of gradations, from a position not very far removed from that of England, to that point which we now occupy. It may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable briefly to trace this progress.

In 1840 a native of Prussia, previously naturalized in the United States, returned to Prussia, having, however, no idea of taking up his abode there permanently, or resuming his citizenship. The Prussian government demanded of him com-

pliance with their conscription laws. He claimed to be exempt, and appealed to Mr. Wheaton, then the American minister at Berlin. This gentleman declined to interfere, and wrote to the applicant himself, stating that in any country except Prussia he would have been protected as an American citizen; "but," he added, "having returned to the country of your birth, your native domicile and national character revert, (so long as you remain in the Prussion dominions,) and you are bound in all respects to obey the laws exactly as if you had never emigrated." This was laying down the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance in explicit and unmistakable terms. Even Mr. Webster, so late as 1852, went so far as to state that the native of a country which maintained the principle of indefeasible allegiance might, whenever found within the jurisdiction of that country, be held to military service under its laws. Early in 1853, Mr. Everett, apparently upon the strength of this despatch of Mr. Webster, took a similar ground, and has generally been cited as sustaining the same doctrine. Still, in the precise case in which he acted there was a distinguishing feature, the benefit of which he saved in these words: "If a Prussian subject chooses to emigrate to a foreign country *without obtaining the certificate which alone can discharge him from the obligation of military service*, he takes that step at his own risk"; or, in other words, if a state prescribes preliminary conditions to the expatriation of its citizens, those conditions must be complied with. This case of Mr. Everett's, then, differs in a vital point from its predecessors, and in fact is not fairly citable on either side of the controversy. It is a stepping-stone. Finally, when popular opinion, plain necessity, and sound argument had found their way into the American cabinet, and asserted supremacy over European statecraft and feudal precedents, Mr. Cass, in 1859, for the first time, laid down in plain language our new doctrine. He wrote in the following bold language to Mr. Wright at Berlin: "I confine the foreign jurisdiction in regard to our naturalized citizens to such of them as were in the army or actually called into it at the time they left Prussia, that is, to the case of actual desertion or refusal to enter the army after having been regularly drafted and called into it by the government to which

at the time they owed allegiance." It is needless to say that this position was not acceded to by the Prussian Court. But no recession from it has ever since been made by any officer of our government. Soon after, in 1860, in the case of a Frenchman, Michel Zeiter, Mr. Faulkner, then our minister to France, expressed the same view, with no less plainness and at greater length. The case came before the French courts, — it being in France a judicial question, — and was decided in favor of Zeiter, on the grounds laid down by Mr. Faulkner. Yet, in spite of this decision, it does not seem that the French principle corresponds with our own, though some writers of tolerable note have lately so interpreted it. The French law declares, that a Frenchman, obtaining naturalization in another country, by that act loses his character as a French citizen. It is clear from the context that this is intended as a species of penalty imposed on one who is regarded as a renegade. All the privileges of French citizenship are taken from him; in any trouble in foreign lands he can look for no aid or countenance from French officials. But it does not seem that this law is intended to renounce the rights of the French government in his case, should he ever return to France; he will then be held to all the duties of a French citizen, and may think himself lucky that he receives no specific punishment. Thus it seems to us clear that France is to be reckoned among the opponents of our doctrine, though the question has never assumed great importance between her and ourselves.

In our late war we subjected to draft all our Irish citizens, with whom by the English theory we had no right to meddle. But nothing was said on either side about this matter. We had our own way, uninterfered with, and of course we were satisfied. England did not care to go to war with us simply in order to vindicate for a host of her own bitterest enemies, who had abjured her and hated her and would have thronged to fight against her, the privilege of living in comfort in our land.

But now the Fenian excitement has aroused the dormant dispute; and it seems not unreasonable to fear, that, if diplomacy does not soon effect an amicable accord, some petty act, obstinately adhered to, may refer the whole question to the

arbitrament of war. But we have fair grounds for hoping, that, if we manage our negotiations with delicacy and skill, duly respecting the frailties of a proud and sensitive people, we shall find the barriers of ancient prejudice already undermined and tottering to their fall.

What, then, is the American position exactly? Simply this: There is no such thing as indefeasible allegiance; it is a chimera of the past. Every citizen of a foreign country, unless enrolled in the actual service of that country, or subject to a conscription actually ordered, or held for punishment, or for the performance of some contract binding upon him, has at any time the right to expatriate and denationalize himself, and to naturalize himself as the citizen of another country, — provided, of course, that country consents to receive him. After such naturalization, he becomes for all purposes, towards all countries, (that of his nativity no less than any other,) a citizen of his adopted country. Naturalized citizens of the United States stand upon precisely the same footing towards every other country in the world, and are entitled to precisely the same protection, as native-born citizens. Nor, though once so asserted by Mr. Webster, do we now admit that it makes any difference in this respect whether or not the nation of the citizen's birth recognizes the perfect right of denationalization. As has been said, we rest this doctrine not on any technical basis of legal argument, propped and stayed by diplomatic precedents, but we ground it simply and solely upon natural right; we go to first principles; we appeal to reason, to Nature, to common sense. Behind these impregnable ramparts we intrench ourselves against the forces of sophistry and antiquity. We believe that men are born into perpetual political servitude no more than they are born into perpetual domestic servitude. We believe, that, as men are clearly free to choose the climate best suited to their constitutions, the creeds best suited to their understandings, the callings best suited to their abilities, they are equally, and by a like birthright of our common humanity, no less clearly free to choose the nation or government fitted above others to their tastes or desires. This we hold to be an axiom, a dictate of Nature within us, which neither needs nor even admits

argument. That an Irishman, whose only privilege in his native land may have been that of starvation, who abhors England with an ingrained hatred, who has escaped from British territory, or has even been helped away by the British government by every means short of actual physical coercion, and this, it may be, in tender infancy, — that such a man cannot, after years of labor and prosperity, of opening intelligence, awakened interests and affections, new and binding ties of home and friendship, perhaps a term of patriotic military service, in an adopted land, become a citizen of that land, but that he is still to be held to a fanciful inherited allegiance, seems to us a statement too monstrous for confutation. The right of a man to choose his own country is a natural right: we hold it to be self-evident.

But this general doctrine is of course liable to certain reasonable limitations. Thus, if the emigrant before emigration has committed a crime, and flees his native land, leaving the debt of justice unpaid, he may upon his subsequent return be held to expiate it by the punishment in such cases made and provided. If in any voluntary contract, as of a business nature, he has failed to meet his obligations, he may at any time be held to their performance or be mulcted in damages, though he should return as the naturalized citizen of a foreign power. These are matters of municipal law. If he has been enlisted into military service, or has been drawn in a conscription actually ordered before his expatriation, he cannot evade his liability by subsequent emigration. This is evidently just. So long as he remains in the country, he takes his chances of any liability of a legal nature which may become fastened upon him; and when once so fastened, he can escape it only by such means as are recognized by the laws of the land. No foreign power can rightfully intervene to protect him from these consequences of his voluntary tarrying in his native land. Every sane man is supposed to contemplate the reasonable results of his own acts.

The notion, however, that so soon as a man is born he at once incurs a debt of military service to the state, which, if he lives to the requisite age, no intermediate act of expatriation can free him from, is not in itself just by abstract rules of

right, nor do we recognize any such principle. A child in tender infancy may be brought to this country, and grow up unable to speak a word of any language but English, with no ideas save such as he has gathered among American institutions; or a young man may have labored hard, denied himself every little pleasure of boyhood and early youth, for the express purpose of emigrating to our free country before the age of conscription. It would be diametrically opposed to the instinct of human freedom and the inalienable privileges of mankind to admit that such a person can be held to a long, ruinous, and perhaps fatal course of military service, because in later years he may return to pay a brief visit to an aged or a dying parent in the land of his birth. But this is a strictly partisan, so to speak, and American view of the case. The theory of Continental Europe is, that an infant comes into the world under obligation to discharge this military debt. They say, Is not the child protected during the feeble years of infancy and childhood, through the wild ignorance of early youth, before it becomes a self-protecting, self-sustaining creature, by the laws, the officials, and the purse of its native land? and shall it not for this pay the regular and customary price in a few brief years of military service? There is a certain plausibility in this argument, but there is just as plausible an argument on the other side. A young man, so soon as he becomes really of value either to himself or others, is seized and compelled to perform military service. But be it fairly understood that this is a species of payment in advance. In return, he is entitled afterwards to enjoy immunity and protection; but he is held to pay the price first, to prevent possible subsequent evasion by death, age, sickness, or other incapacity. He pays for his admission into what may be called a privileged guild. He pays for the benefit of those who are already members, and future candidates must in their due turn pay for his benefit. Having paid, he is then made free of the guild, and is entitled to enjoy all its privileges. Among these privileges is the right of thereafter living peaceably and undisturbed by his domestic hearth, of conducting his business and accumulating property without interruption, of marrying, of raising unto himself children, of having for himself, his wife, his children, his prop-

erty that protection which all freemen of the guild may claim, — a protection for which he has already paid the price. While those children are yet immature, they enjoy the fruits of his labors as much in the benefit of the laws as in their food and clothing. After they arrive at maturity, they must look to their own acts to insure them the continuance of these privileges, which they are thereafter to enjoy in their own right, and not in the right of another. If they wish to remain in the land, they must pay the fee. If they do not wish to do so, they must be careful, at their own proper peril, not to stay till the fee has fallen due. — But these arguments are alike empty on each side. They are well enough to be bandied between men who seek to outwit each other by chopping logic; but they are superficial frivolities, infinitely distant from the great root of the matter, which lies deep down among first principles, implanted by Nature in the breast of man. It is by virtue of these, and these alone, that we assert that any man who is under no *already incurred* actual obligation may change his nationality, and cannot be afterward held to the performance of a mere contingent or inchoate duty which his timely emigration prevented from ever maturing.

Before this question can be finally laid to rest, it will be necessary to decide precisely what shall amount to denationalization, — that is, at what stage the alteration of nationality is fully completed. In our own country the existing regulations on the subject are chaotic; every State has its own code, and scarcely two States agree. But this, so soon as it shall become needful, can, and of course will, be set right by Congress, which has power under the Constitution "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization," — a power which, in the present unsettled state of international law on the subject, it has never yet been deemed worth while to exercise. As a mere matter of extreme right, it is safe to say that the intent in good faith to change nationality, coupled with the necessary change of abode, could legally be declared sufficient. This is what on abstract theory would be justifiable. Though we ought, perhaps, to add to it, that, if the country of primary citizenship requires certain disavowals, or registration, or compliance with other formalities not unjustly restraining the freedom of the person, these for-

malities should be duly complied with by all persons of age sufficient to comprehend and satisfy them. This would seem a fair preliminary condition. Yet, when we say that this is the correct abstract rule, we do not mean to assert that it would be either practicable or desirable to adopt this rule without modification. We only lay it down as the extreme boundary, within which we may negotiate and arrange as we may see fit. Wisdom for ourselves, no less than courtesy to others, may induce us to keep very far within it. No country is prepared to have citizens poured into it like water into a bucket, but prefers rather that they should come through some sort of filter. Some preparation is requisite to enable them to comprehend the nature of the duties and responsibilities which they are about to assume. Without such preparation, the immediate and unrestricted exercise of their novel and unappreciated privileges must be attended with many prejudicial results. They must be educated into some comprehension, however slight, of the nature of the institutions of their adopted country, before they can be permitted to aid in the working or alteration of those institutions. The regulations which any nation may see fit to make concerning this probationary period are matters of strictly municipal law. They are cognate to the business of internal police, which every nation must always be entitled to manage at its own discretion.

Whether any and what formalities of time or other description shall be gone through with, as between nations themselves, is the important matter, which must be discussed by diplomatists, and settled in every case by treaty. Concerning this there is no set of rules which can be called absolutely binding, as embodying natural, inherent, and necessary right. Expediency and common convenience must govern. This part of the question is invested with many and serious practical difficulties. A perfect theory needs perfect men. Trouble lurks in the requisition of "good faith." If a man's intent were a visible, tangible thing, like his features, which must be worn open to inspection, we should do very well. But so long as rascals for their private ends will not stick at deception, or even perjury, and so long as honest men will indulge in the chimera of pious frauds, so long our perplexities must be end-

less. A voyage over seas, or a trip across country, followed by the lip-service of an oath beginning, "I intend," &c., cannot fairly be claimed as omnipotent to change nationality. In fact, one man may, from his honest intent, be entitled to claim citizenship so soon as he sets foot on our shores; another may have lived here ten years, and gone through all the forms to superfluity, but, remaining all that time only a sojourner, with covert and fraudulent purposes, he may not be honestly entitled to protection as an American citizen. But how to distinguish between these two, so long as we refer the question to intent? In ordinary private litigation, questions of intent are daily left to juries. But suppose three or four regiments of Fenians, who had previously been naturalized in this country, should be surrounded and captured by a British force in Ireland. Here would be several thousand obscure cases, each one of which must separately drag through the tedious and expensive complications of a jury trial. Probably not in half a dozen would one tittle of evidence be obtainable. Yet it is clear that an Irishman may combine the *bona fide* character of an American citizen with that of an armed Fenian. Thus it seems that the practical difficulties must drive us to some international stipulation, whereby an artificial test shall be set up as primarily conclusive, — as final in all cases save where such convincing contrary proof can be brought as to render the adopted country willing to acquiesce in the condemnation of the man as a fraudulent claimant of citizenship, or the injured country willing to go to war to salve her wrong. In this connection, and to this end, it has been wisely suggested, that, if a naturalized emigrant should subsequently be taken in arms against his native country, (except in case of war betwixt the native and the adopted country,) he should be deemed by that act to have repudiated his new citizenship, and should be stripped of his right to the protection of his new government. Something like this would seem to be no more than a fair way of meeting the awkward exigencies of this branch of the question. Perhaps it would be advisable to restrict such a provision to cases in which the subject is found engaged in civil wars or disturbances in his native land. Whatever slight objections may be urged against

this plan, it seems that there is a vast preponderance of sound reason in its favor. It is a concession which the one country must in all human weakness be expected to ask, and which the other, for the sake of courtesy and of saving herself useless trouble and not honorable perplexities, for the sake of keeping herself from the complications and snares of international requirements, would naturally be even more ready to yield, nay, to insist upon yielding.

In our treaty with Prussia and the North German Bund we have agreed that five years' uninterrupted residence in the United States shall be considered proof of a *bona fide* intent. This is a purely arbitrary arrangement. It is based on the supposition that it will in the vast majority of cases work justice. But there is no intrinsic virtue in this number of years, which renders it an unerring test. It is assumed as the best one practicable. It is, therefore, not in the nature of a compromise of our principle. We simply recognize it as reasonable that Prussia should have some convincing evidence of the *bona fides* of her emigrants, and by common agreement residence of this duration is admitted as a satisfactory test. This provision of course does not preclude us from investing Prussian emigrants with all the *domestic* privileges of citizenship, as among ourselves, at any time before the lapse of the five years; it only declares that Prussia shall not be required to acknowledge the change of nationality until the conclusion of that term.

The cry for the protection of our naturalized citizens rises loudly on every side. Of course we must protect them. One who in the ripeness of his intelligence has deliberately transferred his person, his fortune, his knowledge, skill, and labor, his aid and affections to us, deserves no less of us than one who happened by accident to be born on our territory. The righteousness of this is plain. But there is a strange vagueness in the ideas of many, even of those who should be better informed as to the true nature and rightful extent of this just protection. Strange fallacies prevail. Some persons even labor under the remarkable hallucination that an American Fenian taken in Ireland red-handed is entitled to instant and honorable liberation, and to a gentlemanly apology from the English magis-

trate. The simple fact is, that such a man could not be tried for treason, nor punished as a traitor. But he is liable to be punished by English law for breach of the peace, murder, arson, or other offence whatever, which he may have committed. If the English law makes a distinction by reason of the motive, and says that a blow stimulated by political hostility shall be punished by a heavier fine or a longer imprisonment than one stimulated by criminal hostility, this is a municipal or police regulation with which we can find no fault, so long as no distinction against the prisoner is made by reason of his birth in the ligeance of the British crown. This principle is so evident that it would seem superfluous to notice it even thus briefly, had it not been so grossly misunderstood and so often ignored. The question is chiefly interesting to lawyers, and would generally make but little difference to the accused. It is only where the ordinary offence does not admit of so severe a penalty as is inflicted for treason, that the criminal would reap any benefit from the distinction.

When the real merits of the points in dispute between the United States and England are examined, it certainly seems as if neither country were actuated by self-interest. England has found in emigration a safety-valve. She has encouraged it, even to the extent of paying the expenses of emigrants. What folly, then, to insist upon retaining the right to the allegiance of these men whom she herself has thrust out! The unreasonable and vexatious pretence irritates and embitters that rancorous animosity which she ought to wish to see smoulder gradually to extinction. But for us the disadvantages of the new theory threaten to be far greater. If our naturalized Irish citizens, returning to share in the troubles of their native land, are there to be regarded as English subjects, what an onerous burden of responsibility is lifted from our shoulders! we then may placidly wash our hands of all the stains of blood and gunpowder. But if they could claim the privileges of American citizens, we should be under obligations towards them which we might find it an unwelcome and unfruitful task to fulfil. Nor could we long escape the complicated requirements of international law, and the perplexities of the rules of neutrality, which would, inevitably, soon entangle us in respon-

sibilities and lay us under duties towards the English government which we could not safely or honorably shun, but to which it would cost us infinite vexation and annoyance to respond. Many a rich man has been ruined by a too careless and extensive indorsement of other persons' paper; and the habit is as dangerous in politics as in business. All this we say, however, not as furnishing any inducement to desist in pressing for the acknowledgment of our theory. That is a matter of honor and conscience; and we cannot and shall not desist, from any motive of selfishness. But our action should be placed fairly and clearly in the true light, that it may be understood fully, both at home and abroad, that no national greediness or morbid love of aggrandizement influences us, but that we are performing a duty, to our own not improbable annoyance and peril, simply because it is a duty which we cannot evade without loss of dignity and self-respect.

JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

ART. XI. — SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE.

MANY years ago, while yet Fancy claimed that right in me which Fact has since, to my no small loss, so successfully disputed, I pleased myself with imagining the play of Hamlet published under some *alias*, and as the work of a new candidate in literature. Then I *played*, as the children say, that it came in regular course before some well-meaning doer of criticisms, who had never read the original, (no very wild assumption, as things go,) and endeavored to conceive the kind of way in which he would be likely to take it. I put myself in his place, and tried to write such a perfunctory notice as I thought would be likely, in filling his column, to satisfy his conscience. But it was a *tour de force* quite beyond my power to execute without grimace. I could not arrive at that artistic absorption in my own conception which would enable me to be natural, and found myself, like a bad actor, continually betraying my self-consciousness by my very endeavor to hide it under cari-

cature. The path of Nature is indeed a narrow one, and it is only the immortals that seek it, and, when they find it, do not find themselves cramped therein. My result was a dead failure, — satire instead of comedy. I could not shake off that strange accumulation which we call self, and report honestly what I saw and felt even to myself, much less to others.

Yet I have often thought, that, unless we can so far free ourselves from our own prepossessions as to be capable of bringing to a work of art some freshness of sensation, and receiving from it in turn some new surprise of sympathy and admiration, — some shock even, it may be, of instinctive distaste and repulsion, — though we may praise or blame, weighing our *pros* and *cons* in the nicest balances, sealed by proper authority, yet we shall not criticise in the highest sense. On the other hand, unless we admit certain principles as fixed beyond question, we shall be able to render no adequate judgment, but only to record our impressions, which may be valuable or not, according to the greater or less ductility of the senses on which they are made. Charles Lamb, for example, came to the old English dramatists with the feeling of a discoverer. He brought with him an alert curiosity, and everything was delightful simply because it was strange. Like other early adventurers, he sometimes mistakes shining sand for gold; but he had the great advantage of not feeling himself responsible for the manners of the inhabitants he found there, and not thinking it needful to make them square with any Westminster Catechism of æsthetics. Best of all, he does not feel compelled to compare them with the Greeks, about whom he knew little, and cared less. He takes them as he finds them, describes them in a few pregnant sentences, and displays his specimens of their growth and manufacture. When he arrives at the dramatists of the Restoration, so far from being shocked, he is charmed with their pretty and unmoral ways; and what he says of them reminds us of blunt Captain Dampier, who, in his account of the island of Timor, remarks, as a matter of no consequence, that the natives "take as many wives as they can maintain, and as for religion, they have none."

Lamb had the great advantage of seeing the elder dramatists as they were; it did not lie within his province to point out

what they were not. Himself a fragmentary writer, he had more sympathy with imagination where it gathers into the intense focus of passionate phrase than with that higher form of it, where it is the faculty that shapes, gives unity of design and balanced gravitation of parts. And yet it is only this higher form of it which can unimpeachably assure to any work the dignity and permanence of a classic; for it results in that exquisite something called Style, which, like the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness. On a lower plane we may detect it in the structure of a sentence, in the limpid expression that implies sincerity of thought; but it is only where it combines and organizes, where it eludes observation in particulars to give the rarer delight of perfection as a whole, that it belongs to art. Then it is truly ideal, the *forma mentis æterna*, not as a passive mould into which the thought is poured, but as the conceptive energy which finds all material plastic to its preconceived design. Mere vividness of expression, such as makes quotable passages, comes of the complete surrender of self to the impression, whether spiritual or sensual, of the moment. It is a quality, perhaps, in which the young poet is richer than the mature, his very inexperience making him more venturesome in those leaps of language that startle us with their rashness only to bewitch us the more with the happy ease of their accomplishment. For this there are no existing laws of rhetoric, for it is from such felicities that the rhetoricians deduce and codify their statutes. It is something which cannot be improved upon or cultivated, for it is immediate and intuitive. But this power of expression is subsidiary, and goes only a little way toward the making of a great poet. Imagination, where it is truly creative, is a faculty, and not a quality; it looks before and after, it gives the form that makes all the parts work together harmoniously toward a given end, its seat is in the higher reason, and it is efficient only as a servant of the will. Imagination, as it is too often misunderstood, is mere fantasy, the image-making power, common to all who have the gift of dreams, or who can afford to buy it in a vulgar drug as De Quincey bought it.

The true poetic imagination is of one quality, whether it be ancient or modern, and equally subject to those laws of grace, of proportion, of design, in whose free service, and in that alone, it can become art. Those laws are something which do not

> "alter when they alteration find,
> And bend with the remover to remove."

And they are more clearly to be deduced from the eminent examples of Greek literature than from any other source. It is the advantage of this select company of ancients that their works are defecated of all turbid mixture of contemporaneousness, and have become to us pure *literature*, our judgment and enjoyment of which cannot be vulgarized by any prejudices of time or place. This is why the study of them is fitly called a liberal education, because it emancipates the mind from every narrow provincialism whether of egoism or tradition, and is the apprenticeship that every one must serve before becoming a free brother of the guild which passes the torch of life from age to age. There would be no dispute about the advantages of that Greek culture which Schiller advocated with such generous eloquence, if the great authors of antiquity had not been degraded from teachers of thinking to drillers in grammar, and made the ruthless pedagogues of root and inflection, instead of companions for whose society the mind must put on her highest mood. The discouraged youth too naturally transfers the epithet of *dead* from the languages to the authors that wrote in them. What concern have we with the shades of dialect in Homer or Theocritus, provided they speak the spiritual *lingua franca* that abolishes all alienage of race, and makes whatever shore of time we land on hospitable and homelike? There is much that is deciduous in books, but all that gives them a title to rank as literature in the highest sense is perennial. Their vitality is the vitality not of one or another blood or tongue, but of human nature; their truth is not topical and transitory, but of universal acceptation; and thus all great authors seem the coevals not only of each other, but of whoever reads them, growing wiser with him as he grows wise, and unlocking to him one secret after another as his own life and experience give him the key, but on no other condition.

Their meaning is absolute, not conditional; it is a property of *theirs*, quite irrespective of manners or creed; for the highest culture, the development of the individual by observation, reflection, and study, leads to one result, whether in Athens or in London. The more we know of ancient literature, the more we are struck with its modernness, just as the more we study the maturer dramas of Shakespeare, the more we feel his nearness in certain primary qualities to the antique and classical. Yet even in saying this, I tacitly make the admission that it is the Greeks who must furnish us with our standard of comparison. Their stamp is upon all the allowed measures and weights of æsthetic criticism. Nor does a consciousness of this, nor a constant reference to it, in any sense reduce us to the mere copying of a bygone excellence; for it is the test of excellence in any department of art, that it can never be bygone, and it is not mere difference from antique models, but the *way* in which that difference is shown, the direction it takes, that we are to consider in our judgment of a modern work. The model is not there to be copied merely, but that the study of it may lead us insensibly to the same processes of thought by which its purity of outline and harmony of parts were attained, and enable us to feel that strength is consistent with repose, that multiplicity is not abundance, that grace is but a more refined form of power, and that a thought is none the less profound that the limpidity of its expression allows us to measure it at a glance. To be possessed with this conviction gives us at least a determinate point of view, and enables us to appeal a case of taste to a court of final judicature, whose decisions are guided by immutable principles. When we hear of certain productions, that they are feeble in design, but masterly in parts, that they are incoherent, to be sure, but have great merits of style, we know that it cannot be true; for in the highest examples we have, the master is revealed by his plan, by his power of making all accessories, each in its due relation, subordinate to it, and that to limit style to the rounding of a period or a distich is wholly to misapprehend its truest and highest function. Donne is full of salient verses that would take the rudest March winds of criticism with their beauty, of

thoughts that first tease us like charades and then delight us with the felicity of their solution; but these have not saved him. He is exiled to the limbo of the formless and the fragmentary. To take a more recent instance, — Wordsworth had, in some respects, a deeper insight, and a more adequate utterance of it, than any man of his generation. But it was a piecemeal insight and utterance; his imagination was feminine, not masculine, receptive, and not creative. His longer poems are Egyptian sand-wastes, with here and there an oasis of exquisite scenery, a grand image, Sphinx-like, half buried in drifting commonplaces, or the solitary Pompey's Pillar of some towering thought. But what is the fate of a poet who owns the quarry, but cannot build the poem? Ere the century is out he will be nine parts dead, and immortal only in that tenth part of him which is included in a thin volume of "beauties." Already Moxon has felt the need of extracting this essential oil of him; and his memory will be kept alive, if at all, by the precious material rather than the workmanship of the vase that contains his heart. And what shall we forebode of so many modern poems, full of splendid passages, beginning everywhere and leading nowhere, reminding us of nothing so much as the amateur architect who planned his own house, and forgot the staircase that should connect one floor with another, putting it as an afterthought on the outside?

Lichtenberg says somewhere, that it was the advantage of the ancients to write before the great art of writing ill had been invented; and Shakespeare may be said to have had the good luck of coming after Spenser (to whom the debt of English poetry is incalculable) had reinvented the art of writing well. But Shakespeare arrived at a mastery in this respect which sets him above all other poets. He is not only superior in degree, but he is also different in kind. In that less purely artistic sphere of style which concerns the matter rather than the form his charm is often unspeakable. How perfect his style is may be judged from the fact that it never curdles into mannerism, and thus absolutely eludes imitation. Though here, if anywhere, the style is the man, yet it is noticeable only, like the images of Brutus, by its absence, so thoroughly is he absorbed in his work, while he fuses thought and word

indissolubly together, till all the particles cohere by the best virtue of each. With perfect truth he has said of himself that he writes

> "all one, ever the same,
> Putting invention in a noted weed,
> That every word doth almost tell his name."

And yet who has so succeeded in imitating him as to remind us of him by even so much as the gait of a single verse? Those magnificent crystallizations of feeling and phrase, basaltic masses, molten and interfused by the primal fires of passion, are not to be reproduced by the slow experiments of the laboratory striving to parody creation with artifice. Mr. Matthew Arnold seems to think that Shakespeare has damaged English poetry. I wish he had! It is true he lifted Dryden above himself in "All for Love"; but it was Dryden who said of him, by instinctive conviction rather than judgment, that within his magic circle none dare tread but he. Is he to blame for the extravagances of modern diction, which are but the reaction of the brazen age against the degeneracy of art into artifice, that has characterized the silver period in every literature? The quality in him which makes him at once so thoroughly English and so thoroughly cosmopolitan is that aeration of the understanding by the imagination which he has in common with all the greater poets, and which is the privilege of genius. The modern school, which mistakes violence for intensity, seems to catch its breath when it finds itself on the verge of natural expression, and to say to itself, "Good heavens! I had almost forgotten I was inspired!" But of Shakespeare we do not even suspect that he ever remembered it. He does not always speak in that intense way that flames up in Lear and Macbeth through the rifts of a soil volcanic with passion. He allows us here and there the repose of a commonplace character, the consoling distraction of a humorous one. He knows how to be equable and grand without effort, so that we forget the altitude of thought to which he has led us, because the slowly receding slope of a mountain stretching downward by ample gradations gives a less startling impression of height than to look over the edge of a ravine that makes but a wrinkle in its flank.

Shakespeare has been sometimes taxed with the barbarism of profuseness and exaggeration. But this is to measure him by a Sophoclean scale. The simplicity of the antique tragedy is by no means that of expression, but is of form merely. In the utterance of great passions, something must be indulged to the extravagance of Nature; the subdued tones to which pathos and sentiment are limited cannot express a tempest of the soul. The range between the piteous "no more but so," in which Ophelia compresses the heart-break whose compression was to make her mad, and that sublime appeal of Lear to the elements of Nature, only to be matched, if matched at all, in the "Prometheus," is a wide one, and Shakespeare is as truly simple in the one as in the other. The simplicity of poetry is not that of prose, nor its clearness that of ready apprehension merely. To a subtile sense, a sense heightened by sympathy, those sudden fervors of phrase, gone ere one can say it lightens, that show us Macbeth groping among the complexities of thought in his conscience-clouded mind, and reveal the intricacy rather than enlighten it, while they leave the eye darkened to the literal meaning of the words, yet make their logical sequence, the grandeur of the conception, and its truth to Nature clearer than sober daylight could. There is an obscurity of mist rising from the undrained shallows of the mind, and there is the darkness of thunder-cloud gathering its electric masses with passionate intensity from the clear element of the imagination, not at random or wilfully, but by the natural processes of the creative faculty, to brood those flashes of expression that transcend rhetoric, and are only to be apprehended by the poetic instinct.

In that secondary office of imagination, where it serves the artist, not as the reason that shapes, but as the interpreter of his conceptions into words, there is a distinction to be noticed between the higher and lower mode in which it performs its function. It may be either creative or pictorial, may body forth the thought or merely image it forth. With Shakespeare, for example, imagination seems immanent in his very consciousness; with Milton, in his memory. In the one it sends, as if without knowing it, a fiery life into the verse,

> "Sei die Braut das Wort,
> Bräutigam der Geist";

in the other it elaborates a certain pomp and elevation. Accordingly, the bias of the former is toward over-intensity, of the latter toward over-diffuseness. Shakespeare's temptation is to push a willing metaphor beyond its strength, to make a passion over-inform its tenement of words; Milton cannot resist running a simile on into a fugue. One always fancies Shakespeare *in* his best verses, and Milton at the keyboard of his organ. Shakespeare's language is no longer the mere vehicle of thought, it has become part of it, its very flesh and blood. The pleasure it gives us is unmixed, direct, like that from the smell of a flower or the flavor of a fruit. Milton sets everywhere his little pitfalls of bookish association for the memory. I know that Milton's manner is very grand. It is slow, it is stately, moving as in triumphal procession, with music, with historic banners, with spoils from every time and every region, and captive epithets, like huge Sicambrians, thrust their broad shoulders between us and the thought whose pomp they decorate. But it is manner, nevertheless, as is proved by the ease with which it is parodied, by the danger it is in of degenerating into mannerism whenever it forgets itself. Fancy a parody of Shakespeare, — I do not mean of his words, but of his *tone*, for that is what distinguishes the master. You might as well try it with the Venus of Milo. In Shakespeare it is always the higher thing, the thought, the fancy, that is pre-eminent; it is Cæsar that draws all eyes, and not the chariot in which he rides, or the throng which is but the reverberation of his supremacy. If not, how explain the charm with which he dominates in all tongues, even under the disenchantment of translation? Among the most alien races he is as solidly at home as a mountain seen from different sides by many lands, itself superbly solitary, yet the companion of all thoughts and domesticated in all imaginations.

In description Shakespeare is especially great, and in that instinct which gives the peculiar quality of any object of contemplation in a single happy word that colors the impression on the sense with the mood of the mind. Most descriptive poets seem to think that a hogshead of water caught at the spout will give us a livelier notion of a thunder-shower than the sullen muttering of the first big drops upon the roof.

They forget that it is by suggestion, not cumulation, that profound impressions are made upon the imagination. Milton's parsimony (so rare in him) makes the success of his

> "Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
> Wept at completion of the mortal sin."

Shakespeare understood perfectly the charm of indirectness, of making his readers seem to discover for themselves what he means to show them. If he wishes to tell that the leaves of the willow are gray on the under side, he does not make it a mere fact of observation by bluntly saying so, but makes it picturesquely reveal itself to us as it might in Nature: —

> "There is a willow grows athwart the flood,
> That shows his *hoar* leaves in the glassy stream."

Where he goes to the landscape for a comparison, he does not ransack wood and field for specialties, as if he were gathering simples, but takes one image, obvious, familiar, and makes it new to us either by sympathy or contrast with his own immediate feeling. He always looked upon Nature with the eyes of the mind. Thus he can make the melancholy of autumn or the gladness of spring alike pathetic: —

> "That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
> When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang
> Upon those boughs that shake against the cold,
> Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

Or again: —

> "From thee have I been absent in the spring,
> When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
> That heavy Saturn leaped and laughed with him."

But as dramatic poet, Shakespeare goes even beyond this, entering so perfectly into the consciousness of the characters he himself has created, that he sees everything through their peculiar mood, and makes every epithet, as if unconsciously, echo and re-echo it. Theseus asks Hermia, —

> "Can you endure the livery of a nun,
> For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
> To live a *barren* sister all your life,
> Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitless* moon?"

When Romeo must leave Juliet, the private pang of the lovers becomes a property of Nature herself, and

"*Envious* streaks
Do lace the *severing* clouds in yonder east."

But even more striking is the following instance from Macbeth: —

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal enterance of Duncan
Under your battlements."

Here Shakespeare, with his wonted tact, makes use of a vulgar superstition, of a type in which mortal presentiment is already embodied, to make a common ground on which the hearer and Lady Macbeth may meet. After this prelude we are prepared to be possessed by her emotion more fully, to feel in her ears the dull tramp of the blood that seems to make the raven's croak yet hoarser than it is, and to betray the stealthy advance of the mind to its fell purpose. For Lady Macbeth hears not so much the voice of the bodeful bird as of her own premeditated murder, and we are thus made her shuddering accomplices before the fact. Every image receives the color of the mind, every word throbs with the pulse of one controlling passion. The epithet *fatal* makes us feel the implacable resolve of the speaker, and shows us that she is tampering with her conscience by putting off the crime upon the prophecy of the Weird Sisters to which she alludes. In the word *battlements*, too, not only is the fancy led up to the perch of the raven, but a hostile image takes the place of a hospitable; for men commonly speak of receiving a guest under their roof or within their doors. That this is not over-ingenuity, seeing what is not to be seen, nor meant to be seen, is clear to me from what follows. When Duncan and Banquo arrive at the castle, their fancies, free from all suggestion of evil, call up only gracious and amiable images. The raven was but the fantastical creation of Lady Macbeth's over-wrought brain.

"This castle has a pleasant seat, the air
Nimbly and sweetly doth commend itself
Unto our gentle senses.
This *guest* of summer,
The *temple-haunting* martlet, doth approve
By his *loved mansionry* that the heaven's breath
Smells *wooingly* here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, or coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle."

The contrast here cannot but be as intentional as it is marked. Every image is one of welcome, security, and confidence. The summer, one may well fancy, would be a very different hostess from her whom we have just seen expecting *them*. And why *temple-haunting*, unless because it suggests sanctuary? *O immaginativa, che si ne rubi delle cose di fuor*, how infinitely more precious are the inward ones thou givest in return! If all this be accident, it is at least one of those accidents of which only this man was ever capable. I divine something like it now and then in Æschylus, through the mists of a language which will not let me be sure of what I see, but nowhere else. Shakespeare, it is true, had, as respects English, the privilege which only first-comers enjoy. The language was still fresh from those sources at too great a distance from which it becomes fit only for the service of prose. Wherever he dipped, it came up clear and sparkling, undefiled as yet by the drainage of literary factories, or of those dye-houses where the machine-woven fabrics of sham culture are colored up to the last desperate style of sham sentiment. Those who criticise his diction as sometimes extravagant should remember that in poetry language is something more than merely the vehicle of thought, that it is meant to convey the sentiment as much as the sense, and that, if there is a beauty of use, there is often a higher use of beauty.

What kind of culture Shakespeare had is uncertain; how much he had is disputed; that he had as much as he wanted, and of whatever kind he wanted, must be clear to whoever considers the question. Dr. Farmer has proved, in his entertaining essay, that he got everything at second hand from translations, and that, where his translator blundered, he loyally blundered too. But Goethe, the man of widest acquirement in modern times, did precisely the same thing. In his character of poet he set as little store by useless learning as Shakespeare did. He learned to write hexameters, not from Homer, but from Voss, and Voss found them faulty; yet somehow *Hermann und Dorothea* is more readable than *Luise*. So far as all the classicism then attainable was concerned, Shakespeare got it as cheap as Goethe did, who always bought it ready-made. For such purposes of mere æsthetic nourishment

Goethe always milked other minds, — if minds those ruminators and digesters of antiquity into asses' milk may be called. There were plenty of professors who were forever assiduously browsing in vales of Enna and on Pentelican slopes among the vestiges of antiquity, slowly secreting lacteous facts, and not one of them would have raised his head from that exquisite pasturage, though Pan had made music through his pipe of reeds. Did Goethe wish to work up a Greek theme? He drove out Herr Böttiger, for example, among that fodder delicious to him for its very dryness, that sapless Arcadia of scholiasts, let him graze, ruminate, and go through all other needful processes of the antiquarian organism, then got him quietly into a corner and milked him. The product, after standing long enough, mantled over with the rich Goethean cream, from which a butter could be churned, if not precisely classic, quite as good as the ancients could have made out of the same material. But who has ever read the *Achilleis*, correct in all *un*essential particulars as it probably is?

It is impossible to conceive that a man, who, in other respects made such booty of the world around him, whose observation of manners was so minute, and whose insight into character and motives, as if he had been one of God's spies, was so unerring that we accept it without question, as we do Nature herself, and find it more consoling to explain his confessedly immense superiority by attributing it to a happy instinct rather than to the conscientious perfecting of exceptional powers till practice made them seem to work independently of the will which still directed them, — it is impossible that such a man should not also have profited by the converse of the cultivated and quick-witted men in whose familiar society he lived, that he should not have over and over again discussed points of criticism and art with them, that he should not have had his curiosity, so alive to everything else, excited about those ancients whom university men then, no doubt, as now, extolled without too much knowledge of what they really were, that he should not have heard too much rather than too little of Aristotle's *Poetics*, Quinctilian's *Rhetoric*, Horace's *Art of Poetry*, and the *Unities*, especially from Ben Jonson, — in short, that he who speaks of himself as

"Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what he most enjoyed contented least,"

and who meditated so profoundly on every other topic of human concern, should never have turned his thought to the principles of that art which was both the delight and business of his life, the bread-winner alike for soul and body. Was there no harvest of the ear for him whose eye had stocked its garners so full as wellnigh to forestall all after-comers? Did he who could so counsel the practisers of an art in which he never arrived at eminence, as in Hamlet's advice to the players, never take counsel with himself about that other art in which the instinct of the crowd, no less than the judgment of his rivals, awarded him an easy pre-eminence? If he had little Latin and less Greek, might he not have had enough of both for every practical purpose on this side pedantry? The most extraordinary, one might almost say contradictory, attainments have been ascribed to him, and yet he has been supposed incapable of what was within easy reach of every boy at Westminster School. There is a knowledge that comes of sympathy as living and genetic as that which comes of mere learning is sapless and unprocreant, and for this no profound study of the languages is needed.

If Shakespeare did not know the ancients, I think they were at least as unlucky in not knowing him. But is it incredible that he may have laid hold of an edition of the Greek tragedians, *Graecè et Latinè*, and then, with such poor wits as he was master of, contrived to worry some considerable meaning out of them? There are at least one or two coincidences which, whether accidental or not, are curious, and which I do not remember to have seen noticed. In the *Electra* of Sophocles, which is almost identical in its leading motive with *Hamlet*, the Chorus consoles Electra for the supposed death of Orestes in the same commonplace way which Hamlet's uncle tries with him.

Θνητοῦ πέφυκας πατρός, Ἠλέκτρα, φρόνει·
Θνητὸς δ' Ὀρέστης· ὥστε μὴ λίαν στένε,
Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῦτ' ὀφείλεται παθεῖν.

"Your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his. . . . .

But to perséver
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness. . . . .
'T is common ; all that live must die."

Shakespeare expatiates somewhat more largely, but the sentiment in both cases is almost verbally identical. The resemblance is probably a chance one, for commonplace and consolation were always twin sisters, whom always to escape is given to no man ; but it is nevertheless curious. Here is another, from the *Œdipus Coloneus* : —

Τοῖς τοι δικαίοις χὠ βραχὺς νικᾷ μέγαν,
" Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

The Greek dramatists were somewhat fond of a trick of words in which there is a reduplication of sense as well as of assonance,* as in the *Electra* : —

Ἄλεκτρα γηράσκουσαν ἀνυμέναιά τε.

So Shakespeare : —

" Unhouselled, disappointed, unaneled " ;

and Milton after him, or, more likely, after the Greek : —

" Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved."

I mention these trifles, in passing, because they have interested me, and therefore may interest others. I lay no stress upon them, for, if once the conductors of Shakespeare's intelligence had been put in connection with those Attic brains, he would have reproduced their message in a form of his own. They would have inspired, and not enslaved him. His resemblance to them is that of consanguinity, more striking in expression than in mere resemblance of feature. The likeness between the Clytemnestra — γυναικὸς ἀνδρόβουλον ἐλπίζον κέαρ — of Æschylus and the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare was too remarkable to have escaped notice. That between the two poets in their choice of epithets is as great, though more difficult of proof. Yet I think an attentive student of Shakespeare cannot fail to be reminded of something familiar to him in such

* The best instance I remember is in the *Frogs*, where Bacchus pleads his inexperience at the oar, and says he is

ἄπειρος, ἀθαλάττωτος, ἀσαλαμίνιος,

which might be rendered,

Unskilled, unsea-soned, and un-Salamised.

phrases as "flame-eyed fire," "flax-winged ships," "star-neighboring peaks," the rock Salmydessus,

> "Rude jaw of the sea,
> Harsh hostess of the seaman, step-mother
> Of ships,"

and the beacon with its "*speaking eye* of fire." Surely there is more than a verbal, there is a genuine, similarity between the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα and "the unnumbered beach" and "multitudinous sea." Æschylus, it seems to me, is willing, just as Shakespeare is, to risk the prosperity of a verse upon a lucky throw of words, which may come up the sices of hardy metaphor or the ambs-ace of conceit. There is such a difference between far-reaching and far-fetching! Poetry, to be sure, is always that daring one step beyond, which brings the right man to fortune, but leaves the wrong one in the ditch, and its law is, Be bold once and again, yet be not over-bold. It is true, also, that masters of language are a little apt to play with it. But whatever fault may be found with Shakespeare in this respect will touch a tender spot in Æschylus also. Does he sometimes overload a word, so that the language not merely, as Dryden says, bends under him, but fairly gives way, and lets the reader's mind down with the shock as of a false step in taste? He has nothing worse than πέλαγος ἀνθοῦν νεκροῖς. A criticism, shallow in human nature, however deep in Campbell's Rhetoric, has blamed him for making persons, under great excitement of sorrow, or whatever other emotion, parenthesize some trifling play upon words in the very height of their passion. Those who make such criticisms have either never felt a passion or seen one in action, or else they forget the exaltation of sensibility during such crises, so that the attention, whether of the senses or the mind, is arrested for the moment by what would be overlooked in ordinary moods. The more forceful the current, the more sharp the ripple from any alien substance interposed. A passion that looks forward, like revenge or lust or greed, goes right to its end, and is straightforward in its expression; but a tragic passion, which is in its nature unavailing, like disappointment, regret of the inevitable, or remorse, is reflective, and liable to be continually diverted by the suggestions of fancy. The one is a concentration of

the will, which intensifies the character and the phrase that expresses it; in the other, the will is helpless, and, as in insanity, while the flow of the mind sets imperatively in one direction, it is liable to almost ludicrous interruptions and diversions upon the most trivial hint of involuntary association. I am ready to grant that Shakespeare sometimes allows his characters to spend time, that might be better employed, in carving some cherry-stone of a quibble; that he is sometimes tempted away from the natural by the quaint; that he sometimes forces a partial, even a verbal, analogy between the abstract thought and the sensual image into an absolute identity, giving us a kind of serious pun. In a pun our pleasure arises from a gap in the logical nexus too wide for the reason, but which the ear can bridge in an instant. "Is that your own hare, or a wig?" The fancy is yet more tickled where logic is treated with a mock ceremonial of respect.

> "His head was turned, *and so* he chewed
> His pigtail till he died."

Now when this kind of thing is done in earnest, the result is one of those ill-distributed syllogisms which in rhetoric are called conceits.

> "Hard was the hand that struck the blow,
> Soft was the heart that bled."

I have seen this passage from Warner cited for its beauty, though I should have thought nothing could be worse, had I not seen General Morris's

> "Her heart and morning broke together
> In tears."

Of course, I would not rank with these Gloucester's

> "What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
> Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted";

though as mere rhetoric it belongs to the same class.* It might be defended as a bit of ghastly humor characteristic of the speaker. But at any rate it is not without precedent in the two greater Greek tragedians. In a chorus of the *Seven against Thebes* we have: —

* I have taken the first passage in point that occurred to my memory. It may not be Shakespeare's, though probably his. The question of authorship is, I think, settled, so far as criticism can do it, in Mr. White's admirable essay appended to the Second Part of Henry VI.

ἐν δὲ γαίᾳ
Ζωὰ φονορυτῷ
Μέμικται, κάρτα δ' εἶσ' ὅμαιμοι.

And does not Sophocles make Ajax in his despair quibble upon his own name quite in the Shakespearian fashion, under similar circumstances? Nor does the coarseness with which our great poet is reproached lack an Æschylean parallel. Even the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* would have found a true gossip in her of the *Agamemnon*, who is so indiscreet in her confidences concerning the nursery-life of Orestes. Whether Raleigh is right or not in warning historians against following truth too close upon the heels, the caution is a good one for poets as respects truth to Nature. But it is a mischievous fallacy in historian or critic to treat as a blemish of the man what is but the common tincture of his age. It is to confound a spatter of mud with a moral stain.

But I have been led away from my immediate purpose. I did not intend to compare Shakespeare with the ancients, much less to justify his defects by theirs. In the fine arts a thing is either good in itself or it is nothing. It neither gains nor loses by having it shown that another good thing was also good in itself, any more than a bad thing profits by comparison with another that is worse. The final judgment of the world is intuitive, and is based, not on proof that a work possesses some of the qualities of another whose greatness is acknowledged, but on the immediate feeling that it carries to a high point of perfection certain qualities proper to itself. One does not flatter a fine pear by comparing it to a fine peach, nor learn what a fine peach is by tasting ever so many poor ones. The boy who makes his first bite into one does not need to ask his father if or how or why it is good. Because continuity is a merit in some kinds of writing, shall we refuse ourselves to the authentic charm of Montaigne's want of it? I have heard people complain of French tragedies because they were so very French. This, though it may not be to some particular tastes, and may from one point of view be a defect, is from another and far higher a distinguished merit. It is their flavor, as direct a telltale of the soil whence they drew it as French wines are. Suppose we should tax the Elgin marbles with be-

ing too Greek? When will people, nay, when will even critics, get over this self-defrauding trick of cheapening the excellence of one thing by that of another, this conclusive style of judgment which consists simply in belonging to the other parish? As one grows older, one loses many idols, perhaps comes at last to have none at all, though he may honestly enough uncover in deference to the worshippers before any shrine. But for the seeming loss the compensation is ample. These saints of literature descend from their canopied remoteness to be even more precious as men like ourselves, our companions in field and street, speaking the same tongue, though in many dialects, and owning one creed under the most diverse masks of form.

Much of that merit of structure which is claimed for the ancient tragedy is due, if I am not mistaken, to circumstances external to the drama itself, — to custom, to convention, to the exigencies of the theatre. It is formal rather than organic. The *Prometheus* seems to me one of the few Greek tragedies in which the whole creation has developed itself in perfect proportion from one central germ of living conception. The motive of the ancient drama is generally outside of it, while in the modern (at least in the English) it is necessarily within. Goethe, in a thoughtful essay,* written many years later than his famous criticism of Hamlet in *Wilhelm Meister*, says that the distinction between the two is the difference between *sollen* and *wollen*, that is, between *must* and *would*. He means that in the Greek drama the catastrophe is foreordained by an inexorable Destiny, while the element of Freewill, and consequently of choice, is the very axis of the modern. The definition is conveniently portable, but it has its limitations. Goethe's attention was too exclusively fixed on the Fate tragedies of the Greeks, and upon Shakespeare among the moderns. In the Spanish drama, for example, custom, loyalty, honor, and religion are as imperative and as inevitable as doom. In the *Antigone*, on the other hand, the crisis lies in the character of the protagonist. In this sense it is modern, and is the first example of true character-painting in tragedy. But, from whatever cause, that exquisite analysis of complex motives,

* Shakspeare und kein Ende.

and the display of them in action and speech, which constitute for us the abiding charm of fiction, were quite unknown to the ancients. They reached their height in Cervantes and Shakespeare, and, though on a lower plane, still belong to the upper region of art in Le Sage, Molière, and Fielding. The personages of the Greek tragedy seem to be commonly rather types than individuals. In the modern tragedy, certainly in the four greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies, there is still something very like Destiny, only the place of it is changed. It is no longer above man, but in him; yet the catastrophe is as sternly foredoomed in the characters of Lear, Othello, Macbeth, and Hamlet as it could be by an infallible oracle. In Macbeth, indeed, the Weird Sisters introduce an element very like Fate; but generally it may be said that with the Greeks the character is involved in the action, while with Shakespeare the action is evolved from the character. In the one case, the motive of the play controls the personages; in the other, the chief personages are in themselves the motive to which all else is subsidiary. In any comparison, therefore, of Shakespeare with the ancients, we are not to contrast him with them as unapproachable models, but to consider whether he, like them, did not consciously endeavor, under the circumstances and limitations in which he found himself, to produce the most excellent thing possible, a model also in its own kind, — whether higher or lower in degree is another question. The only fair comparison would be between him and that one of his contemporaries who endeavored to anachronize himself, so to speak, and to subject his art, so far as might be, to the laws of classical composition. Ben Jonson was a great man, and has sufficiently proved that he had an eye for the external marks of character; but when he would make a whole of them, he gives us instead either a bundle of humors or an incorporated idea. With Shakespeare the plot is an interior organism, in Jonson an external contrivance. It is the difference between man and tortoise. In the one the osseous structure is out of sight, indeed, but sustains the flesh and blood that envelop it, while the other is boxed up and imprisoned in his bones.

I have been careful to confine myself to what may be called Shakespeare's ideal tragedies. In the purely historical or

chronicle plays, the conditions are different, and his imagination submits itself to the necessary restrictions on its freedom of movement. Outside the tragedies also, the *Tempest* makes an exception worthy of notice. If I read it rightly, it is an example of how a great poet should write allegory, — not embodying metaphysical abstractions, but giving us ideals abstracted from life itself, suggesting an under-meaning everywhere, forcing it upon us nowhere, tantalizing the mind with hints that imply so much and tell so little, and yet keep the attention all eye and ear with eager, if fruitless, expectation. Here the leading characters are not merely typical, but symbolical, — that is, they do not illustrate a class of persons, they belong to universal Nature. Consider the scene of the play. Shakespeare is wont to take some familiar story, to lay his scene in some place the name of which, at least, is familiar, — well knowing the reserve of power that lies in the familiar as a background, when things are set in front of it under a new and unexpected light. But in the *Tempest* the scene is laid nowhere, or certainly in no country laid down on any map. Nowhere, then? At once nowhere and anywhere, — for it is in the soul of man, that still vexed island hung between the upper and the nether world, and liable to incursions from both. There is scarce a play of Shakespeare's in which there is such variety of character, none in which character has so little to do in the carrying on and development of the story. But consider for a moment if ever the Imagination has been so embodied as in Prospero, the Fancy as in Ariel, the brute Understanding as in Caliban, who, the moment his poor wits are warmed with the glorious liquor of Stephano, plots rebellion against his natural lord, the higher Reason. Miranda is mere abstract Womanhood, as truly so before she sees Ferdinand as Eve before she was wakened to consciousness by the echo of her own nature coming back to her, the same, and yet not the same, from that of Adam. Ferdinand, again, is nothing more than Youth compelled to drudge at something he despises, till the sacrifice of will and abnegation of self win him his ideal in Miranda. The subordinate personages are simply types: Sebastian and Antonio, of weak character and evil ambition; Gonzalo, of average sense and honesty; Adrian and Francisco,

of the walking gentlemen who serve to fill up a world. They are not characters in the same sense with Iago, Falstaff, Shallow, or Leontius; and it is curious how every one of them loses his way in this enchanted island of life, all the victims of one illusion after another, except Prospero, whose ministers are purely ideal. The whole play, indeed, is a succession of illusions, winding up with those solemn words of the great enchanter who had summoned to his service every shape of merriment or passion, every figure in the great tragi-comedy of life, and who was now bidding farewell to the scene of his triumphs. For in Prospero shall we not recognize the Artist himself, —

> "That did not better for his life provide
> Than public means which public manners breeds,
> Whence comes it that his name receives a brand," —

who has forfeited a shining place in the world's eye by devotion to his art, and who, turned adrift on the ocean of life in the leaky carcass of a boat, has shipwrecked on that Fortunate Island (as men always do who find their true vocation) where he is absolute lord, making all the powers of Nature serve him, but with Ariel and Caliban as special ministers? Of whom else could he have been thinking, when he says, —

> "Graves, at my command,
> Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth,
> By my so potent art"?

Was this man, so extraordinary from whatever side we look at him, who ran so easily through the whole scale of human sentiment, from the homely common-sense of, "When two men ride of one horse, one *must* ride behind," to the transcendental subtilty of,

> "No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change;
> Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
> To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
> They are but dressings of a former sight," —

was he alone so unconscious of powers, some part of whose magic is recognized by all mankind, from the schoolboy to the philosopher, that he merely sat by and saw them go without the least notion what they were about? Was he an inspired idiot, *vôtre bizarre Shakespeare?* a vast, irregular genius? a simple

rustic, warbling his *native* wood-notes wild, in other words, insensible to the benefits of culture? When attempts have been made at various times to prove that this singular and seemingly contradictory creature, not one, but all mankind's epitome, was a musician, a lawyer, a doctor, a Catholic, a Protestant, an atheist, an Irishman, a discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and finally, that he was not himself, but somebody else, is it not a little odd that the last thing anybody should have thought of proving him was an artist? Nobody believes any longer that immediate inspiration is possible in modern times (as if God had grown old), — at least, nobody believes it of the prophets of those days, of John of Leyden, or Reeves, or Muggleton, — and yet everybody seems to take it for granted of this one man Shakespeare. He, somehow or other, without knowing it, was able to do what none of the rest of them, though knowing it all too perfectly well, could begin to do. Everybody seems to get afraid of him in turn. Voltaire plays gentleman usher for him to his countrymen, and then, perceiving that his countrymen find a flavor in him beyond that of *Zaïre* or *Mahomet*, discovers him to be a *Sauvage ivre, sans le moindre étincelle de bon goût, et sans le moindre connoissance des règles.* Goethe, who tells us that *Götz von Berlichingen* was written in the Shakespearian manner, — and we certainly should not have guessed it, if he had not blabbed, — comes to the final conclusion, that Shakespeare was a poet, but not a dramatist. Châteaubriand thinks that he has corrupted art. "If, to attain," he says, "the height of tragic art, it be enough to heap together disparate scenes without order and without connection, to dovetail the burlesque with the pathetic, to set the water-carrier beside the monarch and the huckster-wench beside the queen, who may not reasonably flatter himself with being the rival of the greatest masters? Whoever should give himself the trouble to retrace a single one of his days, ... to keep a journal from hour to hour, would have made a drama in the fashion of the English poet." But there journals and journals, as the French say, and what goes into them depends on the eye that gathers for them. It is a long step from St. Simon to Dangeau, from Pepys to Thoresby, from Shakespeare even to the Marquis de Châteaubriand.

M. Hugo alone, convinced, that, as founder of the French Romantic School, there is a kind of family likeness between himself and Shakespeare, stands boldly forth to prove the father as extravagant as the son. Calm yourself, M. Hugo, you are no more a child of his than Will Davenant was! But, after all, is it such a great crime to produce something absolutely new in a world so tedious as ours, and so apt to tell its old stories over again? I do not mean new in substance, but in the manner of presentation. Surely the highest office of a great poet is to show us how much variety, freshness, and opportunity abides in the obvious and familiar. He invents nothing, but seems rather to *re*-discover the world about him, and his penetrating vision gives to things of daily encounter something of the strangeness of new creation. Meanwhile the changed conditions of modern life demand a change in the method of treatment. The ideal is not a strait-waistcoat. Because *Alexis and Dora* is so charming, shall we have no *Paul and Virginia?* It was the idle endeavor to reproduce the old enchantment in the old way that gave us the pastoral, sent to the garret now with our grandmothers' achievements of the same sort in worsted. Every age says to its poets, like a mistress to her lover, "Tell me what I am like"; and he who succeeds in catching the evanescent expression that reveals character — which is as much as to say, what is intrinsically human — will be found to have caught something as imperishable as human nature itself. Aristophanes, by the vital and essential qualities of his humorous satire, is already more nearly our contemporary than Molière; and even the *Trouvères*, careless and trivial as they mostly are, could fecundate a great poet like Chaucer, and are still delightful reading.

The Attic tragedy still keeps its hold upon the loyalty of scholars through their imagination, or their pedantry, or their feeling of an exclusive property, as may happen, and, however alloyed with baser matter, this loyalty is legitimate and well bestowed. But the dominion of the Shakespearian is even wider. It pushes forward its boundaries from year to year, and moves no landmark backward. Here Alfieri and Lessing own a common allegiance; and the loyalty to him is one not of guild or tradition, but of conviction and enthusiasm. Can

this be said of any other modern? of robust Corneille? of tender Racine? of Calderon even, with his tropical warmth and vigor of production? The Greeks and he are alike and alone in this, and for the same reason, that both are unapproachably the highest in their kind. Call him Gothic, if you like, but the inspiring mind that presided over the growth of these clustered masses of arch and spire and pinnacle and buttress is neither Greek nor Gothic, — it is simply genius lending itself to embody the new desire of man's mind, as it had embodied the old. After all, to be delightful is to be classic, and the chaotic never pleases long. But manifoldness is not confusion, any more than formalism is simplicity. If Shakespeare rejected the unities, as I think he who complains of "Art made tongue-tied by Authority" might very well deliberately do, it was for the sake of an imaginative unity more intimate than any of time and place. The antique in itself is not the ideal, though its remoteness from the vulgarity of every-day associations helps to make it seem so. The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies *in* it, and blessed are the eyes that find it! It is the *mens divinior* which hides within the actual, transfiguring matter-of-fact into matter-of-meaning for him who has the gift of second-sight. In this sense Hogarth is often more truly ideal than Raphael, Shakespeare often more truly so than the Greeks. I think it is a more or less conscious perception of this ideality, as it is a more or less well-grounded persuasion of it as respects the Greeks, that assures to him, as to them, and with equal justice, a permanent supremacy over the minds of men. This gives to his characters their universality, to his thought its irradiating property, while the artistic purpose, running through and combining the endless variety of scene and character, will alone account for his power of dramatic effect. Goethe affirmed, that, without Schröder's prunings and adaptations, Shakespeare was too undramatic for the German theatre, — that, if the theory that his plays should be represented textually should prevail, he would be driven from the boards. The theory has prevailed, and he not only holds his own, but is acted oftener than ever. It is not irregular genius that can do this, for surely Germany need not go abroad for what her own Werners could more than amply supply her with.

But I would much rather quote a fine saying than a bad prophecy of a man to whom I owe so much. Goethe, in one of the most perfect of his shorter poems, tells us that a poem is like a painted window. Seen from without, (and he accordingly justifies the Philistine, who never looks at them otherwise,) they seem dingy and confused enough; but enter, and then

> "Da ist's auf einmal farbig helle,
> Geschicht' und Zierath glänzt in Schnelle."

With the same feeling he says elsewhere in prose, that "there is a destructive criticism and a productive. The former is very easy; for one has only to set up in his mind any standard, any model, however narrow," (let us say the Greeks,) "and then boldly assert that the work under review does not match with it, and therefore is good for nothing, — the matter is settled, and one must at once deny its claim. Productive criticism is a great deal more difficult; it asks, What did the author propose to himself? Is what he proposes reasonable and comprehensible? and how far has he succeeded in carrying it out?" It is in applying this latter kind of criticism to Shakespeare that the Germans have set us an example worthy of all commendation. If they have been sometimes over-subtile, they at least had the merit of first looking at his works as wholes, as something that very likely contained an idea, perhaps conveyed a moral, if we could get at it. The illumination lent us by most of the English commentators reminds us of the candles which guides hold up to show us a picture in a dark place, the smoke of which gradually makes the work of the artist invisible under its repeated layers. Lessing, as might have been expected, opened the first glimpse in the new direction; Goethe followed with his famous exposition of Hamlet; A. W. Schlegel took a more comprehensive view in his Lectures, which Coleridge worked over into English, adding many fine criticisms of his own on single passages; and finally, Gervinus has devoted four volumes to a comment on the plays, full of excellent matter, though pushing the moral exegesis beyond all reasonable bounds.* With the help of all these, and espe-

* I do not mention Ulrici's book, for it seems to me unwieldy and dull, — zeal without knowledge.

cially of the last, I shall apply this theory of criticism to Hamlet, not in the hope of saying anything new, but of bringing something to the support of the thesis, that, if Shakespeare was skilful as a playwright, he was even greater as a dramatist, — that, if his immediate business was to fill the theatre, his higher object was to create something which, by fulfilling the conditions and answering the requirements of modern life, should as truly deserve to be called a work of art as others had deserved it by doing the same thing in former times and under other circumstances. Supposing him to have accepted — consciously or not is of little importance — the new terms of the problem which makes character the pivot of dramatic action, and consequently the key of dramatic unity, how far did he succeed?

Before attempting my analysis, I must clear away a little rubbish. Are such anachronisms as those of which Voltaire accuses Shakespeare in Hamlet, such as the introduction of cannon before the invention of gunpowder, and making Christians of the Danes three centuries too soon, of the least bearing æsthetically? I think not; but as they are of a piece with a great many other criticisms upon the great poet, it is worth while to dwell upon them a moment.

The first demand we make upon whatever claims to be a work of art (and we have a right to make it) is that it shall be *in keeping*. Now this propriety is of two kinds, either extrinsic or intrinsic. In the first I should class whatever relates rather to the body than the soul of the work, such as fidelity to the facts of history, (wherever that is important,) congruity of costume, and the like, — in short, whatever might come under the head of *picturesque* truth, a departure from which would shock too rudely our preconceived associations. I have seen an Indian chief in French boots, and he seemed to me almost tragic; but, put upon the stage in tragedy, he would have been ludicrous. Lichtenberg, writing from London in 1775, tells us that Garrick played Hamlet in a suit of the French fashion, then commonly worn, and that he was blamed for it by some of the critics; but, he says, one hears no such criticism during the play, nor on the way home, nor at supper afterwards, nor indeed till

the emotion roused by the great actor has had time to subside. He justifies Garrick, though we should not be able to endure it now. Yet nothing would be gained by trying to make Hamlet's costume true to the assumed period of the play, for the scene of it is laid in a Denmark that has no dates.

In the second and more important category I should put, first, co-ordination of character, that is, a certain variety in harmony of the personages of a drama, as in the attitudes and coloring of the figures in a pictorial composition, so that, while mutually relieving and setting off each other, they shall combine in the total impression; second, that subordinate truth to Nature which makes each character coherent in itself; and, third, such propriety of costume and the like as shall satisfy the superhistoric sense, to which, and to which alone, the higher drama appeals. All these come within the scope of *imaginative* truth. To illustrate my third head by an example. Tieck criticises John Kemble's dressing for Macbeth in a modern Highland costume, as being ungraceful without any countervailing merit of historical exactness. I think a deeper reason for his dissatisfaction might be found in the fact, that this garb, with its purely modern and British army associations, is out of place on Fores Heath, and drags the Weird Sisters down with it from their proper imaginative remoteness in the gloom of the past to the disenchanting glare of the foot-lights. It is not the antiquarian, but the poetic conscience, that is wounded. To this, exactness, so far as concerns ideal representation, may not only not be truth, but may even be opposed to it. Anachronisms and the like are in themselves of no account, and become important only when they make a gap too wide for our illusion to cross unconsciously, that is, when they are anacoluthons to the imagination. The aim of the artist is psychologic, not historic truth. It is comparatively easy for an author to *get up* any period with tolerable minuteness in externals, but readers and audiences find more difficulty in getting them down, though oblivion swallows scores of them at a gulp. The saving truth in such matters is a truth to essential and permanent characteristics. The Ulysses of Shakespeare, like the Ulysses of Dante and Tennyson, more or less harmonizes with our ideal conception of the wary, long-considering, though ad-

venturous son of Laertes, yet Simon Lord Lovat is doubtless nearer the original type. In Hamlet, though there is no Denmark of the ninth century, Shakespeare has suggested the prevailing rudeness of manners quite enough for his purpose. We see it in the single combat of Hamlet's father with the elder Fortinbras, in the vulgar wassail of the king, in the English monarch being expected to hang Rosencrantz and Guildenstern out of hand merely to oblige his cousin of Denmark, in Laertes, sent to Paris to be made a gentleman of, becoming instantly capable of any the most barbarous treachery to glut his vengeance. We cannot fancy Ragnar Lodbrog or Eric the Red matriculating at Wittenberg, but it was essential that Hamlet should be a scholar and Skakespeare sends him thither without more ado. All through the play we get the notion of a state of society in which a savage nature has disguised itself in the externals of civilization, like a Maori deacon, who has only to strip and he becomes once more a tattooed pagan with his mouth watering for a spare-rib of his pastor. Historically, at the date of Hamlet, the Danes were in the habit of burning their enemies alive in their houses, with as much of their family about them as might be to make it comfortable. Shakespeare seems purposely to have dissociated his play from history by changing nearly every name in the original legend. The motive of the play — revenge as a religious duty — belongs only to a social state in which the traditions of barbarism are still operative, but, with infallible artistic judgment, Shakespeare has chosen, not untamed Nature, as he found it in history, but the period of transition, a period of which the times are always out of joint, and thus the irresolution which has its root in Hamlet's own character is stimulated by the very incompatibility of that legacy of vengeance he has inherited from the past with the new culture and refinement of which he is the representative. One of the few books which Shakespeare is known to have possessed was Florio's Montaigne, and he might well have transferred the Frenchman's motto, *Que sçais je?* to the front of his tragedy; nor can I help fancying something more than accident in the fact that Hamlet has been a student at Wittenberg, whence those new ideas went forth, of whose results in unsettling men's faith, and consequently dis-

qualifying them for promptness in action, Shakespeare had been not only an eye-witness, but which he must actually have experienced in himself.

One other objection let me touch upon here, especially as it has been urged against Hamlet, and that is the introduction of low characters and comic scenes in tragedy. Even Garrick, who had just assisted at the Stratford Jubilee, where Shakespeare had been pronounced divine, was induced by this absurd outcry for the proprieties of the tragic stage to omit the grave-diggers' scene from Hamlet. Leaving apart the fact that Shakespeare would not have been the representative poet he is, if he had not given expression to this striking tendency of the Northern races, which shows itself constantly, not only in their literature, but even in their mythology and their architecture, the grave-diggers' scene always impresses me as one of the most pathetic in the whole tragedy. That Shakespeare introduced such scenes and characters with deliberate intention, and with a view to artistic relief and contrast, there can hardly be a doubt. We must take it for granted that a man whose works show everywhere the results of judgment sometimes acted with forethought. I find the springs of the profoundest sorrow and pity in this hardened indifference of the grave-diggers, in their careless discussion as to whether Ophelia's death was by suicide or no, in their singing and jesting at their dreary work.

> "A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
> For — and a shrouding-sheet:
> O, a pit of clay for to be made
> For such a guest is meet!"

We know who is to be the guest of this earthen hospitality, — how much beauty, love, and heartbreak are to be covered in that pit of clay. All we remember of Ophelia reacts upon us with tenfold force, and we recoil from our amusement at the ghastly drollery of the two delvers with a shock of horror. That the unconscious Hamlet should stumble on *this* grave of all others, that it should be *here* that he should pause to muse humorously on death and decay, — all this prepares us for the revulsion of passion in the next scene, and for the frantic confession, —

> "I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
> Could not with all *their* quantity of love
> Make up my sum!"

And it is only here that such an asseveration would be true even to the feeling of the moment; for it is plain from all we know of Hamlet that he could not so have loved Ophelia, that he was incapable of the self-abandonment of a true passion, that he would have analyzed this emotion as he does all others, would have peeped and botanized upon it till it became to him a mere matter of scientific interest. All this force of contrast, and this horror of surprise, were necessary so to intensify his remorseful regret that he should believe himself for once in earnest. The speech of the King, "O, he is mad, Laertes," recalls him to himself, and he at once begins to rave: —

> "Zounds! show me what thou 'lt do!
> Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
> Woul't drink up Eysil? eat a crocodile?"

It is easy to see that the whole plot hinges upon the character of Hamlet, that Shakespeare's conception of this was the ovum out of which the whole organism was hatched. And here let me remark, that there is a kind of genealogical necessity in the character, — a thing not altogether strange to the attentive reader of Shakespeare. Hamlet seems the natural result of the mixture of father and mother in his temperament, the resolution and persistence of the one, like sound timber wormholed and made shaky, as it were, by the other's infirmity of will and discontinuity of purpose. In natures so imperfectly mixed it is not uncommon to find vehemence of intention the prelude and counterpoise of weak performance, the conscious nature striving to keep up its self-respect by a triumph in words all the more resolute that it feels assured beforehand of inevitable defeat in action. As in such slipshod housekeeping men are their own largest creditors, they find it easy to stave off utter bankruptcy of conscience by taking up one unpaid promise with another larger, and at heavier interest, till such self-swindling becomes habitual and by degrees almost painless. How did Coleridge discount his own notes of this kind with less and less specie as the figures lengthened on the paper! As with Hamlet, so it is with

Ophelia and Laertes. The father's feebleness comes up again in the wasting heartbreak and gentle lunacy of the daughter, while the son shows it in a rashness of impulse and act, a kind of crankiness, of whose essential feebleness we are all the more sensible as contrasted with a nature so steady on its keel, and drawing so much water, as that of Horatio, — the foil at once, in different ways, to both him and Hamlet. It was natural, also, that the daughter of self-conceited old Polonius should have her softness stiffened with a fibre of obstinacy; for there are two kinds of weakness, that which breaks, and that which bends. Ophelia's is of the former kind; Hero is her counterpart, giving way before calamity, and rising again so soon as the pressure is removed.

I find two passages in Dante that contain the exactest possible definition of that habit or quality of Hamlet's mind which justifies the tragic turn of the play, and renders it natural and unavoidable from the beginning. The first is from the second canto of the *Inferno*: —

"E quale è quei che disvuol ciò che volle,
E per nuovi pensier cangia proposta,
Si che del cominciar tutto si tolle;
Tal mi fec' io in quella oscura costa:
Perchè pensando consumai la impresa
Che fu nel cominciar cotanto tosta."

"And like the man who unwills what he willed,
And for new thoughts doth change his first intent,
So that he cannot anywhere begin,
Such became I upon that slope obscure,
Because with thinking I consumed resolve,
That was so ready at the setting out."

Again, in the fifth of the *Purgatorio*: —

"Che sempre l' uomo in cui pensier rampoglia
Sovra pensier, da sè dilunga il segno,
Perchè la foga l' un dell' altro insolla."

"For always he in whom one thought buds forth
Out of another farther puts the goal,
For each has only force to mar the other."

Dante was a profound metaphysician, and as in the first passage he describes and defines a certain quality of mind, so in the other he tells us its result in the character and life, namely, indecision and failure, — the goal *farther* off at the

end than at the beginning. It is remarkable how close a resemblance of thought, and even of expression, there is between the former of these quotations and a part of Hamlet's famous soliloquy: —

> "Thus conscience [i. e. consciousness] doth make cowards of us all:
> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises of great pitch and moment
> With this regard their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action!"

It is an inherent peculiarity of a mind like Hamlet's that it should be conscious of its own defect. Men of his type are forever analyzing their own emotions and motives. They cannot do anything, because they always see two ways of doing it. They cannot determine on any course of action, because they are always, as it were, standing at the cross-roads, and see too well the disadvantages of every one of them. It is not that they are incapable of resolve, but somehow the band between the motive power and the operative faculties is relaxed and loose. The engine works, but the machinery it should drive stands still. The imagination is so much in overplus, that thinking a thing becomes better than doing it, and thought with its easy perfection, capable of everything because it can accomplish everything with ideal means, is vastly more attractive and satisfactory than deed, which must be wrought at best with imperfect instruments, and always falls short of the conception that went before it. "If to do," says Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*, — "if to do were as easy as to know what 't were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces." Hamlet knows only too well what 't were good to do, but he palters with everything in a double sense: he sees the grain of good there is in evil, and the grain of evil there is in good, as they exist in the world, and, finding that he can make those feather-weighted accidents balance each other, infers that there is little to choose between the essences themselves. He is of Montaigne's mind, and says expressly that "there is nothing good or ill, but thinking makes it so." He dwells so exclusively in the world of ideas that the world of facts seems trifling, nothing is worth the while; and he has been so long objectless and

purposeless, so far as actual life is concerned, that, when at last an object and an aim are forced upon him, he cannot deal with them, and gropes about vainly for a motive outside of himself that shall marshal his thoughts for him and guide his faculties into the path of action. He is the victim not so much of feebleness of will as of an intellectual indifference that hinders the will from working long in any one direction. He wishes to will, but never wills. His continual iteration of resolve shows that he has no resolution. He is capable of passionate energy where the occasion presents itself suddenly from without, because nothing is so irritable as conscious irresolution with a duty to perform. But of deliberate energy he is not capable; for there the impulse must come from within, and the blade of his analysis is so subtile that it can divide the finest hair of motive 'twixt north and northwest side, leaving him desperate to choose between them. The very consciousness of his defect is an insuperable bar to his repairing it; for the unity of purpose, which infuses every fibre of the character with will available whenever wanted, is impossible where the mind can never rest till it has resolved that unity into its component elements, and satisfied itself which on the whole is of greater value. A critical instinct so insatiable that it must turn upon itself, for lack of something else to hew and hack, becomes incapable at last of originating anything except indecision. It becomes infallible in what *not* to do. How easily he might have accomplished his task is shown by the conduct of Laertes. When *he* has a death to avenge, he raises a mob, breaks into the palace, bullies the king, and proves how weak the usurper really was.

The world is the victim of splendid parts, and is slow to accept a rounded whole, because that is something which is long in completing, still longer in demonstrating its completion. We like to be surprised into admiration, and not logically convinced that we ought to admire. We are willing to be delighted with success, though we are somewhat indifferent to the homely qualities which insure it. Our thought is so filled with the rocket's burst of momentary splendor so far above us, that we forget the poor stick, useful and unseen, that made its climbing possible. One of these homely qualities is con-

tinuity of character, and it escapes present applause because it tells chiefly, in the long run, in results. With his usual tact, Shakespeare has brought in such a character as a contrast and foil to Hamlet. Horatio is the only complete *man* in the play, — solid, well-knit, and true; a noble, quiet nature, with that highest of all qualities, judgment; always sane and prompt, who never drags his anchors for any wind of opinion or fortune, but grips all the closer to the reality of things. He seems one of those calm, undemonstrative men whom we love and admire without asking to know why, crediting them with the capacity of great things, without any test of actual achievement, because we feel that their manhood is a constant quality, and no mere accident of circumstance and opportunity. Such men are always sure of the presence of their highest self on demand. Hamlet is continually drawing bills on the future, secured by his promise of himself to himself, which he can never redeem. His own somewhat feminine nature recognizes its complement in Horatio, and clings to it instinctively, as naturally as Horatio is attracted by that fatal gift of imagination, the absence of which makes the strength of his own character, as its overplus does the weakness of Hamlet's. It is a happy marriage of two minds drawn together by the charm of unlikeness. Hamlet feels in Horatio the solid steadiness which he misses in himself; Horatio in Hamlet that need of service and sustainment to render which gives him a consciousness of his own value. Hamlet fills the place of a woman to Horatio, revealing him to himself not only in what he says, but by a constant claim upon his strength of nature; and there is great psychological truth in making suicide the first impulse of this quiet, undemonstrative man, after Hamlet's death, as if the very reason for his being were taken away with his friend's need of him. In his grief, he for the first and only time speaks of himself, is first made conscious of himself by his loss. If this manly reserve of Horatio be true to Nature, not less so are the communicativeness of Hamlet, and his tendency to soliloquize. If self-consciousness be alien to the one, it is just as truly the happiness of the other. Like a musician distrustful of himself, he is forever tuning his instrument, first overstraining this cord a little, and then that,

but unable to bring them into unison, or to profit by it, if he could.

We do not believe that Horatio ever thought he "was not a pipe for Fortune's finger to play what stop she please," till Hamlet told him so. That was Fortune's affair, not his; let her try it, if she liked. He is unconscious of his own peculiar qualities, as men of decision commonly are, or they would not be men of decision. When there is a thing to be done, they go straight at it, and for the time there is nothing else for them in the whole universe but themselves and their object. Hamlet, on the other hand, is always studying himself. This world and the other, too, are always present to his mind, and there in the corner is the little black kobold of a doubt making mouths at him. He breaks down the bridges before him, not behind him, as a man of action would do; but there is something more than this. He is an ingrained sceptic; though his is the scepticism, not of reason, but of feeling, whose root is want of faith in himself. In him it is passive, a malady rather than a function of the mind. We might call him insincere: not that he was in any sense a hypocrite, but only that he never was and never could be in earnest. Never could be, because no man without intense faith in something ever can. Even if he only believed in himself, that were better than nothing; for it will carry a man a great way in the outward successes of life, nay, will even sometimes give him the Archimedean fulcrum for moving the world. But Hamlet doubts everything. He doubts the immortality of the soul, just after seeing his father's spirit, and hearing from its mouth the secrets of the other world. He doubts Horatio even, and swears him to secrecy on the cross of his sword, though probably he himself has no assured belief in the sacredness of the symbol. He doubts Ophelia, and asks her, "Are you honest?" He doubts the ghost, after he has had a little time to think about it, and so gets up the play to test the guilt of the king. And how coherent the whole character is! With what perfect tact and judgment Shakespeare, in the advice to the players, makes him an exquisite critic! For just here that part of his character which would be weak in dealing with affairs is strong.

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic. He must not believe that the fire-insurance offices will raise their rates of premium on Charles River, because the new volume of poems is printing at Riverside or the University Press. He must not believe so profoundly in the ancients as to think it wholly out of the question that the world has still vigor enough in its loins to beget some one who will one of these days be as good an ancient as any of them.

Another striking quality in Hamlet's nature is his perpetual inclination to irony. I think this has been generally passed over too lightly, as if it were something external and accidental, rather assumed as a mask than part of the real nature of the man. It seems to me to go deeper, to be something innate, and not merely factitious. It is nothing like the grave irony of Socrates, which was the weapon of a man thoroughly in earnest, — the *boomerang* of argument, which one throws in the opposite direction of what he means to hit, and which seems to be flying away from the adversary, who will presently find himself knocked down by it. It is not like the irony of Timon, which is but the wilful refraction of a clear mind twisting awry whatever enters it, — or of Iago, which is the slime that a nature essentially evil loves to trail over all beauty and goodness to taint them with distrust: it is the half-jest, half-earnest of an inactive temperament that has not quite made up its mind whether life is a reality or no, whether men were not made in jest, and which amuses itself equally with finding a deep meaning in trivial things and a trifling one in the profoundest mysteries of being, because the want of earnestness in its own essence infects everything else with its own indifference. If there be now and then an unmannerly rudeness and bitterness in it, as in the scenes with Polonius and Osrick, we must remember that Hamlet was just in the condition which spurs men to sallies of this kind: dissatisfied, at one neither with the world nor with himself, and accordingly casting about for something out of himself to vent his spleen upon. But even in these passages there is no hint of earnestness, of any purpose beyond the moment; they are mere cat's-paws of vexation, and not the deep-raking ground-swell of passion, as we see it in the sarcasm of Lear.

The question of Hamlet's madness has been much discussed and variously decided. High medical authority has pronounced, as usual, on both sides of the question. But the induction has been drawn from too narrow premises, being based on a mere diagnosis of the *case*, and not on an appreciation of the character in its completeness. We have a case of pretended madness in the Edgar of *King Lear;* and it is certainly true that that is a charcoal sketch, coarsely outlined, compared with the delicate drawing, the lights, shades, and half-tints of the portraiture in Hamlet. But does this tend to prove that the madness of the latter, because truer to the recorded observation of experts, is real, and meant to be real, as the other to be fictitious? Not in the least, as it appears to me. Hamlet, among all the characters of Shakespeare, is the most eminently a metaphysician and psychologist. He is a close observer, continually analyzing his own nature and that of others, letting fall his little drops of acid irony on all who come near him, to make them show what they are made of. Even Ophelia is not too sacred, Osrick not too contemptible for experiment. If such a man assumed madness, he would play his part perfectly. If Shakespeare himself, without going mad, could so observe and remember all the abnormal symptoms as to be able to reproduce them in Hamlet, why should it be beyond the power of Hamlet to reproduce them in himself? If you deprive Hamlet of reason, there is no truly tragic motive left. He would be a fit subject for Bedlam, but not for the stage. We might have pathology enough, but no pathos. Ajax first becomes tragic when he recovers his wits. If Hamlet is irresponsible, the whole play is a chaos. That he is not so might be proved by evidence enough, were it not labor thrown away.

This feigned madness of Hamlet's is one of the few points in which Shakespeare has kept close to the old story on which he founded his play; and as he never decided without deliberation, so he never acted without unerring judgment. Hamlet *drifts* through the whole tragedy. He never keeps on one tack long enough to get steerage-way, even if, in a nature like his, with those electric streamers of whim and fancy forever wavering across the vault of his brain, the needle of judgment

would point in one direction long enough to strike a course by. The scheme of simulated insanity is precisely the one he would have been likely to hit upon, because it enabled him to follow his own bent, and to drift with an apparent purpose, postponing decisive action by the very means he adopts to arrive at its accomplishment, and satisfying himself with the show of doing something that he may escape so much the longer the dreaded necessity of really doing anything at all. It enables him to *play* with life and duty, instead of taking them by the rougher side, where alone any firm grip is possible, — to feel that he is on the way toward accomplishing somewhat, when he is really paltering with his own irresolution. Nothing, I think, could be more finely imagined than this. Voltaire complains that he goes mad without any sufficient object or result. Perfectly true, and precisely what was most natural for him to do, and, accordingly, precisely what Shakespeare meant that he should do. It was delightful to him to indulge his imagination and humor, to prove his capacity for something by playing a part: the one thing he could not do was to bring himself to *act*, unless when surprised by a sudden impulse of suspicion, — as where he kills Polonius, and there he could not see his victim. He discourses admirably of suicide, but does not kill himself; he talks daggers, but uses none. He puts by the chance to kill the king with the excuse that he will not do it while he is praying, lest his soul be saved thereby, though it is more than doubtful whether he believed it himself. He allows himself to be packed off to England, without any motive except that it would for the time take him farther from a present duty: the more disagreeable to a nature like his because it *was* present, and not a mere matter for speculative consideration. When Goethe made his famous comparison of the acorn planted in a vase which it bursts with its growth, and says that in like manner Hamlet is a nature which breaks down under the weight of a duty too great for it to bear, he seems to have considered the character too much from one side. Had Hamlet actually killed himself to escape his too onerous commission, Goethe's conception of him would have been satisfactory enough. But Hamlet was hardly a sentimentalist, like Werther; on the contrary, he saw things only too clearly in

the dry north-light of the intellect. It is chance that at last brings him to his end. It would appear rather that Shakespeare intended to show us an imaginative temperament brought face to face with actualities, into any clear relation of sympathy with which it cannot bring itself. The very means that Shakespeare makes use of to lay upon him the obligation of acting — the ghost — really seems to make it all the harder for him to act; for the spectre but gives an additional excitement to his imagination and a fresh topic for his scepticism.

I shall not attempt to evolve any high moral significance from the play, even if I thought it possible; for that would be aside from the present purpose. The scope of the higher drama is to represent life, not every-day life, it is true, but life lifted above the plane of bread-and-butter associations, by nobler reaches of language, by the influence at once inspiring and modulating of verse, by an intenser play of passion condensing that misty mixture of feeling and reflection which makes the ordinary atmosphere of existence into flashes of thought and phrase whose brief, but terrible, illumination prints the outworn landscape of every-day upon our brains, with its little motives and mean results, in lines of telltale fire. The moral office of tragedy is to show us our own weaknesses idealized in grander figures and more awful results, — to teach us that what we pardon in ourselves as venial faults, if they seem to have but slight influence on our immediate fortunes, have arms as long as those of kings, and reach forward to the catastrophe of our lives, that they are dry-rotting the very fibre of will and conscience, so that, if we should be brought to the test of a great temptation or a stringent emergency, we must be involved in a ruin as sudden and complete as that we shudder at in the unreal scene of the theatre. But the primary *object* of a tragedy is not to inculcate a formal moral. Representing life, it teaches, like life, by indirection, by those nods and winks that are thrown away on us blind horses in such profusion. We may learn, to be sure, plenty of lessons from Shakespeare. We are not likely to have kingdoms to divide, crowns foretold us by weird sisters, a father's death to avenge, or to kill our wives from jealousy: but Lear may teach us to draw the line more clearly between a wise generosity and a loose-handed weak-

ness of giving; Macbeth, how one sin involves another, and forever another, by a fatal parthenogenesis, and that the key which unlocks forbidden doors to our will or passion leaves a stain on the hand, that may not be so dark as blood, but that will not out; Hamlet, that all the noblest gifts of person, temperament, and mind slip like sand through the grasp of an infirm purpose; Othello, that the perpetual silt of some one weakness, the eddies of a suspicious temper depositing their one impalpable layer after another, may build up a shoal on which an heroic life and an otherwise magnanimous nature may bilge and go to pieces. All this we may learn, and much more, and Shakespeare was no doubt well aware of all this and more; but I do not believe that he wrote his plays with any such didactic purpose. He knew human nature too well not to know that one thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning, — that, where one man shapes his life by precept and example, there are a thousand who have it shaped for them by impulse and by circumstances. He did not mean his great tragedies for scarecrows, as if the nailing of one hawk to the barn-door would prevent the next from coming down souse into the hen-yard. No, it is not the poor bleaching victim hung up to moult its draggled feathers in the rain that he wishes to show us. He loves the hawk-nature as well as the hen-nature; and if he is unequalled in anything, it is in that sunny breadth of view, that impregnability of reason, that looks down all ranks and conditions of men, all fortune and misfortune, with the equal eye of the pure artist.

Whether I have fancied anything into Hamlet which the author never dreamed of putting there I do not greatly concern myself to inquire. Poets are always entitled to a royalty on whatever we find in their works; for these fine creations as truly build themselves up in the brain as they are built up with deliberate forethought. Praise art as we will, that which the artist did not mean to put into his work, but which found itself there by some generous process of Nature of which he was as unaware as the blue river is of its rhyme with the blue sky, has somewhat in it that snatches us into sympathy with higher things than those which come by plot and observation. Goethe wrote his *Faust* in its earliest form without a thought of

the deeper meaning which the exposition of an age of criticism was to find in it: without foremeaning it, he had impersonated in Mephistopheles the genius of his century. Shall this subtract from the debt we owe him? Not at all. If originality were conscious of itself, it would have lost its right to be original. I believe that Shakespeare intended to impersonate in Hamlet not a mere metaphysical entity, but a man of flesh and blood: yet it is certainly curious how prophetically typical the character is of that introversion of mind which is so constant a phenomenon of these latter days, of that over-consciousness which wastes itself in analyzing the motives of action instead of acting.

The old painters had a rule, that all compositions should be pyramidal in form, — a central figure, from which the others slope gradually away on the two sides. Shakespeare probably had never heard of this rule, and, if he had, would not have been likely to respect it more than he has the so-called classical unities of time and place. But he understood perfectly the artistic advantages of gradation, contrast, and relief. Taking Hamlet as the key-note, we find in him weakness of character, which, on the one hand, is contrasted with the feebleness that springs from overweening conceit in Polonius and with frailty of temperament in Ophelia, while, on the other hand, it is brought into fuller relief by the steady force of Horatio and the impulsive violence of Laertes, who is resolute from thoughtlessness, just as Hamlet is irresolute from overplus of thought.

If we must draw a moral from Hamlet, it would seem to be, that Will is Fate, and that, Will once abdicating, the inevitable successor in the regency is Chance. Had Hamlet acted, instead of musing how good it would be to act, the king might have been the only victim. As it is, all the main actors in the story are the fortuitous sacrifice of his irresolution. We see how a single great vice of character at last draws to itself as allies and confederates all other weaknesses of the man, as in civil wars the timid and the selfish wait to throw themselves upon the stronger side.

> "In Life's small things be resolute and great
> To keep thy muscles trained: know'st thou when Fate
> Thy measure takes? or when she 'll say to thee,
> 'I find thee worthy, do this thing for me'?"
>
> J. R. Lowell.

Art. XII. — Charles Dickens.

To give so much pleasure, to add so much to the happiness of the world, by his writings, as Mr. Dickens has succeeded in doing, is a felicity that has never been attained in such full measure by any other author. For the space of a generation he has done his beneficent work, and there are few English-speaking men or women who do not feel themselves under peculiar obligation to the great novelist, and bound to him, not by any mere cold literary tie, but by the warm and vital cords of personal sympathy. The critic gladly lays down his pen in presence of a genius which has won for itself such a recognition, and willingly adopts the words of Ben Jonson in addressing one of his great contemporaries: —

> "I yield, I yield. The matter of your praise
> Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
> A bank against it: nothing but the round,
> Large clasp of Nature such a wit can bound."

If we reflect what contemporary literature would be without Dickens's works, — how much enjoyment would be taken out of our lives, — how much knowledge of human nature and feeling for it, how much genial humor, how much quickening of sympathy, how much heartiness, would be lost, had this long series of books never appeared, we can better appreciate what we owe to their writer.

Gratitude is often a clumsy virtue, and Mr. Dickens has had abundant experience of it, in its most awkward as well as in its graceful forms. But even the least attractive expressions of it retain something of the charm which belongs to every sincere manifestation of feeling, and in Mr. Dickens's case the truth is that he has been willing to make everybody his friend; and there is in him, as he has said of himself, so much human nature, that we may trust no expression of honest regard is wasted on him. It is a satisfaction to believe, nay, to know, that he is the happier for the reflection of the happiness he has given to others.

No one thinks first of Mr. Dickens as a writer. He is at once, through his books, a friend. He belongs among the in-

timates of every pleasant-tempered and large-hearted person. He is not so much the guest as the inmate of our homes. He keeps holidays with us, he helps us to celebrate Christmas with heartier cheer, he shares at every New Year in our good wishes: for, indeed, it is not in his purely literary character that he has done most for us, it is as a man of the largest humanity, who has simply used literature as the means by which to bring himself into relation with his fellow-men, and to inspire them with something of his own sweetness, kindness, charity, and good-will.

He is the great magician of our time. His wand is a book, but his power is in his own heart. It is a rare piece of good fortune for us that we are the contemporaries of this benevolent genius, and that he comes among us in bodily presence, bringing in his company such old and valued friends as Mr. Pickwick, and Sam Weller, and Nicholas Nickleby, and David Copperfield, and Boots at the Swan, and Dr. Marigold.

We offer our thanks to him who is giving such pleasure to us, and who is so dear and well known to us all. May it be long before this benefactor of mankind is taken from a world which he has done so much to make better and happier!

Art. XIII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Publications of the Narragansett Club* (First Series). Providence, R. I. Volume I. 1866. Volume II. and Volume III. 1867.

In the month of June, 1643, Roger Williams embarked at New York for his native land. It was his first visit "home" since his arrival at Boston twelve years before, in the ship "Lyon," from Bristol. These twelve years had been full of significance to him. He had withdrawn from all fellowship with the churches of the Bay Colony, had been banished from the jurisdiction of that Colony, had formed a new settlement on the banks of the "Mooshaussick," and now was on his way to England as agent for the towns of Providence, Portsmouth, and Newport, to solicit for them a charter of incorporation. Of the incidents of this voyage we have no record; but Williams has told us how a portion, at least, of his own time was employed at sea.

In the Dedication of his "Key into the Language of America," — published soon after his arrival in London, — addressed to his "Friends and Countrymen in Old and New England," he says: "I drew the materials in a rude lump at sea, as a private help to my own memory, that I might not by my present absence lightly lose what I had so dearly bought in some few years' hardship and charges among the barbarians." This little volume is five and a half inches in length by three and a half in breadth, and consists of 224 pages, in fourteen signatures of sixteen pages each. It is the earliest work on the language and customs of the Indians of this part of the country, and it is also the earliest of the published works of its author. Little did Williams think, that, in two centuries and a quarter after the issuing of this humble volume from the press of Gregory Dexter, in London, in 1643, it would so far interest the scholars of that part of the country of which he wrote as to be published in the elegant style of the volume now before us.

"The Narragansett Club" is an association of gentlemen, formed in Providence, in 1865, for the purpose of reprinting "several of the rare books relating to Rhode Island and other parts of New England." They resolved "to commence their publications with the works and letters of Roger Williams," to "be attended by such of the writings of the celebrated John Cotton, George Fox, and John Clark as are connected with Roger Williams," and to follow these with the works of Samuel Gorton and Governor Coddington.

During the following year the Club issued their first volume, containing three tracts, the first of which is the "Key into the Language of

America," the original edition of which has just been described. This work had long been regarded as an important aid to the study of the language of the Indians of New England, (particularly the Narragansett tribe,) as well as shedding light upon their manners and customs. The Massachusetts Historical Society early became possessed of a copy, — at that time regarded as "exceedingly scarce," and supposed for some years afterwards to be the only one in the country, — and in 1794 they reprinted, in the third volume of their "Collections," what they then regarded as the most valuable part of it, omitting the conclusions of the chapters and the greater part of the Vocabulary. Four years afterwards, at the request of Dr. Barton, the Society printed, in their fifth volume, the remaining part of the Vocabulary. In 1827, the Rhode Island Historical Society, which had been instituted five years before, reprinted the work, as the first volume of their "Collections," from a transcript of the original edition in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, procured by Mr. Zachariah Allen, during a visit to England in 1825. Mr. Allen was evidently not aware, at this time, of the existence of the copy in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, or of the reprint in their "Collections."

In a copy of the original edition once belonging to Dr. Philip Bliss, for many years the accomplished librarian of the Bodleian Library, and the editor of Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," is the following manuscript note by him, on the fly-leaf. "On the 29th of March, 1825, a gentleman of the name of Allen (who owns the estate at Providence originally belonging to Roger Williams) came to the Bodleian Library, in order to see the copy of this book in the Library, which was formerly in that of Selden. He told me that he had heard there was such a volume, but that all his endeavors to procure a sight of it had been unavailing till I showed him the Bodleian copy, from which several extracts were made for him." Mr. Allen, after having, as he tells us, "in vain scoured all the principal wonderful repositories of old books in London," in search of a copy of the "Key," on a second visit to Oxford obtained the transcript as stated.*

But no one library among us can now claim to possess the "only known copy" of this work on this side the Atlantic; and though now literally "worth its weight in gold," this precious little book should no longer be described by bibliographers as "excessively rare." The stimulus which has, within the last thirty years, been given to the study of early American history, including its bibliography, has led to the bringing to light, from musty repositories, of copies of rare works, that

* See "Sketches . . . . in Great Britain, France, and Holland," &c. By Zachariah Allen. Providence, 1835. Vol. I. p. 96.

were wanting in the public libraries of the country, and some that were even unknown to scholars of the last two or three generations. The famous Ebeling collection, comprising from three thousand to thirty-five hundred volumes, fortunately secured for Harvard College Library in 1818, and justly regarded at that time and for some years after as the best collection of books on American history in the country, can no longer enjoy its former prestige, even with the additions made to it since its purchase; for it has been outstripped by probably more than one private collection. The reputation which many collections possess can never be fully tested, until, by the publication of a catalogue, their contents shall be made known. The library of Mr. John Carter Brown, of Providence, which has always been freely thrown open to scholars by its generous owner, will remain a mystery to those only who are unable to consult its recently prepared catalogue, which, so far as printed, begins with the year 1493, and ends with the year 1700: the first book being the Latin version of the letter of Columbus, "De Insulis inuentis," &c., announcing his great discovery, and the last, the "More Wonders of the Invisible World," by Robert Calef. The richness and value of this collection of books relating to the history of America, thus revealed, have astonished even those who had hitherto enjoyed the privilege of examining these treasures, and have led to the conviction, that, down to the period referred to, it surpasses any other collection of the kind in the country. Even here, however, it is hazardous to pronounce a too confident judgment, when we remember, that, among the many private libraries in New York, one which has for some time been regarded as the richest collection of bibliographical rarities on this continent, including works in the department of which we are speaking, will remain comparatively a sealed repository, until a catalogue shall unlock its treasures to the public. Mr. Henry Harrisse, in his "Bibliotheca Americana," at page xxx., thus speaks of this library, which, however, he had never seen: "If we may judge from the sundry works which the owner permitted us to consult, and from conversational remarks, Mr. Lenox's collection stands unrivalled."

The formation of such noble collections as these may be regarded as a subject for congratulation, as in this way only is it made possible for such societies as the Narragansett Club to reproduce the writings of the fathers of New England, the original editions of those here reprinted having long since passed beyond the reach of ordinary acquisition.

The sumptuous edition of the Key now before us has been faithfully edited by Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, Ct., who has

furnished a valuable Preface and elaborate foot-notes. Mr. Trumbull has brought to this labor special qualifications. By his long study of the language of the aborigines of New England, — pursuing his investigations with a discriminating analysis into the peculiarities of each dialect, — he has eminently fitted himself to be an interpreter of the philological writings of Williams and Eliot and Cotton, and to enter, as he has, with fresh enthusiasm into the editorial labors of Gallatin and Pickering and Du Ponceau, whose mantles appear to have fallen upon his shoulders. As a specimen of Mr. Trumbull's admirable manner, reference may also be made to a paper of his in the last volume of the "Proceedings" of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on the meaning of "Shawmut," the Indian name of the peninsula on which Boston stands, addressed, in the form of a letter, to Mr. Charles Folsom; and also to a communication in the "Proceedings" of the American Antiquarian Society for October, 1867, on the name "Massachusetts," written to the Rev. Edward E. Hale, in reply to an inquiry from him. Of Mr. Trumbull's future labors in this department of research the highest expectations may reasonably be formed; and we believe, that, before long, the oft-quoted remark, that "no person living can read Eliot's Indian Bible," will not be repeated with truth.

The value of Williams's Key to philologists of the present day can hardly be overestimated.

"However deficient as a grammar," says Trumbull, "a form which the author 'purposely avoided, as not so accommodate to the benefit of all,' of its excellence as a vocabulary and phrase-book there can be no question. It has preserved for us just that 'propriety of the [Indian] language in common things' which was not to be attained 'without abundant conversing with them, in eating, travelling, and lodging with them,' and which could have no place in Eliot's translations of the Bible and treatises on practical religion. From no other source can we learn so many Indian *names*, general and specific, of objects animate and inanimate, — so many words and phrases of familiar speech, and which were most frequently employed by the Indians in their intercourse with each other. It is, in fact, the *only* vocabulary of a language of Southern New England which is trustworthy or tolerably full. And this special value is enhanced by the fact that it was compiled before the language of the Narragansetts had been essentially modified by intercourse with the English, or by the influence of Eliot's and other printed translations into the Massachusetts dialect. To such modification all unwritten languages are subject, and the Indian languages of America were, from their structure, peculiarly so. That it did in fact take place in New England, and as a consequence of the printing of the Indian Bible, is not doubtful, — though we have no means of ascertaining whether or not it extended to the Narragansett tribe. . . . . The differences which may be regarded as dialectical between the Narragansett language, as Mr. Williams presents it, and the Natick, as written by Eliot and

his contemporaries, are few and inconsiderable. It would be difficult to point to *any* which are well marked and constant. It must be remembered, that, while the Key is 'framed *chiefly* after the Narragansett dialect,' Mr. Williams had acquired his knowledge of the language from intercourse with at least three independent tribes, — during his residence at Plymouth, Salem, and Providence; and it is certain, that, in some instances, he has admitted words which are *not* in the Narragansett dialect. For example, — on page 107, Chap. XVII., where he remarks upon the great 'variety of their dialects and proper speech within thirty or forty miles of each other,' he gives '*anùm*, a dog,' for the *Cowesit* (as it was, also, the Natick) form, and distinguishes the '*Narriganset*' as *ayùm*. The word 'Narriganset,' here and elsewhere in the Key, contains the letter *r*, which was not pronounced by the Narragansetts proper, whose tribe-name Mr. Williams (in his Epistle Introductory) writes *Nanhigganĕuck*. So (on pages 28, 29, 140, 142) the words *nullógana*, my wife, *wullógana*, a [his] wife, *nullóquaso*, my ward, or pupil, appear, by the presence of the *l*, to belong to some other dialect than the Narragansett, probably to the Nipmuck. On the whole, the language of the Key does not differ more widely from that of Eliot's Bible than does the latter from the Massachusetts Psalter and translation of John's Gospel, printed for the use of the Indians of Massachusetts in 1709. . . . . To many readers, the 'brief observations of the customs, manners, and worships, &c., of the natives,' constitute the most 'pleasant and profitable' portion of the author's work. . . . . They have been so often and so largely drawn upon by later writers, that our obligations to their author are almost lost sight of, and they are held, as if by prescription, the common property of historians." — pp. 7 – 9.

As an instance of the appropriation of Williams's labors without acknowledgment, it may be mentioned that that unconscionable liar, and otherwise most absurd person, John Dunton, in his rhapsodies recently printed by the "Prince Society," under the title of "A Summer's Ramble through the Ten Kingdoms," &c., has drawn largely from the Key for his illustrations of the manners and customs of the Indians of New England; but instead of citing his authority, he has the audacity to say that the information was imparted to him personally, from time to time, by an occasional fellow-traveller, during his few months' residence in New England in 1686.

The two remaining tracts in this first volume of the "Narragansett Club," and the first and principal tract in the second volume, begin and end a controversy between John Cotton and Roger Williams concerning church fellowship. The discussion was begun by Cotton, who addressed a letter to Williams, soon after he left Salem, in January, 1636, in which the writer endeavors to convince Williams of the insufficiency of those grounds which had led him to reject the fellowship of the Massachusetts churches, as he had done before his banishment from

that Colony. This letter, of which Cotton kept no copy, was first printed in 1643, seven years after it was written, while Williams was in England. It is a small quarto of thirteen pages, and is entitled "A Letter of Mr. John Cottons Teacher of the Church in Boston, in New England, to Mr. Williams a Preacher there," &c. It appears to have been surreptitiously printed. Copies had been taken by persons to whom Williams had lent the manuscript, and one of them found its way to the press. Williams published a reply to Cotton's letter, in a small quarto of forty-seven pages, besides two prefatory leaves, entitled "Mr. Cottons Letter Lately Printed, Examined and Answered: By Roger Williams of Providence in New England. London, Imprinted in the yeere 1644." Cotton's rejoinder, of one hundred and forty-four small quarto pages, was printed in 1647, at the end of his "Bloudy Tenent, Washed," &c., and is entitled "A Reply to Mr. Williams his Examination; and Answer of the Letters sent to him by John Cotton." He and Williams were at this time engaged in the "Bloudy Tenent" controversy, soon to be spoken of, and the publication of this Reply, in the volume referred to, has caused it to be confounded with that discussion, with which it has no immediate connection. It was earlier written than the main part of the volume, in which it has the second place.

"In this discussion," says Professor Dimon, in his admirable editorial Preface to Cotton's "Reply" to Williams, in the second volume of the Narragansett Club, "is furnished the fullest illustration of opinions which seem to have been more prominent than any other in the mind of Williams, from the day when, according to his own statement, he had declined to become Teacher of the Boston Church, 'because he durst not officiate to an unseparated people,' until the day when he renounced the communion of his own church in Salem, because they would not sunder themselves from the churches in the Bay."

"Like Robinson of Leyden, in the earlier stage of his career, like Canne of Amsterdam, Williams urged a renunciation of all fellowship with the Church of England, a position which the Puritans of Massachusetts had never taken, and which they now wholly refused to sanction. Whether Williams, during his five years' residence in Massachusetts, rendered himself more obnoxious by his advocacy of Religious Toleration, or by his advocacy of the principles of Rigid Separation, is a question upon which the Reply of Cotton will be found to throw great light.

"The precise question at issue between Cotton and Williams was, whether it was 'necessary to church-fellowship, that the members admitted thereunto should all of them see, and expressly bewail, all the pollutions which they have been defiled with in their former Church-fellowship, Ministry, Worship, Government,' &c. This thesis Williams zealously advocated, and Cotton

opposed. While acknowledging and deploring the corruptions that existed in the Church of England, Cotton maintained that the 'mixt fellowship of ignorant and prophane persons doth not evacuate or disannul their church estate, — the store of malignant and noysome humors in the body, yea, the deadness and rottennesse of many members in the body, though they make the body an unsound and corrupt body, yet they do not make the body no body.'" — pp. 2, 3.

While, however, the main subject discussed in this Reply "relates to the dispute between the Nonconformist and the Separatist, its chief historical value arises from its incidental discussion of another question, respecting which the most opposite opinions are still maintained." We cannot forbear to continue our quotation of the language of Professor Dimon, in the excellent summary he has furnished in the Preface referred to, on pages 3 – 6.

"A single allusion in Cotton's Letter to the 'sentence of civill banishment' passed against Williams drew from the latter a statement of the grounds of that decree, as they were 'rightly summed up' by one of the magistrates after the trial. This statement, which Williams thus indorses, with Cotton's extended observations in reply, furnishes the most complete account that now remains of these proceedings, and by the two persons whose testimony is on every account entitled to the greatest weight. Although Cotton somewhat harshly criticises the statement made by Williams, yet a careful comparison of the two accounts will show that they do not involve any essential contradiction.

"According to Williams, the grounds of his banishment were the following opinions: —

"'1. That we have not our land by patent from the King, but that the natives are the true owners of it; and that we ought to repent of such receiving it by patent.

"'2. That it is not lawful to call a wicked person to swear, to pray, as being actions of God's worship.

"'3. That it is not lawful to hear any of the ministers of the parish assemblies in England.

"'4. That the civil magistrate's power extends only to the bodies and goods and outward state of men.'

"This account of the matter Cotton terms 'a fraudulent expression of the particulars'; for each one of these four opinions, he affirms, was known to be held by many who were still tolerated in the full enjoyment both of civil and religious liberty. It was not for the mere holding of opinions, but for the turbulent assertion of them, that Roger Williams had been banished. According to Cotton's 'best observation and remembrance,' the two things which caused the sentence of banishment against Williams were, — first, his violent and tumultuous carriage against the patent; and second, his vehement opposition to the oath of fidelity. The sentence was, however, hastened by the course of Williams in inducing the Salem church to join with him in remonstrating

against the action of the magistrates, and in afterwards renouncing communion with it.

"But what at once arrests attention in these two statements is, that they both agree in regarding as entirely subordinate that opinion of Williams respecting the province of the civil magistrate which has been so frequently represented as the chief ground of difference between him and the Massachusetts Colony. If we had simply Cotton's statement, there might be some grounds for suspecting that his account of the proceedings, like the account which he gives, in a subsequent passage in this Reply, of his connection with the Antinomians, was not quite ingenuous; but the fact of chief importance is, that Williams himself, while enumerating among the four causes of his banishment his opinion respecting the power of the civil magistrate, yet nowhere, throughout the whole course of this discussion, lays any special emphasis upon it. It is certainly surprising, if this opinion were, as has been asserted, the real ground of all these proceedings, that he himself should here have claimed for it such an entirely subordinate importance.

"With such substantial agreement between the two most important witnesses, there seems no longer any room for controversy respecting the banishment of Williams. The question has been involved in difficulty by attaching an undue significance to the statement made by Winthrop respecting the action of the Court in July, 1635. In the charges presented at that time there is no allusion either to the patent or to the oath, an omission which can as little be reconciled with the statement of Williams as with that of Cotton, unless we suppose that the final step was based, not on those charges simply, but on the whole antecedent action of the Court, — an inference which the phraseology of the decree of banishment fully justifies."

After this most able analysis, by a Rhode Island scholar and professor in her university, of the statements of both Cotton and Williams, there should no longer be any want of agreement among the historians of Massachusetts and Rhode Island as to the opinions which Williams held, and the relation which he sustained to the churches and to the civil authorities of Massachusetts, during his residence there, or as to the true reasons for his banishment from that Colony. As to ecclesiastical matters, Williams did not distinguish himself there by his advocacy of religious toleration; it was rather by his advocacy of the principles of religious separation that he made himself obnoxious to the leading men of that Colony. To what extent the ideas of religious toleration and of religious liberty, of which he subsequently became so distinguished an advocate, had, at this time, found a place in his mind, it does not appear; but his religious opinions had little to do with the final action of the government respecting him.*

* Professor Dimon has ascertained, by an inspection of the original manuscript Records at the State-House, that the true date of the sentence of banishment of Williams is October 8, 1635, instead of September 3, as in the printed Records. He detected that a later hand had tampered with the manuscript. See his note in Vol. II., Narragansett Club, pp. 238 – 240.

The question, however, recurs, Were the Massachusetts authorities justified in banishing Williams from the Colony as a disturber of the peace? Every state or community, controlling its own municipal affairs, must be its own judge as to whether its existence or safety demands the punishment of its citizens, and as to the nature of that punishment, which may extend to the death penalty or to banishment from its jurisdiction; also, as to whether, in a given case, the exigency has arisen for the exercise of its undoubted prerogative. On no other ground can the act, in the case referred to, be justified. It will not do to say, as has sometimes been said, that Williams had no right to be here,— that, not being an owner in the franchise, nor a freeman of the Colony, the authorities, from a mere dislike to his person or to his opinions, or on any other pretence, could justly order him to depart from the jurisdiction, as a householder may inform his guest that "his room is better than his company."

When Winthrop and his associates, with their large fleet, sailed, in 1630, for New England, they intended to establish there a permanent colony, and they brought with them the muniments of their authority. Soon after they sailed, their friends "at home" issued a circular address, stating the purpose of the colonists, and inviting aid in the furtherance of their plans. They called for "able men, as may be sufficient to make the frame of that new formed body: as good Governors, able Ministers, Physicians, Soldiers, Schoolmasters, Mariners, and Mechanics of all sorts." They ask for money, in aid of a "stock of ten thousand pounds .... to support the weight of general charges of transportation, and maintaining Ministers, Schoolmasters, Commanders for Wars; and erecting of such buildings as will be needful for public use for the present"; hoping that in "time to come .... the Colony itself, having once taken root, ... will be found sufficient to bear her own burden." They did not advertise for persons of any particular religious opinion, but for those who should "be willing to submit to authority." The leaders in this great enterprise, who had just sailed, were themselves members of the Church of England, and they esteemed it an honor to call her their "deare Mother"; but they could not give assurance, that, under the new circumstances which might arise in their new abode, they could "preserve a correspondence in all things to our state, civil or ecclesiastical."* Williams, the next year, came over to the Colony, and was received with a welcome. His arrival is recorded by Winthrop, who makes honorable mention of him as "a godly minister"; and he was immediately chosen, as he himself says,

* "Planters Plea," (supposed to be written by the Rev. John White of Dorchester, England,) London, 1630, pp. 34, 35, 63, 65, 66, 82, 83.

Teacher of the Church in Boston, a position which he declined. By coming here, Williams forfeited none of his rights as an Englishman or as a man; and on no principle of justice could he be thrust out of the community, whilst he remained a peaceable inhabitant.* He was entitled to every protection, in his person and property, that the government could afford him, so long as he "kept the peace"; and there is no evidence that he did not receive such protection. He, however, put to hazard the public peace, and he was banished. In this the government not only exercised its unquestionable prerogative, but the authorities were, no doubt, sincere in believing that the safety of the community demanded its exercise in this instance; and, in that view, they are morally justified in their act.

But in view of all the light since shed upon this transaction, can we say that the authorities were wise and far-seeing in the course they pursued? Were they not unnecessarily alarmed, and did they not count too much upon the influence of Williams for harm? It is always difficult to pronounce judgment in such cases, but we incline to the opinion, that, if Williams had been "let alone," he would have subsided into a harmless, if not always quiet citizen. And we cannot forbear to apply the same remark to the proceedings respecting Mrs. Hutchinson in 1637, and to those respecting the Quakers of twenty years later. As to the Quakers, it is humiliating to think that our fathers were so far frightened from their propriety by a handful of fanatics as to have been led to resort to the extreme measures that were pursued towards them. The most that can be said of many of them is, that they were "proper subjects either of a mad-house or house of correction." There is a bit of wisdom and common sense, worthy of a more extended application, in the reply of the Rhode Island authorities to the Commissioners of the United Colonies, who asked that a course of justice might be taken with certain Quakers that had sought shelter in Rhode Island. They say, under date of October 13, 1658: —

"Our desires are, in all things possible, to pursue after and keep fair and loving correspondence and intercourse with all the Colonies, and with all our countrymen in New England; and to that purpose we have endeavored (and shall still endeavor) to answer the desires and requests from all parts of the country, ... by returning such as make escapes from you, or from the other Colonies, being such as fly from the hands of justice, for matters of crime done

* The Charter of Massachusetts provided, that all subjects of the crown, who should become inhabitants of the Colony, and their children born there, should enjoy all liberties and immunities of free and natural subjects, as if they and every of them were born within the realm of England. — Charter, in Hutchinson's "Papers," p. 18; Story, Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, § 63.

or committed amongst you, &c. And as concerning these Quakers (so called) which are now among us, we have no law among us whereby to punish any for only declaring by words, &c., their minds and understandings concerning the things and ways of God, as to salvation and an eternal condition. And we, moreover, find that in those places where these people aforesaid, in this Colony, are most of all suffered to declare themselves freely, and are only opposed by arguments in discourse, there they least of all desire to come, and we are informed that they begin to loathe this place, for that they are not opposed by the civil authority, but with all patience and meekness are suffered to say over their pretended revelations and admonitions, nor are they like or able to gain many here to their way," &c.*

It will not, we trust, be regarded as out of place here to refer to and to quote from an interesting and important letter of Williams to his friend Governor Winthrop, brought to light five years ago among the "Winthrop Papers," written a few months after Williams and his handful of followers had established themselves at Providence, and furnishing the earliest account extant of that little community: —

"The condition of myself and those few families here planting with me you know full well. We have no Patent, nor doth the face of Magistracy suit with our present condition. Hitherto the masters of families have ordinarily met once a fortnight, and consulted about our common peace, watch, and planting; and mutual consent hath finished all matters with speed and peace.

"Now of late some young men, single persons, (of whom we had much need) being admitted to freedom of inhabitation, and promising to [be] subject to the orders made by the consent of the householders, are discontented with their estate, and seek the freedom of vote also, and equality, &c.

"Besides, our dangers (in the midst of these dens of lions) now especially call upon us to be compact in a civil way and power.

"I have, therefore, had thoughts of propounding to my neighbors a double subscription, concerning which I shall humbly crave your help. The first concerning ourselves, the masters of families, thus: We, whose names are here underwritten, late inhabitants of the Massachusetts, (upon occasion of some difference of conscience,) being permitted to depart from the limits of that Patent, under the which we came over into these parts, and being cast by the Providence of the God of Heaven remote from others of our countrymen amongst the barbarous in this town of New Providence, do with free and joint consent promise each unto other, that, for our common peace and welfare (until we hear further of the King's royal pleasure concerning ourselves) we will from time to time subject ourselves in active or passive obedience to such orders and agreements as shall be made by the greater number of the present householders, and such as shall be hereafter admitted by their consent into the same privilege and covenant in our ordinary meeting. In witness whereof we hereunto subscribe, &c.

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* Hutchinson's Massachusetts, I. App. xi.

"Concerning those few young men, and any who shall hereafter (by your favorable connivance) desire to plant with us, this: We whose names are here underwritten, being desirous to inhabit in this Town of New Providence, do promise to subject ourselves in active or passive obedience to such orders and agreements as shall be made, from time to time, by the greater number of the present householders of this Town, and such whom they shall admit into the same fellowship and privilege. In witness whereof," &c.*

This first agreement or "subscription" among the "householders" is not extant among the Records of Providence. The second agreement, which implies the existence of a former one, is, however, in a somewhat altered phraseology, on the Records of Providence; but there is no date to it, nor is there any clew afforded as to the time of its adoption. It will be observed, that, in the model of the two agreements submitted to Winthrop, and which Williams says he has not yet submitted to his neighbors, "but shall as I see cause upon your loving council," there is no exception made as to submission, "only in civil things." There is another point on which Williams desires the advice of Winthrop. As Williams had purchased at his own "charge and engagements" the place on which they had settled, "the inhabitants paying by consent 30*s.* apiece as they come," until his charge was "out for their particular lots," and as he had never made any other covenant with his friends, but that, if he got a place, they should plant there with him, his query is this: "Whether I may not lawfully desire this of my neighbors, that, as I freely subject myself to common consent, and shall not bring in any person into the town without their consent, so also, that, against my consent, no person be violently brought in and received."

How refreshing to the sight of the antiquary would be the reply of Winthrop to this letter from his impracticable friend! but, alas! this letter, and all the other letters of Winthrop to Williams, we mourn for. It is to be hoped, that, in answer to the query above propounded, Winthrop advised his friend that he could hardly expect to obtain the consent of his neighbors to such an agreement as that his single vote should exclude any one from civil fellowship. The right of selection, that is to say, the right to choose one's companions in founding a settlement, may be reasonably claimed; but Williams's proposal to have conferred upon him the power to negative the acts of all his companions already received into fellowship, in the matter referred to, can hardly be admitted as reasonable.

The second and last tract in the second volume of the Narragansett

* See 4 Massachusetts Historical Collections, VI. 186 - 188.

Club is entitled "Queries of Highest Consideration, Proposed to Mr. Tho. Goodwin, Mr. Phillip Nye, Mr. Wil. Bridges, Mr. Jer. Burroughs, Mr. Sidr. Simpson, and to the Commissioners from the General Assembly (so called) of the Church of Scotland," &c. London, 1644.

When Williams was in England at this time, the Westminster Assembly was holding its sessions, and a serious feud had arisen between the Independent and the Presbyterian members of it. The famous "Apologetical Narration" was published in January, 1643 – 4, and this called forth abundant replies from the Presbyterian party. Williams sympathized with neither faction. He saw that they were both struggling for power; each was desirous of establishing its own as the national religion. He therefore attacked them both. He had at this time risen to the height of the great argument for "liberty of conscience in matters of religion," and in this tract he addressed Parliament in a strain of great boldness and vigor. In regard to the former English Parliament's "wonderful changes in religion," he says, on page 20: —

"Who knows not in how few years the commonweal of England hath set up and pulled down? The fathers made the children heretics, and the children the fathers. How doth the Parliament in Henry the 8. his days condemn the absolute Popery in Henry the seventh? How is, in Edward the 6. his time, the Parliament of Henry the 8. condemned for their half Popery, half Protestantism? How soon doth Queen Mary's Parliament condemn Edward for his absolute Protestantism? And Elizabeth's Parliament as soon condemn Queen Mary's for their absolute Popery? 'T is true, Queen Elizabeth made laws against Popery and Papists, but the government of Bishops, the Common Prayer, the Ceremonies, were then so high in that Queen and Parliament's eye, that the members of this present and ever renowned Parliament would have then been counted little less than heretics. And oh! since the commonweal cannot, without a spiritual rape, force the consciences of all to one Worship, oh! that it may never commit that rape, in forcing the consciences of all men to one Worship, which a stronger arm and sword may soon (as formerly) arise to alter."

This tract is here reprinted from a transcript of the only copy of the original edition known at the time, in the library of the British Museum. It consists of thirteen pages in small quarto, besides three preliminary leaves, including the title-leaf. Since its republication another copy of the original edition has been discovered in a well-known private library in the city of Providence. The "Introductory Remarks" to this tract, as here reprinted, as well as those to the two last tracts in the first volume, were written by Mr. Reuben A. Guild, the intelligent librarian of Brown University. The same gentleman also furnished for the first volume an interesting "Biographical Introduction to the Writings of Roger Williams."

The third volume of the Narragansett Club consists of a reprint of Roger Williams's "Bloudy Tenent of Persecution," &c., with a Preface by the editor, Professor Samuel L. Caldwell, who has also contributed occasional foot-notes of references and explanations. This work, with the other works of Williams already referred to, "was produced during the author's visit to England in 1643–1644, and while he was engaged in obtaining the charter" alluded to at the beginning of this notice. The original edition is in what is called a small quarto form of two hundred and forty-seven pages, besides twelve preliminary leaves, and is entitled "The Blovdy Tenent, of Persecution, for Cause of Conscience, discussed, in a Conference between Truth and Peace. Who, in all tender Affection, present to the High Court of Parliament (as the Result of their Discourse) these (amongst other Passages) of highest Consideration. Printed in the Year 1644." There were two editions of the work published this year, neither of which bore the author's name.

This work is independent of Williams's previous controversy with Cotton, and it had also a different origin. In Cotton's "Bloudy Tenent, Washed," published in 1647, in reply to this book of Williams's, he gives, on pages 1 and 2, the origin of this discussion.

"Mr. Williams," he says, "sent me, about a dozen years ago (as I remember), a letter, penned (as he wrote) by a prisoner in Newgate, touching persecution for Conscience' sake: and entreated my judgment of it for the satisfaction of his friend. I was not willing to deny him any office of Christian love, and gave him my poor judgment in a private letter. This private letter of mine he hath published in print after so many years, and therewith a refutation of it. If my letter was Orthodoxical and tending to satisfaction and edification, why did he refute it? If corrupt and erroneous (especially if bloody), why did he publish it?"

Williams says respecting the paper sent to Cotton for his judgment:—

"The author of these arguments against persecution (as I have been informed), being committed by some then in power close prisoner to Newgate, for the witness of some truths of Jesus, and having not the use of pen and ink, wrote these arguments in *Milk*, in sheets of paper brought to him by the woman his keeper, from a friend in London, as the stopples of his Milk bottle." *

By holding the paper to the fire the writing became visible.

Whatever of truth there may be in this story of the writing in milk, it is certain that the "arguments against persecution" sent to Cotton were extracts from a paper printed in 1620, entitled "A Most Humble Supplication of many of the King's Majesty's loyal Subjects, ...

* Bloudy Tenent, p. 61.

persecuted only for differing in Religion," &c., and signed by some "unjustly called Anabaptists." The entire paper may be seen in a volume of "The Hanserd Knollys Society," well worthy the attention of the scholar, entitled "Tracts on Liberty of Conscience and Persecution, 1614 – 1661." London, 1846.

Williams, in a later work, denies that *he* sent the prisoner's arguments to Cotton, and says they were communicated to him by another person. He also denies that Cotton's letter of comments on the same was private. This is said in justification of his having printed both in his "Bloudy Tenent," making Cotton's letter mainly the basis of his reply, and from that taking the title of his book; regarding Cotton's doctrine as a contrast to that of the Newgate prisoner, written in milk.

Cotton's argument in regard to persecution is in brief this: —

"When we are persecuted for Conscience' sake, it is either for Conscience rightly informed or for erroneous and blind Conscience. First, it is not lawful to persecute any for Conscience' sake *rightly informed.* . . . . Secondly, for an *erroneous* and *blind* Conscience . . . . it is not lawful to persecute any, till after admonition once or twice; . . . . if such a man, after such admonition, shall still persist in the error of his way, and be therefore punished, he is not persecuted for cause of Conscience, but for sinning against his own Conscience." *

In this noble treatise of Williams's, he takes the highest ground in favor of absolute freedom in matters of religion. In the Preface to the book, which is dedicated to the "High Court of Parliament," he says: —

"It is the will and command of God, that (since the coming of his Son, the Lord Jesus) a permission of the most Paganish, Jewish, Turkish, or Antichristian consciences and worships be granted to all men, in all Nations and Countries: and they are only to be fought against with that sword which is only (in soul matters) able to conquer, to wit, the sword of God's Spirit, the Word of God."

In this treatise the author exhibits abundant learning and ability to grapple with this great theme, which must have often occupied his mind during his lonely hours in his cabin at New Providence, before it was wrought out for the press in 1644. Williams's style, in this and in most of his other elaborate treatises, has the faults of his age. It sometimes lacks clearness and directness. It is wordy, often leading the reader astray from the argument; and a search through loads of chaff has often been rewarded only by a single grain of wheat. But he is frequently animated and eloquent, and some of his letters are most touching in their pathos, and are expressed in a style of great beauty.

* Bloudy Tenent, p. 42.

The declaration of the doctrine of "Liberty of Conscience in matters of Religion," in the volume before us, and the advocacy of it in his later writings, have justly given to Williams a world-wide renown. He was not the first, as we have seen, to preach this truth, but he appears to have been the first to practically realize it in the Colony which was founded by him. All honor, therefore, to the memory of the noble old patriarch!

But Williams's doctrine of liberty was not always understood in the Colony of Rhode Island; some interpreted it to mean license, freedom from all restraints whatsoever; and from the conduct of the motley crew collected in the different settlements within the little Colony, it seemed sometimes as if license would carry the day. But the voice of Williams was always heard above the din, (for he never declined to do battle even in the cause of peace,) *proclaiming* the true doctrine, if he did not effectually impress its truth upon the hearts of his hearers.

The following reflections of Dr. Belknap, recorded in his journal after a visit to Providence in 1785, may not improperly be recited here. They were suggested by Governor Hopkins's "Account of the Planting and Growth of Providence," which had been placed in Dr. Belknap's hands by a friend: —

"Upon the whole, I think, that, although Roger Williams was right in his idea of *liberty of conscience*, upon which principle the Colony of Rhode Island was established, yet there ought to have been more care taken by the early settlers here for the cultivation of the minds of youth, by erecting and endowing schools and seminaries of learning. In that case, youth, being properly instructed and principled, would have known what *use to make of their liberty*, when they had come to years of understanding; but this early cultivation being wanting, an unlimited liberty of conscience and freedom from the obligation of supporting ministers has in too many instances produced an unrestrained licentiousness of manners, and a careless disregard of virtue."*

As has been said, these works of Roger Williams, thus far here reprinted, were produced while he was in England in 1643 – 1644, to solicit a charter of incorporation. He was successful in his mission, and, returning, he arrived at Boston on the 17th of September, 1644, bringing with him a letter from certain lords and other members of Parliament, addressed to the Massachusetts authorities, soliciting friendly offices toward Mr. Williams. This letter procured for him permission to proceed unmolested to Providence.

The fourth volume of the Club will contain Williams's "Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to wash it white

* Life of Jeremy Belknap, D. D., pp. 110, 111.

in the Blood of the Lambe," &c. Cotton's book, to which this is a reply, should more properly, we think, precede this. We are glad to learn that the "Letters of Roger Williams" are in course of preparation for publication by the Club, under the editorial supervision of Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull.

The Narragansett Club have thus far won a great success. They have been fortunate in their editors and fortunate in their printers. May they be equally successful in the production of their future volumes.

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2. — *The Life of* NATHANAEL GREENE, *Major-General in the Army of the Revolution.* By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, Author of "Historical View of the American Revolution." In Three Volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867. 8vo. pp. 584.

THIS volume is the first instalment of the long-expected Life of General Greene by his grandson. The author proposes to give us two additional volumes, and the interest and value of this first part of the work are so great that we trust no long time will intervene before the publication of the remainder. The equally competent and faithful biographer has a narrative to continue and to close, filled with material rich alike in personal and historical interest. There are still to be narrated some half-dozen campaigns of the long struggle, — campaigns in which Greene continually displayed his military ability, rising till, as commander of the Southern army, he became second only to Washington in rank, and was numbered among his most trusted friends. Though his life was compassed within forty-four years, it was a full one.

The biographer had already, in a more modest way, performed the work which he here expands. While filling the post of American Consul at Rome, more than a score of years ago, he contributed a volume on the same theme to Sparks's Library of American Biography. That volume has merits of its own, and is admirably adapted to the use of that ever-increasing mass of inquisitive readers among us who require condensed narratives conformed to the limitations of time and leisure under which alone they can train their minds. But it was prepared amid many disadvantages, especially that of the want of the original and unpublished documents existing on this side of the water. Mr. Greene, during the interval which has elapsed, has kept his theme in mind, and has regarded it as the duty of his mature life to do justice to it.

The author must now look for his due reward to those of the present

and of coming generations who desire to read the history of the American Revolution through the candidly wrought and authentic memoirs and correspondence of the prime actors in it. Mr. Greene has made an admirable contribution to that patriotic cause. If the reader occasionally meets an outburst of sentiment, revealing the private affections or opinions of the author, he should be ready to allow it, even if it does not call forth his sympathy or satisfy his taste.

General Greene came of the best stock in New England. He would have been a man of mark in any of the nobler pursuits of life to which he might have been directed either by opportunity or by ambition. He was unselfish, warm-hearted, liberal, and sternly upright. He had the sensitiveness, not of pride, but of a dignified self-respect. His ancestry were among the earliest emigrants to Puritan New England; and his immediate parentage was derived from the company of straggling dissentients whose consciences found room with Roger Williams in Rhode Island. Members of the family filled important local positions in the administration of the Colony.

The father of the General, bearing the same name, besides exercising his gifts as an exhorter and a leader in the meetings of the Quaker fellowship to which he belonged, and in whose quiet ways his children were trained, was a thriving farmer on his own domain. To the agricultural labors which were industriously pursued were added the ingenuity and toil needed in working a forge connected with a mill which was moved by power got from a small stream with its dam and pond on the family estate, and used in good part for manufacturing anchors. For these a ready market was found at Newport and other places on the bay, and a shallop furnished the means of transportation.

The destined General, showing, it would seem, no distaste for his daily tasks as a helper of his father and his brothers, and no restlessness of spirit unfitting him to enjoy his youth, exhibited very early a craving for knowledge, taking a special interest in mathematical, historical, and metaphysical subjects. His mental opportunities at home were of the narrowest and least nutritive. Quaker discipline proscribed relaxation and accomplishments, and the literary material of his immediate neighborhood was meagre and juiceless. He read whatever came to hand, and re-read when fresh matter failed him. *A book*, whatever its title or contents, stood with him as a representative of all the wealth of the mind, — just as, to a philanthropist, a man represents the race. His hoarded pennies, earned in rare and brief intervals of leisure, were devoted to the purchase of books, as soon as he was old enough to go in the shallop with its freight of commodities to Newport. The good President Stiles, then a minister of that town, being witness to the

eagerness exhibited by the boy for learning, kindly gave him a helping word and hand.

Among the acquaintances made by him under similar circumstances was the famous grammarian, Lindley Murray, who, having been entertained at the hospitable farm-house of the elder Greene, invited the youth to go with him, for a brief sojourn, to New York. Doubtless, had the grammarian had a gleam of foresight of the service and fame to which his companion was destined, and that some thousands of documents from his pen would be treasured up as precious historic material, he would have guarded him by early tuition against an unallowable liberty in which the General indulged himself, of connecting a verb in the singular with a plural nominative. His biographer has been conscientiously withheld from those slight strokes of the editorial pen required to rectify the grammar of his honored grandfather's manuscripts; he even draws the reader's attention to this erratic habit of the General, and also to a frequent looseness and irregularity in the construction of his sentences; and he is willing to have the manuscript faithfully transferred to print without emendation, because solid thought is expressed intelligently, with clearness and strength, in spite of the flaws in the syntax.

Young Greene showed his strength of mind before he had attained his manhood by subjecting himself, on this visit to New York, to inoculation, while that process, besides the risks attending it, was withstood by the prejudices and superstitions of a very large portion of the community. He afterwards had occasion, more than once, amid the direful scenes of the camp and the hospital, to mourn that that safeguard was so neglected and resisted. The apprehension of small-pox was enough to keep thousands of our yeomanry from enlisting, and the disease itself over and over again seriously reduced the strength of our armies.

Greene grew into manhood amid the intense excitement, pervading every village and hamlet, from the popular discussion of the Stamp Act. He was quickened in reflection, and the direction of his reading was determined, by the incidents and forebodings which engaged only the passionate speech of many around him. A clear and deep thinker, he was one of the first to interpret the omens aright, and to anticipate needful measures and inevitable consequences, which most of his associates were hardly willing to face, when, long after, they were realized.

His father had purchased a new mill-site, a few miles from his own, and had placed his son in charge of the work to be done there. This was at Coventry, and soon after the son's removal thither the father died. The brothers continued to carry on the family business ami-

cably. As a freeholder, Nathaniel was entitled by the Colonial law to the right of suffrage, to which he was admitted at Warwick, in April, 1765. In 1770, and onward, even while he was in the army, he was chosen to represent Coventry in the General Assembly. He was married July 20, 1774, to a lady who proved to be a fit confidant and companion, amid the trying experiences which crowded the remaining years of his life. His letters to her, during long periods of separation, show the purity and warmth of his domestic affections, and the confidence he had in her sympathy and good judgment. Occasionally, while in winter quarters, she with other ladies was permitted to be near the camp.

As the threatening and aggressive measures of the British government were steadily paralleled by a course of popular measures engaging the passions and the inventiveness of the Colonists, Greene was always found among the foremost in activity. He was still in the Quaker fellowship, and under its discipline. Disregarding the pacific principles of the sect, or persuaded that there might be contingencies when the duties of a good citizen would compel him to take arms, he attended a great military review which was held at Plainfield, and probably manifested in some way an un-Quakerlike zeal in its excitement. For this trespass he was brought under the discipline of the Society, and, as he refused to concede what was required, after remonstrance, he was expelled from fellowship. An independent military company having been formed in his neighborhood, he became a candidate for a lieutenancy in it. It caused him much mortification that he failed of an election, because of a slight stiffness in one of his limbs, which, without laming him, appeared in his gait. He came in, however, as a private, and in the scarcity of military weapons, which then drove the yeomanry to their wits' end to supply themselves, he made a resolute move in a right direction. Coming to Boston for the purpose, he succeeded in purchasing a good musket, and in inducing a countryman to secrete it under a load of straw which he was carrying in his wagon out of town. He turned his visit to profitable account in other ways. He spent his time in town in watching and studying the military movements of the British soldiers then quartered there; and he took back with him to Coventry a willing deserter, who was to render service to the rural corps as a drill-master.

The Battle of Bunker's Hill gave the signal which had long been waited for. The Rhode Island Assembly, though under a Tory Governor, at once raised two regiments, and commissioned Greene as Brigadier-General. At the age of thirty-three, thus suddenly entrusted with a responsibility which, great when it was imposed, was

steadily to increase in its burdens and anxieties, Greene joined the New England army gathered at Cambridge and the neighborhood, not yet on a Continental establishment, investing the British forces in Boston. Here he set himself to learn the art of war. It is curious to note in his correspondence how rapidly he exchanged the phraseology of a civilian for the terms and figures of speech of his new profession. He was soon commissioned as a Brigadier-General on the Continental establishment, and stationed on Prospect Hill. During the nine months of the siege of Boston, with its perplexities and alarms, he shared with Washington, and the other general officers, all the embarrassments attending the continually baffled and often futile attempts at organizing an army, with a commissariat and a hospital system, out of most unmanageable materials, and with the alternate help and hindrance of local, Colonial, and Continental authorities. He commanded a brigade in the affair of Dorchester Heights; was put in command at Long Island, but was lying helpless in his bed, and in danger of his life, in New York, during the disastrous movements there; was raised to the rank of Major-General, and showed his gallantry at Fort Lee. His biographer places before us anew all the materials which exist, and they are sufficient, for forming an unprejudiced view of the affair of Fort Washington, and, without any special pleading, leaves the narrative for the judgment of his readers. In our opinion, the General stands as free of blame for that disaster as he is safe from the injurious insinuations which the reflections of a later criticism have renewed and intensified.

His biographer follows him through the campaigns which embrace the affairs at Trenton, Princeton, and Morristown, the loss of Philadelphia, and the fall of the forts on the Delaware, — closing the volume with the hopeful presage connected with the coming of Steuben to introduce discipline into the army. Of course, the general current of the story is that with which we are familiar. On some matters of detail, and on some incidental points, that have been obscured, contested, or variously represented, Mr. Greene furnishes us with valuable illustrative, explanatory, or argumentative helps. He does not aim at any point to set aside the verdict of history, so called, though he does essay to readjust its individual distributions and applications in some particulars. He has done his own work conscientiously, and has made the best use of materials, which were more accessible to him, and worth more for general history, in his way of using them, than they would have been to any other person. He yields himself justly to the inspiration of family pride, and duty, in his theme.

The single object which stands prominent in the aims of Mr.

Greene, and to which he most frequently and emphatically seeks to draw the responsive interest of his readers, is the exhibition of his revered grandfather as a man cast in the same mould, and vitalized with the same qualities of mind, heart, and soul, as Washington. The course of the narrative is often arrested for an interjectional reminder, or comment, to serve this intent, or rather to express the sincere persuasion of the biographer. If, perhaps, on one or two occasions, the reader may not be wholly responsive to the writer, it will be rather because of an imagined irrelevancy in the comment than from lack of truth in what it suggests. We admit in full the likeness of these two noble men in character and its manifestations. There was an identity of opinion and feeling between them on many subjects. They met the same perplexities and obstacles with the same calm self-reliance. They had the same enemies. From the day on which Greene joined the camp at Cambridge, the perusal of the volume before us leads us through scenes, and engages reflections, which reproduce those drawn and excited in Mr. Sparks's invaluable volumes from the papers of the Commander-in-Chief. There is a slight, but still an appreciable, element of candid disclosure in Mr. Greene's pages, beyond what we have had before, in the relation of the disastrous, mortifying, and ever-irritating incidents, originating in the jealousies of officers, the unsoldierlike conduct of the privates, the cross-purposes of local and national authorities, and the haltings and bunglings of Congress. It must be confessed, that, the closer we come to the actual facts and phenomena of the Revolution, and the more thorough the research which deals with them, the less satisfactory do many of them appear. Certainly, for those who have passed through the late Secession War, it is possible, if they choose to trace them, to find more parallelisms in the faithful history of the Revolutionary War than a patriot or a right-hearted man may be pleased to admit.

We ought to add, that Mr. Greene makes no direct reference to the charges he has heretofore brought against the historical integrity and impartiality of Mr. Bancroft. Probably he judges that he has already effectually disposed of the issues between himself and that historian.

The most helpful incentive in prosecuting his valuable work which the author can receive will be a just and consistent appreciation of his great industry, at his own charges, up to this accomplished stage of his task. Congress failed to extend to this work the patronage which it gave to some less worthy of it.

3. — *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., from its Establishment, March* 16, 1802, *to the Army Reorganization of* 1866 – 67. By Brevet Major-General George W. Cullum, Colonel, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. New York: Van Nostrand. 2 vols. 8vo.

General Cullum has finally published his long-expected Revised Register of West Point Graduates. It is a book indispensable to every one who studies the military history or establishment of the Republic; but its keenest interest is for those who are its subject. It gives concisely, but fully and accurately, the leading events in the life of each graduate, from the opening of the Academy to the reorganization of the army in 1866; and the simple record of efforts, triumphs, and tragedies is the more affecting to the survivors from the close ties with which the Academy has bound together the Regular Army. An *esprit de corps* unknown to any other college in the country is created by the very nature and regulations of the institution. Cadets just emerging from boyhood are separated from their homes and from the world for four years. For amends they are bound together by constant intercourse and a systematic emulation in studies, arts, exercises, and amusements. They are in constant and familiar association with localities and scenes famous in Cadet tradition for the deeds of their predecessors, to which their own exploits are to be added, — both forming through their lives an exhaustless theme for the night watches in the steaming jungles of the Everglades or the icy mountains of Oregon. And to whatever post an officer may go, he will be welcomed by those who know him intimately, at least by reputation, and with whom he has a thousand common interests. Isolation magnifies trifles; and in the little absolute despotism of West Point party spirit runs high, and for ten years before the war Cadets took sides in their violent political disputes, almost to a man, as they were afterwards divided, in life or in death, on the hard-fought battle-fields of the great Rebellion; and as then, after the dispute, Cadets would quietly fall in and march to mess to discuss over their hash the performance of their horses at cavalry drill, so during the war, on our side at least, after the prisoners were brought in, it was no rare sight to find a Rebel as much at home in the camp of some former room-mate or comrade as though for the time every principle of the "little unpleasantness" was forgotten, and the dingy Rebel gray was transformed, and represented to their eyes nothing but the old spruce uniform, more familiar to them both than any other.

This freemasonry seems an obnoxious exclusiveness to some unreasonable opponents who ignore its advantages. It is probably one of the causes of the violent and unjust attacks to which the Academy is so often subject. The Preface of General Cullum's Register gives and suggests facts which should disarm such assailants, and which are invaluable for the defence made by its friends, and for candid inquirers after the truth.

In the first years of the late war many undeserved reproaches were thrown out against the Academy for failing to accomplish impossibilities, and the country seemed ignorant of the familiar principle, of which General Cullum here reminds us, that for great commanders ability, knowledge, and experience — all three — are essential. In 1861 there was no military experience in the country at all proportioned to the necessary scale of operations; there was, no doubt, more military ability among the men whose tastes had impelled them to seek West Point than among the same number in civil life; and military knowledge was confined to the Regular Army and to the graduates. Under these circumstances, it would seem to have been clear where our leaders should have been sought exclusively at the outset. The assembled wisdom of the nation thought differently, and it is an instructive study to compare the places held by political generals in the Union army early in the war with the results they had accomplished at its close. General Cullum, with the modesty of a veteran, does not refer to this; but the Army Register for 1866 shows, that, of the seventeen general officers of the Regular Army at the end of the war, all but one were graduates of West Point; and without detracting from General Terry's glory, it is just to say that his promotion was rather due to the enthusiasm for one valuable victory than for well-established generalship, and that this victory was of the straight-forward sort that depends more on the body of troops than on their head.

But war, if an expensive, is also a thorough school, and the knowledge and experience gained in the Rebellion were so great in proportion, that they were rapidly destroying the advantage in these respects before held by regularly educated soldiers; and by the end of the war, leaders, whether Volunteer or Regular, were fast falling into the places their ability entitled them to.

It is true, many West Point commanders failed, even where this was not due to their supporters or to circumstances. This is only allowing that all did not possess the three requisites that have been mentioned. But it must be remembered that the Confederacy advanced its West Point graduates much more systematically than we did, and that many a defeat for the Union was still a success, though on the wrong side, for West Point.

This leads us to speak of the loyalty of West Point graduates. It is a common notion that they were under peculiar obligations to the United States government. This mistake is well exposed by General Cullum, who argues unanswerably that they were educated by the country for its benefit, and not for their own; and that the event has proved the economy of the Academy, even in dollars and cents. This is clear from a view which the author only hints at. Every Cadet is enlisted to serve four years after graduating. In these four years, most of them — all those in staff corps — have responsibilities and perform duties that in commercial life would command pay enough higher than they receive to amply compensate for the cost of their education. It is difficult to see that the crime of a Southern graduate in rebelling is any greater than that of any other government official.

But are we not assuming a little too much in taking the disloyalty of West Point for granted? One of the saddest experiences of the war was the observation of the deep-seated, firm conviction in the minds of many of the most high-minded, religious Southern men and women, and growing from their first consciousness in the minds of their children, that their cause was a righteous one, and that they were resisting an unholy war of invasion; one of the pleasantest sights in a general view, but without much comfort for our side, immediate or future, was that of the active, cordial sympathy of the Southern women with the men, — even more general and efficient than with us. The question was not brought home to us, and it is hard for us to form an idea of the strength and suffering required for a kindly, right-minded man to give up the dearest ties of earth for a point of abstract morality enveloped in a thick cloud of casuistry, and to become a reproach and an outcast in the land of his fathers. If those who failed in this test deserve censure, certainly those who stood it deserve no common praise, — and in reference to these Gen. Cullum gives us facts and figures of which West Point may well be proud. He says: —

"It is unfortunately true that many forgot the flag under which they were educated, to follow false gods. But who were the *leaders* of this treason, but the honored and trusted in the land, filling, or who had filled, the highest places in the government, — Senators, Representatives, Members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, Judges of United States Courts, and even those who had been elected by the people to fill the highest offices in their gift? Was it, then, a greater crime for graduates of our national Academy to forsake their country than for the highest officials in every branch of the government, executive, legislative, and judicial, who, from the seceding States, almost to a man, joined the Rebel standard?

"But let us examine this Rebellion Record a little more closely. In the executive department four Presidents were living when secession began. Of

these, the only Southerner joined the Rebels; another did the country more harm than an avowed enemy; while the others, certainly, were not over-demonstrative in their efforts to preserve the Union. Belonging to the bench of the Supreme Court there were four Southern Judges, of whom two remained loyal, one was strongly sympathetic with the South, and one joined the Rebels. The Southern Judges of the United States District Courts sided with their own people. Of the Senators in Congress from the seceding States but *one*, and of the House of Representatives but *three*, remained loyal. Nearly all the agents of the State, Treasury, Interior, and Post-Office Departments, residing in, or from the seceding States, espoused the Rebel cause. . . . . Of those appointed in the army from civil life nearly *one half*, while but a little over *one fifth* of the West Point officers, left the service, and joined in the Rebellion. . . . .

"The statistics show that the West Point part of the army has been by far the most loyal branch of the public service; that nearly *four fifths* of its graduate officers remained faithful; that one half of those from the South stood firm by the stars and stripes; and in the battles for the Union, that *one fifth* of those engaged laid down their lives, more than *one third*, and probably *one half*, were wounded, and the survivors can point with manly pride to their services here recorded for the preservation of the nation."

With these facts stated, the Academy needs no eulogy, and can securely rest her honor on her loyal children, and her efficiency on her turbulent children as well.

The book in respect to taste and execution is admirable. It does not stoop to preserve the fame of misdirected valor, and the only notice of the most eminent Rebels after leaving our service, as though when they lost their honor they had lost their lives with it, is, that they "joined in the Rebellion of 1861 – 1866 against the United States," with the date and place of their death, when known. The labor of compilation and correction was immense; the arrangement is singularly convenient, systematic, and happy; and the result is a new honor in peace to its author already so distinguished in war, and a new illustration of the claims of the institution he defends.

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4. — *A Memoir of the Life and Labors of* Francis Wayland, D. D., LL. D., *late President of Brown University. With Selections from his Personal Reminiscences and Correspondence.* By his Sons, F. and H. L. Wayland. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1867. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 429, 379.

Dr. Wayland's will always be a very considerable name, not only in the history of the respectable and influential denomination to which he belonged, but still more in the educational history of New England. As

the president, for more than a quarter of a century, of one of her leading denominational colleges, he had an ample opportunity to impress his remarkable traits of character upon a large number of the men of his generation, and to take an important part in guiding the thought of that generation upon educational subjects. It was fitting, therefore, that a careful biography, like that before us, should be written.

He was born in New York, in the year 1796, and was the son of an Englishman, a currier by trade, who had emigrated to this country, and who afterwards became a trusted preacher of the then obscure and feeble Baptist denomination. A studious and sober youth, Francis entered Union College, then, and for so many years after, under the presidency of Dr. Nott, and after graduating qualified himself for the medical profession. The serious influences of his youth, however, had not been without their effect, and he very soon felt called to devote himself to the clerical profession. As no Baptist seminary was then in existence, he studied theology at Andover, and then served four years as tutor at the college at which he had graduated, — years which probably determined his after career. At length the Baptist church in Boston needed a pastor, and Mr. Wisner, minister of the Old South, one of the college friends who had been impressed with his great ability, advised that young Mr. Wayland should be sent for. He came, and after some opposition was settled over the obscure parish in the narrow alley at the North End now called Stillman Street. Boston, then a city of forty or forty-five thousand inhabitants, contained two Congregational churches, — Park Street and the venerable Old South, — three Episcopalian, one Roman Catholic, two Methodist, and two other Baptist churches, to say nothing of those of comparatively unimportant denominations. "But the wealth, the social influence, the cultured intellect, and the political power of the city were found each Sabbath in Brattle Street, where the echoes of Buckminster and Everett seemed to linger, and where now was heard the scholarly Palfrey; or they were gathered to listen to Dr. Frothingham in Chauncy Place, or to Dr. Lowell at the West Church, or joined in reciting the ritual of King's Chapel, or yielded themselves to the spell of Channing's glowing eloquence and generous sentiments."

Those were the palmy days of Unitarianism in Boston, and "only a few plain people found their way down to hear the young stranger at the North End. No crowd thronged the long plank walk that led from the street back to the old and unattractive wooden meeting-house. Nor did any benches obstruct the aisles, and impede the progress of the little old sexton, as, with hair combed back and formed into a long queue (the picture carries us far back into the olden time), he reverently

preceded the tall and awkward young minister from the meeting-house door to the pulpit stairs." Yet it was not long before he became known, both in and out of his denomination, as a man of independence and ability, and of sincere religious earnestness.

He devoted himself with all his heart to his obscure duties. "I feel now," he writes, "all my soul concentrated in my church. It is to me a little world. I scarcely care about anybody else's folks, or anybody else's world. I scarcely care about influence or popularity or anything out of it." And this was precisely the way, though so few are found to follow it, to gain influence and popularity. The opposition he had at first encountered died away, his parish throve under his ministrations, and the opportunity of becoming known, which is never wanting to men who are in earnest, soon presented itself. On a chill and rainy evening in the autumn of 1823 he was called upon to preach to a handful of people the annual sermon before the Boston Baptist Foreign Mission Society. Many unnoticed sermons have been preached in behalf of that modern peaceful crusade against the heathen, which resembles, we fear, those old warlike enterprises of mediæval times, not only in the earnestness with which it is undertaken, and the vast resources which are lavished on it, but also in the futility of all but its indirect results; but this earnest sermon, when afterwards published, brought the young preacher prominently into notice, and was an important step in his career.

After a successful ministry of five years in Boston, he was invited back to Union College, to take the place of professor; and when, on the resignation of Dr. Messer, the presidency of the only Baptist college then in America became vacant, no one in the denomination could be found with such claims to the place as the now well-known young professor. In 1826, at the age of thirty, Mr. Wayland became president of Brown University, and he continued its honored and respected head till 1855,—a period of twenty-nine years.

No selection could have been more fortunate for the denomination to which he belonged. "The condition of the college, at the time he undertook its charge, was anything but encouraging. The number of undergraduates was small, discipline had been neglected, difficulties had arisen between the president and trustees, and between the president and several members of the faculty. In point of fact, the college had not a high reputation in the community, and probably did not deserve it." The young president set about its renovation with the same earnestness he had shown in his obscure parish, and with more than the same success, for he had now found his real vocation. His sturdy independence, untiring energy, and vigorous will, his religious earnest-

ness, which, if it sometimes bore a stern and forbidding aspect, was yet genuine, and above all, his real talent as a teacher, soon began to bear fruit, and the college rapidly rose in the confidence of the denomination to which it belonged, and in the favor of the general public. It requires more than common ability and administrative power to raise an institution of learning from decline, and to preside over it with such energy and success through so long a period.

Yet Dr. Wayland does not appear to us to have been at all a man of genius, nor was his own education of a large or liberal type. The faults and the excellences of his character were strongly marked. He was hampered by a narrow creed; but his deep religious earnestness went far towards atoning for its imperfections. He was not a very learned man; but he had to the highest degree the power of using the learning he possessed. He was a born teacher and administrator; and he had those qualities which gain the confidence and conciliate the good-will of young men, — an honest simplicity of character, a hearty hatred of all pretence, an inflexible will, and an untiring perseverance. It is the united testimony of many eminent pupils, that the influence of his teaching was *dynamic*, that it stimulated the intellects and moulded the characters of all who came under his care. He not only possessed the faculty of communicating ideas, but, what is a higher and rarer gift, he had the faculty of quickening thought in others. The interesting reminiscences which his sons have gathered from his former pupils, many of them men who have since attained to deserved eminence, are a testimony such as only an instructor of marked ability could receive. Such power of teaching, we apprehend, is not among the commonest of intellectual gifts.

It is, perhaps, as an educational innovator, as one of the first in this country to anticipate that change in the course and character of a liberal education which is now so rapidly taking place, that Dr. Wayland will be longest remembered. He was among the first to see that the mediæval scholastic curriculum, which confined a liberal education almost exclusively to the study, by narrow and pedantic ways, of the languages of Greece and Rome, was not a foundation on which the liberal education of a republic in the nineteenth century could possibly be built; and with the simplicity and honesty which characterized him, he ventured, in the face of formidable prejudice, to utter his opinion, and to set about the almost hopeless, and, as some would say, the quixotic task, of reconstructing a denominational college, and placing it upon that broad and liberal foundation where modern physical science should take its true place. He was not, perhaps, fitted in all respects to be the leader in such an experiment. Not a good linguist

or classical scholar himself, he did not sufficiently appreciate the value of linguistic studies, or reserve for them the share which they must always possess in every scheme of a truly liberal education. His mind, perhaps, turned too strongly to the practical and utilitarian side of science itself. Nevertheless, it is his great merit that he was the first to place strongly before the American public the error of attempting to base an American system of higher education upon the exclusive study of dead languages, and the first to show, by a practical experiment, the possibility of the partial success, even under unfavorable circumstances, of a broader and more generous system. If his success was not complete, the failure did not arise from the incorrectness of his general principles. It was only one more example to show how hard it is to put new wine into old bottles, one more example of the impossibility of turning a sectarian school into a university. Dr. Wayland was the pioneer of a reform in our higher institutions of learning, whose success can now be considered only a question of time. It is not a reform, as we apprehend it, which is to banish the literature and the learning of antiquity, that modern physical science may be enthroned in their place, far less a reform that shall be in any way prejudicial to the interests of true religion. It is simply a reform that shall vindicate for science its claim to its true place as a necessary and important factor in a liberal education, and thereby destroy, once and forever, that artificial monopoly which classical learning has heretofore possessed, — a reform which, recognizing the infinite variety of talents and capacities which the Creator has made, refuses to give to any one narrow kind of mental discipline the exclusive claim to the title of "liberal."

His practical sagacity, too, showed him at the very outset of his labors a truth of which our whole educational experience is every day demonstrating the importance, but a truth which our schools and colleges are every day ignoring, — the necessity, namely, of adapting the system of popular education in every nation as closely as possible to its condition and its immediate wants. "At the beginning of my independent labors as an instructor," he says,* "I was deeply impressed with the importance of two things: — first, of carrying into practice every science which was taught in theory; and, secondly, of adapting the course of instruction as far as possible to the wants of the whole community. The first seemed to me all-important as a means of intellectual discipline. The abstract principles of a science, if learned merely as disconnected truths, are soon forgotten. If combined with application to matters of actual existence, they will be remembered. Nor is this all:

* Vol. I. p. 206.

by uniting practice with theory, the mind acquires the habit of acting in obedience to law, and thus is brought into harmony with a universe which is governed by law. In the second place, if education is good for one class of the community, it is good for all classes. Not that the same studies are to be pursued by all, but that each one should have the opportunity of pursuing such studies as will be of the greatest advantage to him in the course of life which he has chosen." These are weighty words, and if our public education is to rise from its present condition of comparative inefficiency, it is in this direction that improvements will have to be made.

Dr. Wayland did not consider himself specially adapted to the work of teaching, and there can be no doubt that he would have been admirably adapted to what he once said was the only position the world could offer him which he thought he should like, — that of a judge of a court whose decisions involved grave questions of right. Yet few men ever showed more perfectly the true spirit of a teacher, or were more successful in influencing the minds and characters of their pupils. Above all things he abhorred that lazy dependence on the memory, that routine rote-learning, which is the bane and the opprobrium of our schools from the lowest to the highest. His pupils had to think. We do not know any better lesson for a young teacher than the pages in which he gives, in his simple and vigorous language, an account of his own methods of instruction,* summing it up in these words: "The object of an education is not, as many parents would seem to believe, to get a student through [school or] college by going over a certain number of books, but to impart knowledge which shall be remembered, and to increase the intellectual capacity of the pupil by habitually calling into exercise as many of his powers and faculties as the circumstances of the case will permit."

Teaching, pursued by such methods and with such aims, is far from being the dull drudgery which has made the pedagogue an object of ridicule and satire. "He was very far," say his biographers, "from believing that teaching had a natural or necessary tendency to dwarf the mind of the teacher. He maintained, on the contrary, that, if properly pursued, it could not fail to expand and ennoble the intellect, and to quicken into new life and increased activity every faculty of the faithful instructor. As early as 1830 he writes to his sisters: 'It is, I assure you, a noble business. You will find that your minds will gain more in one year than they ever gained before in five.'"

Of Dr. Wayland's personal character his biographers give us many

* Vol. I. p. 240 *seq.*

pleasing and attractive traits. He was emphatically a genuine man, honest, straightforward, sagacious, and sincere, — a man of great simplicity, and of too much real dignity of character ever to need any of that false dignity which small men in high places are wont to assume. He cured his ministerial dyspepsia by sawing Deacon Lincoln's wood, and he dug his own presidential garden, and was not afraid to be seen going home from the presidential study with his boys on his back.

Like all large and simple-minded men, he was at home in all company, and ready to learn from all. "What sort of a man is Dr. Wayland?" asked a naval officer who had met him. "I supposed he was *only a clergyman;* but I never passed so severe and searching an examination about everything that belongs to my profession as a sailor. He seems to know everything about a ship."

He was an indefatigable worker. In after life he regretted that he "had never learned the art of innocent recreation." The narrowness of his early education and the ascetic notions of a Puritanic creed prevented him from giving his whole nature its just rights. He would have been a greater man, if he had not been a sectarian, and if the æsthetic side of his nature had early received its due share of cultivation. But he was a man of true, earnest, and genuine piety, — one who felt almost too heavily the responsibilities of life, and labored unceasingly "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

In the closing years of his life, when freed from the cares and responsibilities of office, he took a deep and patriotic interest in the great political events transpiring around him, and his voice was always raised on the side of justice and freedom. He was a good specimen of the faults and the virtues, the excellences and the defects, which a New England "orthodox" training can develop in a mind of native vigor and great original worth.

His biographers have performed their task with simplicity, modesty, and good taste, though, here and there, there is a little fulsome eulogy from some partial pupil. A single volume might have sufficed for the public, but two were perhaps not too much for his denominational friends. The chapters describing him as a teacher, and that in which the history of his educational experiment is narrated, are of great and general interest.

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5. — *Nathan the Wise. A Dramatic Poem.* By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1868. 16mo. pp. xxiii., 259.

The Germans owe an immense debt of gratitude to Lessing for their literary enfranchisement, no less than for their emancipation

from theological traditions. As in the controversy with Goeze and the vindication of Neuser, he maintained that a man may be a very good Christian without holding the dogma of the Trinity, so in the critiques on Corneille and Voltaire he proved that a dramatist may attain the highest excellence in his art and yet wholly ignore the orthodox canon of the three unities. At a time when Gottsched and his compeers seemed hopelessly infected with Gallomania, and the temple of the Muses had degenerated into a funambulatory platform, on which unwieldy Teutons, "with a clog on every limb," were emulating agile Frenchmen in dancing on the tight-rope of pseudo-classicism, Lessing appeared, and with a dramaturgical scourge of small cords drove the mimes from the stage, shifted the scene, and inaugurated a new era for German art and culture. "*La Dramaturgie*," says M. Cherbuliez, "*fut pour l'Allemagne un véritable évangile de grâce, qui lui apportait la bonne nouvelle qu'on peut être sauvé sans pratiquer toute la loi.*" This definition is very true, so far as it goes; but the "gospel of grace" taught something more. The good tidings which Lessing proclaimed to his countrymen were not that they might be saved without fulfilling all the law, but rather that their salvation depended on its non-observance, at least as it was then interpreted by its authorized expounders.

It would be difficult to find in any language a specimen of more incisive and masterly criticism than his analysis of *Mérope* and *Rodogune*, showing how false was the fundamental principle on which these tragedies were constructed, and how persistently their authors violated the poetics of Aristotle, which they so pedantically enjoined upon others. That he failed to exhibit the merits, while exposing the weaknesses of these *chefs-d'œuvre*, must be attributed, not to blindness, but to foresight, — to the same feeling which led him to act in the presence of Frenchmen as though he "had never heard anything of Voltaire but his stupid tricks and knaveries." He saw clearly the necessity of breaking these foreign fetiches, and exposing the hollowness of "the false idols which Germans adored in life, in art, and in philosophy," in order that the genius of his nation might free itself from their tyranny, and develop its own inner resources and intrinsic qualities. The evil was too radical and deep-seated to be removed by any critical dilettanteism; it was a desperate case, in which he who would be reformer must begin as an iconoclast. Hence came the bitter derision which Lessing poured out upon everything French, and the efforts which this most cosmopolitan of men, who regarded patriotism as "at best an heroic weakness," put forth to rouse his people to a proper sense of their own worth and dignity. It was this stress of nationality that made him defend *Hanswurst*

and *das volksmässige Possenspiel*, and prophesy better fruit even of these knarry indigenous shrubs than of all the shapely, but sickly, exotics which Gottsched and Elias Schlegel were transplanting to German soil from the *serres chaudes* of Versailles. Not that he considered Jack Pudding and Pickle Herring ornaments of the stage, or supposed that the German Melpomene should be fed on Westphalian *Pumpernickel* and *Hoppel-poppel*, to the exclusion of all other forms of ambrosia and nectar; but he wished the German theatre to be a native growth, with a character of its own; and he preferred to see it "ambitious for a motley coat" of home-made stuff, rather than that it should aspire after a powdered peruke of foreign importation; and, like Nicolai and Goethe, he discerned more hope, or at least less danger, in Moeser's genial apotheosis of *Harlekin* than in the fashionable and formal idolatry of the Parisian Thespis.

It was, however, in neither of these that he sought a δός μοι ποῦ στῶ for the elevation of the German drama, but in Shakespeare, upon whose head he reverentially placed the laurels which he had so rudely plucked from the brows of Voltaire and Corneille. The study of the English poet in the light of Lessing's criticisms, and through the medium of the translations of Wieland and Eschenburg, opened to the mind of Germany a new realm of beauty and enchantment, turned the genius of Schiller and Goethe to the events of modern history, and (what is no small merit) saved the world from a rehearsal in tedious Alexandrines of the old classic themes,

> "Presenting Thebes and Pelops' line,
> And the tale of Troy divine."

To illustrate the principles set forth in the *Dramaturgie*, to exemplify the method in which Shakespeare was to be "studied, not plundered," and to repress the lawlessness and brutality that began to run riot in such tragedies as Gerstenberg's *Ugolino*, Lessing wrote *Emilia Galotti*, a work which exerted a healthful influence on dramatic art by showing the distinction between the truly tragic and the merely terrible, and which was also of immense political significance, on account of the boldness with which it held the mirror up to the petty princes and courts of Germany. Indeed, it is characteristic of Lessing's plays, that, although originating chiefly in the interests of literature, and designed to elucidate theories of art, they are all pervaded by an earnest moral purpose, and touch the nearest and deepest questions of life. Even the comedy *Minna von Barnhelm*, though written with direct reference to histrionic representation, had a wider scope than the stage; in it the poet became an ally of the king, by following up his victories, and de-

stroying the social prestige of the French, whose military pride Frederic had just humbled on the field of Rossbach.

This moral or didactic tendency is especially prominent in "Nathan the Wise," a drama which grew directly out of the theological controversies of Lessing's later years, and which he himself, in a letter to Jacobi, called the son of his approaching old age, "*den die Polemik entbinden helfen.*" As the great conflict which he waged against Goeze in defence of free thought and rational religion had reached its climax, the orthodox party, driven to the wall, took refuge under the shield of the secular authority, and invoked the strong arm of the magistrate against an adversary whom it was found impossible to vanquish with the weapons of dialectics. Instigated by the discomfited theologians, the Consistory of Dresden prohibited, by a penalty of fifty thalers, not only the sale, but also the perusal, of Lessing's writings against the Hamburg pastor; and a decree surreptitiously obtained from the Duke of Brunswick suppressed the offensive Fragments of Reimarus, and forbade the further publication of the *Anti-Goeze.* Lessing, unwilling to abandon the contest, resolved to make a "dramatic diversion," and try whether he would be permitted to "preach undisturbed, at least in his old pulpit, the theatre." The kernel of "Nathan the Wise" is the story of the Three Rings, borrowed from Boccaccio's *Decamerone;* but with what subtile alchemy of genius the baser metal is transmuted into gold! Here, too, Lessing followed Shakespeare, who also took the fables of his noblest dramas from Gothic chronicles or Italian tales, which were to the perfected work only

> "als der rohe Stein
> Der Leben annimmt unter Bildners Hand."

In the Decameron, the undistinguishableness of the rings is used merely as a means by which Melchisedek "very cleverly escapes the snare" laid for him by the Sultan; but Lessing endows the true ring with a magic power of making its wearer loved of God and man, and adds: —

> "Let that decide.
> For in the false can no such virtue lie."

Then follows the pith of the poem, in which the judge gives this advice, in lieu of sentence: —

> "Accept the case exactly as it stands.
> Had each his ring directly from his father,
> Let each believe his own is genuine.
> 'T is possible your father would no longer
> His house to one ring's tyranny subject;
> And certain that all three of you he loved,
> Loved equally, since two he would not humble,

That one might be exalted. Let each one
To his unbought, impartial love aspire;
Each with the others vie to bring to light
The virtue of the stone within his ring;
Let gentleness, a hearty love of peace,
Beneficence, and perfect trust in God,
Come to his help. Then, if the jewel's power
Among your children's children be revealed,
I bid you in a thousand thousand years
Again before this bar. A wiser man
Than I shall occupy this seat, and speak."

Here in a nutshell is that "theology of celestial origin" which Lessing elsewhere defines as resting in feeling and revealing itself in love. How superior in scope and earnestness is this conclusion of Nathan's parable to the allegory of the Three Coats in Swift's "Tale of a Tub"! The Dean of Saint Patrick's, in his brilliant and caustic satire, has no higher purpose than to pour contempt upon certain ecclesiastical dogmas, and to exalt Anglicanism at the expense of the Papists and the Presbyterians. It was a "clerical comedy," written in this spirit of derision, that Lessing's Berlin friends expected, when he first announced to them his intention of preparing a play which would "vex the theologians worse than ten Fragments." But he was conscious of a loftier aim than could be attained by wit and scoffing, or by ridiculing "contemporary black-coats." He wished to embody in this poem the ripest results of his thinking, the very contents of his soul, to lift it above the atmosphere of personal polemics, and send it forth as a "glad evangel" of universal tolerance and humanity. It is the inspiration of a divine and tender charity that gives to this work its imperishable beauty, and makes it, in the language of Goethe, "a sacred and precious inheritance." Gervinus assigns it a place of honor even by the side of "Faust," as the most peculiar and characteristic production of the German genius. The fundamental idea of "Nathan the Wise" runs like a golden thread through the rich and variegated web of Lessing's intellectual life. It forms the chief motive of his early comedies, "The Jews" and "The Freethinker," and is a distinctive feature of his *Rettung* of Cardanus, where adherents of the four principal religions, Paganism, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity, defend their respective confessions, and a Mohammedan makes a very ingenious plea in favor of the superiority of his faith. But this great thought received its fullest development in "The Education of the Human Race" and the "Conversations for Freemasons," — two treatises in which the author of "Nathan the Wise" has furnished the best key and commentary to this work, and which we would gladly have seen published with it. They would certainly have enhanced the value of the volume, and

given a deeper interpretation of the drama than Kuno Fischer's Essay, good as the latter is.

The objection has been raised, that Lessing degrades Christianity by making the Patriarch its representative: "a red, fat, jolly prelate," profuse in oily piety, hypocritical and cruel, cringing to the Sultan while plotting his assassination, and justifying the crime by a flimsy sophistry, not yet wholly extinct in the logic of the chancel, that "a villany in man's esteem may not be one in God's." But such a criticism ignores the whole moral purpose of the poet, and is as absurd as the Austrian censorship, which forbids the representation of any play with a bad king in it, unless there be also a good king in the same piece as a counterpoise, *um den üblen Eindrücken des Ersten entgegenzuwirken*, in the naïve words of the statute. The object of the drama is not to institute a comparison between the three religions as to their historical genuineness or inherent worth, but solely to rebuke the bigotry of a dominant religion, and to inculcate the simple truth, that no man is better for his Christian creed, unless the fruits of Christianity are seen in his life. Rötscher, in his *Cyclus dramatischer Charactere*, has also pointed out the fine dramatic antithesis of incarnating the principle of humanity in Nathan, who belonged by birth and education to the narrowest and most exclusive of religions, thus reminding the governments whose laws recognized in an Israelite no rights which a Christian was bound to respect, that "our Saviour was himself a Jew."

Dr. Friedrich Vischer, in his *Æsthetik* (II. 367), censures Lessing for introducing ideas of tolerance and enlightenment into a theme taken from the Crusades, contrary to the nature of that period. But we might question the correctness of the theory which insists upon literal fidelity to historic truth as a test of poetic creations. The imagination acts as a sovereign faculty according to its own laws. Poesy is not limited to the actual, but represents also the probable, the possible, and the necessary, and is, therefore, as Aristotle says, more philosophical and of graver import (*φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον*) than history. Without entering into a discussion of this principle, we may defend Lessing on Vischer's own ground, by showing that these ideas were not developed "out of pure reflection," but were the actual results of the Crusades, which, though engendered by fanaticism, tended inevitably to break down all barriers of religious prejudice. The warriors of the Crescent and of the Cross, like the Greeks and Trojans of Homer, while dealing upon each other heavy blows, vied in deeds of chivalry and courtesy as well as in feats of prowess. An English Templar, Robert of Saint Alban, joined the standard of Saladin and wedded one of the Sultan's relatives; a Christian king knighted an illustrious Mussulman; and the

matrimonial project between Saladin's brother Melek and a sister of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, alluded to in the drama (Act II. sc. 1) is a well-known historical fact. Even the story of the Three Rings, which is the nucleus of the poem, can be traced back to a Spanish Jew of the eleventh century; and Lessing was faithful to historic tradition in putting it into the mouth of one of the same race. Vischer objects also to the feebleness of the catastrophe in the play. The Patriarch, he says (*Æsthetik*, III. 1430), ought to have proceeded to extremities; and the Templar, in the moment of peril, should have appeared as Nathan's deliverer, and thus completed his own emancipation from the conceit of prejudice. Then the drama might conclude happily, only not with a recognition whereby lovers become brother and sister. From an æsthetic stand-point, this criticism is valid. But here, again, the *dénouement* is determined by the higher ethical purpose which the poet always kept in view. In uniting these typical personages by ties of blood, Lessing wished not only to symbolize the fact that the three religions of Jew, Christian, and Moslem are of one origin, scions of the old Semitic stock, but also to prophesy that closer spiritual unity and brotherhood of all nations of which he has elsewhere said, "It will surely come, the era of the purer gospel, that is promised us even in the elementary books of the New Testament."

The author of *Laokoon* and the *Dramaturgie* was by no means blind to the artistic defects of "Nathan the Wise"; and it was a sense of these imperfections that caused him to style it, not a drama, but a dramatic poem. The action of the piece is not rapid enough; and the current of events, instead of sweeping on to its destination, as in *Emilia Galotti*, is constantly retarded by being caught and whirled about in episodic eddies of dissertation on miracles and angels and kindred topics. It must be admitted, too, that the dramatic motives are superficial and unsatisfactory. The entire plot turns on the external resemblance of the Templar to Saladin's brother; and we are unwilling that the fate of so many good people should hinge upon a περιπέτεια (to use an Aristotelian term) so accidental. But it is in the delineation of the individual characters that the hand of the artist is seen. Saladin, Sittah, and Al-Hafi are drawn only in outline, but they have all the clearness and vigor of Retzsch's outlines of Hamlet or of Faust. And what an inimitable portraiture of *sancta simplicitas* is the friar Bonifides! Above them all, however, stands the figure of Nathan, as free and calm as a work of sculpture. In literature, says M. Cherbuliez, there are three immortal merchants: Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, *Le Philosophe sans le savoir* of Sedaine, and Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*.

Since its first appearance in 1779, "Nathan the Wise" has been translated into nearly every language of Europe. In 1842, a Greek version by Kaliourchos, under the title of "The Wise Old Jew," was repeatedly represented on the stage at Constantinople, and received by the Turks with great enthusiasm. The earliest rendering of the poem into English was by Raspe in 1781. Ten years later Mr. Taylor of Norwich gave another translation, a second edition of which was published in London in 1805, and noticed by Jeffrey in the Edinburgh Review for April, 1806. The praise bestowed by the critic upon this very imperfect version proves only how low the standard was by which such literary labors were then tested. It would be no compliment to Miss Frothingham to say that her translation is incomparably superior to these, and even much better than that of Dr. Reich, which appeared in London in 1860. It is not only the best rendering of Lessing's masterpiece extant, but it also lacks little of perfection, so far as this quality can be predicated of any version: for the impossibility of pouring the old wine of poesy into new bottles, without losing something of its subtile spirit by evaporation, has been recognized long ago. Miss Frothingham's translation is very compact, and the whole is condensed into less compass even than the original. Occasionally, it is so terse as to be obscure; sometimes, however, it errs in the opposite direction, and weakens the phrase by diluting it. A few examples will suffice to illustrate our meaning. On page 15 we read: —

> "The greatest miracle of all is this:
> That true and genuine miracles become
> Of no significance."

This does not embody the full thought contained in the original: —

> "Der Wunder höchstes ist,
> Dass uns die wahren, echten Wunder so
> Alltäglich werden können, werden sollen."

"But, think him human now," on page 18, is only a feeble paraphrase of "*Allein ein Mensch*," and verges upon anticlimax. "One roof is o'er us both" (p. 13) is prosaic compared with "*Ihr athmet Wand an Wand mit mir*"; and the verse, "Nor in my cradle was it e'er foretold" (p. 46), calls up the weird image of some fortune-teller, instead of the cheerful picture of home-life suggested by "*Auch mir ward's vor der Wiege nicht gesungen.*" In a few instances the translation seems to us incorrect. "And came he now, this instant" (p. 92), is not equivalent to "*Und wenn er nun gekommen dieser Augenblick*"; *er* refers to *Augenblick*, and not to *Tempelherr*. "We mistook each other" (p. 188) is not the meaning of "*Wir sind einander fehl gegangen.*"

"There is another, quite another, Sultan,
Whom I entreat to hear me ere he speak" (p. 212),

is not a true rendering of

"Es ist ein andrer
Weit, weit ein andrer, den ich, Saladin,
Doch auch vorher zu hören bitte."

"I did not begin" (p. 53) may refer to the war or to the game of chess; but "*Ich habe nicht zuerst gezogen*" involves no such ambiguity, and is a far more vigorous expression. But these are only slight defects. We heartily commend the volume as an admirable version of a work which, after the lapse of nearly a century, still remains the unsurpassed model of a didactic drama.

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6. — *The History of Israel to the Death of Moses.* By Heinrich Ewald, Professor of the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German. Edited, with a Preface, by Russell Martineau, M. A., Professor of Hebrew in Manchester New College, London. London: Longmans, Greene, & Co. 8vo. pp. 656.

It is only since the Colenso controversy, when "every one," (in Mr. Martineau's phrase) "rushed into print on the Exodus," that sufficient interest has been aroused among English readers concerning the subject to lead them to desire a translation of such a book as Ewald's "History of Israel." It is not only that the bulk of the work, and its peculiar style of learning, are somewhat repellent to the general student, or that its style is noted, even in the harsh library of German erudition, for special obscurities of its own, but its whole cast of thought is such as to make it desirable to translate that first, and cut its English rendering quite adrift from the original, in form and style.

But no thorough student is satisfied, unless he has before him the very thoughts and language of the writer he wishes to understand. These ten years' discussions have stirred up a desire to know the foremost authorities in this matter at first hand, in many who could not undertake the serious task of studying the German original. And there are qualities in Ewald which quickly kindle the student's enthusiasm, and make the knowledge of him an era to one who has been attempting, under other guides, an exploration of the field he has made his own. In the first place, he brings to it such resources as few authors have brought to the treatment of any topic of history or antiquities. His "Prolusions" have amounted to almost a complete recasting of the materials out of which the structure had to be wrought.

They comprise a Hebrew Grammar, "greatly enlarged in successive editions, up to the seventh," — a translation and exposition, in four or five volumes, of all the poetical books of the Old Testament, — a separate work on the institutions and antiquities of the Hebrew people, — a learned Journal, or *Jahrbuch*, conducted for many years principally by himself, — besides sundry other works, on topics of Oriental antiquities and learning. As a critical scholar in that department, he has long stood, unchallenged, in the very front rank. Still further, he has carried into this department of study a genius and insight, a bold originality of view, a fertility of suggestion, which have made his writings something quite different from the ponderous mechanical apparatus which a mere scholar will often furnish. In particular, we regard the Preface to his "Prophets of the Old Testament," as one of the finest examples of a genuine religious philosophy, genius almost, brought to bear on the work of learned exposition. His vehement and scornful temper as a controversialist, — the intellectual pride which made him, thirty years ago, choose exile before compromise, when the king of Hanover violated the charter of the University, — the bitter partisanship he has been accused of in his polemical writings, — the proud sense of solitude we have ourselves heard him express, in speaking of the theological sects and schools of Germany, divided between a narrow dogmatism and a philosophical unbelief, — all these are qualities which give a keen human interest to his writings, and bring the student of them to side with him, half unconsciously, as champion in a real struggle. It is his *animus*, as combatant, that makes the patient hearing possible which is needed to follow him through his long task.

And it is a task to follow him. This thick volume, which seems to us about as well translated as it is possible for such a work to be, is one long dissertation, like the first volumes of Niebuhr's Rome, bristling with points of attack and defence, its few glimpses of narrative half hid under the cloud of argument, exposition, and discussion. One finds it difficult to take the work for what it really is, — a learned and honest attempt at a positive historical construction out of the material which study has been gathering and criticism has been sifting for these hundred years. As compared with the old familiar Mosaic narrative, which has the effect of a cabinet-picture, it is like a wide, dim, out-door landscape, in which, for the present, all our bearings seem to be lost. In speaking of the Grecian myths, Mr. Grote will attempt or accept no resolving them into fact; "the curtain," he says, "*is* the picture." It is quite otherwise with Ewald, who, dealing (as he conceives) with as free play of legend and myth as that of Grecian epic, is not satisfied till he has assigned the date to every monumental fragment, and the

historic location of every proper name, and the right interpretation of every phrase of ancient song, and even figure taken from a forgotten census. With a religious rhetoric that emulates the most edifying of pious commentators, he has an astonishing freedom, what seems often a perfectly arbitrary license, in dealing with the documents before him. He respects the literal statement, that over six hundred thousand Hebrew warriors marched forth from Egypt, in the Exodus, implying a population of two or three millions, where a matter-of-fact criticism sees room for scarce a hundred thousand, — while he steadily rationalizes, under a halo of pious phraseology, every incident of the marvellous Desert march. He defends as "ante-Mosaic" the Oracle of Jacob (Gen. xlix.), which bears such strong marks of composition in Palestine, long after the settlement of the Tribes, — while he considers the story in Genesis xxxviii. as a lampoon on King David, and the tale of Reuben's lewdness to be borrowed from the deeds of Absalom. The patriarchal genealogies he deals with in an equally arbitrary manner, holding them to be records of migrations, or geographical mementoes, and calling us to take note how every tenth name in the older lists is followed by a group of three sons, making "a sort of knot" in the line of descent, — while, against all likelihood of fact, he holds to the genuineness of all the forty stations of the Wandering, and maintains that the Decalogue is not only the authentic work of Moses, but is the type of a most elaborate tenfold grouping to be traced through the whole body of the Mosaic code. The familiar Bible narrative of the patriarchal life, and of the long residence of Israel in Egypt, he considers to be only a veil curiously wrought, piece by piece, and at intervals which he undertakes to mark with some precision, hiding a series of historical events, which he traces in their long sequence and wide perspective, — while he assigns to the Desert march, and to the period of bloody conquest and broken settlement, that theocratic code and complex ritual and developed civil polity which a cooler criticism remands at least as far as to the period of the monarchy, if not to the return from exile. One knows not whether to admire more the sagacious intuition with which he dissects the Hebrew text of the Pentateuch, grouping it under half a dozen periods of composition, and assigning to every phrase its approximate date, or the arrogant self-confidence with which he assumes as proved this elaborate scheme of authorship, and argues from it as to the most vital points of history. The modest student is stunned by the vehement assertion, dazzled by the wealth of erudition; he hesitates to challenge what he is so incompetent to refute; he submits, provisionally, to the guidance of a hand so willing, skilled, and strong, till he is well past the tangle of the disputed terri-

tory; and it is only in virtue of the help he has thus received in winning higher ground, that he can take his own survey of the ground, and lay out a track of his own that may satisfy him better.

For, as we have intimated, those who are most thoroughly grateful to Ewald's guidance, and most helped by it, will be apt to catch something of his own independence, and demur at yielding always to his imperious assertion. In doing so, they do not question the rich and genuine learning, the force of argument, the thorough good faith and conviction of their teacher. It is an old maxim in philosophy, that there is less immodesty in disputing your opponent's whole system of thinking than in controverting his points in detail. Go back far enough, and every man must start with an assumption which he is apparently equally free to accept or to reject. It is impossible for us, with all the admiration we have felt for Ewald's masterly exposition of the Hebrew history, and after yielding our own judgment to his through a good many months of patient study, not to dissent from him as to some of the cardinal points of the history he has treated. In particular, his theory as to the early origin and completeness of the Hebrew institutions, as found in the later books of the Pentateuch, as he has set it forth in this volume, together with his view of the period of the Judges as the time when the hierarchy was in full and vigorous maturity, seems to us purely ideal, a thing which can possibly hold in shape only on the paper it is written on. So it is with some later passages in the history, which are damaged by the merging of the historian in the religious controversialist or the philosophical idealist. But if the historical event is discolored or distorted to Ewald's vision by a philosophical mirage, it is one which gives nobleness and splendor to the prospect, which kindles the intensity while it does not mar the quality of his work. If he were not a theorist, he would not be so earnest a scholar or so suggestive a critic, though possibly he might be a little more sound; at least, he would not have won the enthusiastic students and disciples who have done the excellent service of presenting this version of a part of his labors to the public.

Mr. Martineau's Introduction is a clear, sensible, and brief statement of the claims of the volume and of its author to a respectful hearing. In explaining the use of the term "insurrection" to represent the German *Erhebung*, which "refers to the *elevation* of *aim* and *character* which generated the desire to be freed from Egyptian slavery, as much as to the political rebellion itself," because there was no English equivalent, we wonder that the word "uprising" did not occur to him as having been well naturalized in English about seven years ago. The very full table of contents which he has added is a great convenience to the reader.

7. — *Contemporary French Painters. An Essay.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With Sixteen Photographic Illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. 1868. 4to. pp. 166.

The profession of art-critic, so largely and successfully exercised in France, has found in England but a single eminent representative. It is true, indeed, that Mr. Ruskin has invested the character with a breadth and vigor which may be thought to have furnished, without emulation on the part of other writers, sufficient stress of commentary on the recent achievements of English art, — at the same time that, on the other hand, this remarkable man has of late years shown a growing tendency to merge the function of art-critic in that of critic of life or of things in general. It is nevertheless true, that, as Mr. Ruskin is in the highest degree a devotee of art, he applies to the contemplation of manners and politics very much the same process of reflection and interpretation as in his earlier works he had acquired the habit of applying to the study of painting and architecture. He has been unable to abandon the æsthetic standpoint. Let him treat of what subjects he pleases, therefore, he will always remain before all things an art-critic. He has achieved a very manifest and a very extended influence over the mind and feelings of his own generation and that succeeding it; and those forms of intellectual labor, or of intellectual play, are not few in number, of which one may say without hesitation, borrowing for a moment a French idiom and French words, that Ruskin has *passé par là*. We have not the space to go over the ground of our recent literature, and enumerate those fading or flourishing tracts which, in one way or another, communicate with that section of the great central region which Mr. Ruskin has brought under cultivation. Sometimes the connecting path is very sinuous, very tortuous, very much inclined to lose itself in its course, and to disavow all acquaintance with its parent soil; sometimes it is a mere thread of scanty vegetation, overshadowed by the rank growth of adjacent fields; but with perseverance we can generally trace it back to its starting-point, on the margin of "Modern Painters." Mr. Ruskin has had passionate admirers; he has had disciples of the more rational kind; he has been made an object of study by persons whose adherence to his principles and whose admiration for his powers, under certain applications, have been equalled only by their dissent and distaste in the presence of others; and he has had, finally, like all writers of an uncompromising originality of genius, his full share of bitter antagonists. Persons belonging to either of these two latter classes bear testimony to his influence, of course, quite as much as persons belonging to the

two former. Passionate reactionists are the servants of the message of a man of genius to society, as indisputably as passionate adherents. But descending to particulars, we may say, that, although Mr. Ruskin has in a very large degree affected writers and painters, he has yet not in any appreciable degree quickened the formation of a school of critics, — premising that we use the word "school" in the sense of a group of writers devoted to the study of art according to their own individual lights, and as distinguished from students of literature, and not in the sense of a group of writers devoted to the promulgation of Mr. Ruskin's own views, or those of any one else.

There are a great many pictures painted annually in England, and even, for that matter, in America; and there is in either country a great deal of criticism annually written about these pictures, in newspapers and magazines. No portion of such criticism, however, possesses sufficient substance or force to make it worth any one's while to wish to see it preserved in volumes, where it can be referred to and pondered. More than this, there are, to our knowledge, actually very few books in our language, belonging in form to literature, in which the principles of painting, or certain specific pictures, are intelligently discussed. There is a small number of collections of lectures by presidents of the Royal Academy, the best of which are Reynolds's; there is Leslie's "Handbook"; there are the various compilations of Mrs. Jameson; and there is the translation of Vasari, and the recent valuable "History of Italian Art" by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. For the needs of serious students, these make a very small library, and such students for the most part betake themselves, sooner or later, to the perusal of the best French critics, such as Stendhal, Gustave Planche, Vitet, and in these latter days Taine. They find in these writers, not, of course, everything, but they find a great deal, and they acquire more especially a sense of the great breadth of the province of art, and of its intimate relations with the rest of men's intellectual life. The writers just mentioned deal with painters and paintings as literary critics deal with authors and books. They neither talk pure sentiment (or rather, impure sentiment), like foolish amateurs, nor do they confine their observations to what the French call the *technique* of art. They examine pictures (or such, at least, is their theory) with an equal regard to the standpoint of the painter and that of the spectator, whom the painter must always be supposed to address, — with an equal regard, in other words, to the material used and to the use made of it. As writers who really know how to write, however, will always of necessity belong rather to the class of spectators than to that of painters, it may be

conceded that the profit of their criticism will accrue rather to those who look at pictures than to those who make them.

Painters always have a great distrust of those who write about pictures. They have a strong sense of the difference between the literary point of view and the pictorial, and they inveterately suspect critics of confounding them. This suspicion may easily be carried too far. Painters, as a general thing, are much less able to take the literary point of view, when it is needed, than writers are to take the pictorial; and yet, we repeat, the suspicion is natural and not unhealthy. It is no more than just, that, before sitting down to discourse upon works of art, a writer should be required to prove his familiarity with the essential conditions of the production of such works, and that, before criticising the way in which objects are painted, he should give evidence of his knowledge of the difference between the manner in which they strike the senses of persons of whom it is impossible to conceive as being tempted to reproduce them and the manner in which they strike the senses of persons in whom to see them and to wish to reproduce them are almost one and the same act. With an accomplished sense of this profound difference, and with that proportion of insight into the workings of the painter's genius and temperament which would naturally accompany it, it is not unreasonable to believe that a critic in whom the faculty of literary expression is sufficiently developed may do very good service to the cause of art, — service similar to that which is constantly performed for the cause of letters. It is not unreasonable to suppose that such a writer as the late Gustave Planche, for instance, with all his faults, did a great deal of valuable work in behalf of the French school of painters. He often annoyed them, misconceived them, and converted them into enemies; but he also made many things clear to them which were dark, many things simple which were confused, and many persons interested in their work who had been otherwise indifferent. Writers of less intensity of conviction and of will have done similar service in their own way and their own degree; and on the whole, therefore, we regret that in England there has not been, as in France, a group of honest and intelligent mediators between painters and the public. Some painters, we know, scorn the idea of "mediators," and claim to place themselves in direct communication with the great mass of observers. But we strongly suspect, that, as a body, they would be the worse for the suppression of the class of interpreters. When critics attack a bad picture which the public shows signs of liking, then they are voted an insufferable nuisance; but their good offices are very welcome, when they serve to help the public to

the appreciation of a good picture which it is too stupid to understand. It is certain that painters need to be interpreted and expounded, and that as a general thing they are themselves incompetent to the task. That they are sensible of the need is indicated by the issue of the volume of *Entretiens*, by M. Thomas Couture. That they are incompetent to supply the need is equally evident from the very infelicitous character of that performance.

The three principal art-critics now writing in England — the only three, we believe, who from time to time lay aside the anonymous, and republish their contributions to the newspapers — are Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, and Mr. P. G. Hamerton, the author of the volume whose title is prefixed to this notice. Mr. Hamerton is distinguished from the two former gentlemen by the circumstance that he began life as a painter, and that in all that he has written he has stood close to the painter's point of view. Whether he continues to paint we know not, but such reputation as he enjoys has been obtained chiefly by his writings. We imagine him to belong to that class of artists of whom he speaks in the volume before us, who, in the course of their practical work, take to much reading, and so are gradually won over to writing, and give up painting altogether. Mr. Hamerton is at any rate a very pleasant writer. He took the public very much into his confidence in the history of his "Painter's Camp," in Scotland and France; but the public has liked him none the less for it. There is a certain intelligent frankness and freedom in his style which conciliates the reader's esteem, and converts the author for the time into a sort of personal companion. He uses professional terms without pedantry, and he practises with great neatness the common literary arts. His taste is excellent, he has plenty of common sense, he is tolerant of differences of opinion and of theory, and in dealing with æsthetic matters he never ceases to be clear and precise. The work before us is an essay upon the manner of some twenty French painters, representatives of the latest tendencies and achievements of French art, and it is illustrated by photographs from their works or from engravings of them. Mr. Hamerton's observations are somewhat desultory, and he makes no attempt to deduce from his inquiry a view of the probable future stages of French art, — in which, on the whole, he is decidedly wise. The reader with a taste for inductions of this kind will form his own conclusions on Mr. Hamerton's data. He will find these data very interesting, and strongly calculated to impress him with a sense of the vast amount of intellectual force which, during the last thirty years, has been directed in France into the channel of art.

Mr. Hamerton begins his essay with a little talk about David, — the first, in time, of modern French painters, and certainly one of the most richly endowed. David leads him to the classical movement, and the classical movement to Ingres. Of the classical tendency — the classical "idea" — Mr. Hamerton gives a very fair and succinct account, but we may question the fairness of his estimate of Ingres. The latter has been made the object of the most extravagant and fulsome adulation; but one may admire him greatly and yet keep within the bounds of justice. Nothing is more probable, however, than that those theories of art of which his collective works are such a distinguished embodiment are growing daily to afford less satisfaction and to obtain less sympathy. It is natural, indeed, to believe that the classical tendency will never become extinct, inasmuch as men of the classical temperament will constantly arise to keep it alive. But men of this temperament will exact more of their genius than Ingres and his disciples ever brought themselves to do. Mr. Hamerton indicates how it is that these artists can only in a restricted sense be considered as *painters*, and how at the same time the disciples of the opposite school have gradually effected a considerable extension of the term "painting." The school of Ingres in art has a decided affinity with the school of M. Victor Cousin in philosophy and history, and we know that the recent fortunes of the latter school have not been brilliant. There was something essentially arbitrary in the style of painting practised by Ingres. He looked at natural objects in a partial, incomplete manner. He recognized in Nature only one class of objects worthy of study, — the naked human figure; and in art only one method of reproduction, — drawing. To satisfy the requirements of the character now represented by the term "painter," it is necessary to look at Nature in the most impartial and comprehensive manner, to see objects in their integrity, and to reject nothing. It is constantly found more difficult to distinguish between drawing and painting. It is believed that Nature herself makes no such distinction, and that it is folly to educate an artist exclusively as a draughtsman. Mr. Hamerton describes the effect of the classical theory upon the works of Ingres and his followers, — how their pictures are nothing but colored drawings, their stuffs and draperies unreal, the faces of their figures inanimate, and their landscapes without character.

As Ingres represents the comparative permanence of the tendency inaugurated by David, Mr. Hamerton mentions Géricault as the best of the early representatives of the reactionary or romantic movement. We have no need to linger upon him. Every one who has been through the Louvre remembers his immense "Raft of the Medusa,"

and retains a strong impression that the picture possesses not only vastness of size, but real power of conception.

Among the contemporary classicists, Mr. Hamerton mentions Froment, Hamon, and Ary Scheffer, of whose too familiar "Dante and Beatrice" he gives still another photograph. As foremost in the opposite camp, of course, he names Eugène Delacroix; but of this (to our mind) by far the most interesting of French painters he gives but little account and no examples. As a general thing, one may say that Mr. Hamerton rather prefers the easier portion of his task. He discourses at greater length upon Horace Vernet, Léopold Robert, and Paul Delaroche, than the character and importance either of their merits or their defects would seem to warrant. The merits of Eugène Delacroix, on the other hand, are such as one does not easily appreciate without the assistance of a good deal of discriminating counsel. It may very well be admitted, however, that Delacroix is not a painter for whom it is easy to conciliate popular sympathy, nor one, indeed, concerning whose genius it is easy to arrive in one's own mind at a satisfactory conclusion. So many of his merits have the look of faults, and so many of his faults the look of merits, that one can hardly admire him without fearing that one's taste is getting vitiated, nor disapprove him without fearing that one's judgment is getting superficial and unjust. He remains, therefore, for this reason, as well as for several others, one of the most interesting and moving of painters; and it is not too much to say of him that one derives from his works something of that impression of a genius in actual, visible contact — and conflict — with the ever-reluctant possibilities of the subject in hand, which, when we look at the works of Michael Angelo, tempers our exultation at the magnitude of the achievement with a melancholy regret for all that was not achieved. We are sorry, that, in place of one of the less valuable works which Mr. Hamerton has caused to be represented in his pages, he has not inserted a copy of the excellent lithograph of Delacroix's *Dante et Virgile*, assuredly one of the very finest of modern pictures.

Of Couture Mr. Hamerton says nothing. A discreet publisher would very probably have vetoed the admission of the photograph of his famous "Romans of the Decline," had such a photograph been obtainable. Couture's masterpiece is interesting, in a survey of the recent development of French art, as an example of a "classical" subject, as one may call it, — that is, a group of figures with their nakedness relieved by fragments of antique drapery, — treated in a manner the reverse of classical. It is hard to conceive anything less like David or Ingres; and although it is by no means a marvellous picture, we cannot but prefer it to such examples as we know of Ingres's

work. You feel that the painter has ignored none of the difficulties of his theme, and has striven hard to transfer it to canvas without the loss of reality. The picture is as much a *painting* as the "Apotheosis of Homer" (say) by Ingres is little of one; and yet, curiously, thanks to this same uncompromising grasp towards plastic completeness, the figures are marked by an immobility and fixedness as much aside from Nature as the coldness and the "attitudes" of those produced in the opposite school.

À propos of Horace Vernet and military painters, Mr. Hamerton introduces us to Protais, an artist little known to Americans, but who deserves to become well known, on the evidence of the excellent work of which Mr. Hamerton gives a copy. "Before the Attack" is the title of the picture: a column of chasseurs halting beneath the slope of a hill in the gray dusk of morning and eagerly awaiting the signal to advance. Everything is admirably rendered, — the cold dawn, the half-scared, half-alert expression of the younger soldiers, and the comparative indifference of the elder. It is plain that M. Protais knows his subject. We have seen it already pointed out, that, in speaking of him as the first French painter of military scenes who has attempted to subordinate the character of the general movement to the interest awakened by the particular figures, Mr. Hamerton is guilty of injustice to the admirable Raffet, whose wonderfully forcible designs may really be pronounced a valuable contribution to the military history of the first Empire. We never look at them ourselves, at least, without being profoundly thrilled and moved.

Of Rosa Bonheur Mr. Hamerton speaks with excellent discrimination; but she is so well known to Americans that we need not linger over his remarks. Of Troyon — also quite well known in this country — he has a very exalted opinion. The well-known lithograph, a "Morning Effect," which Mr. Hamerton reproduces as a specimen of Troyon, is certainly a charming picture. We may add, that, while on the subject of Troyon, this author makes some useful remarks upon what he calls *tonality* in painting, — a phenomenon of which Troyon was extremely, perhaps excessively, fond, — remarks which will doubtless help many readers to understand excellences and to tolerate apparent eccentricities in pictures on which without some such enlightenment they would be likely to pass false judgment.

Of Decamps Mr. Hamerton speaks sympathetically; but we are not sure that we should not have gone farther. His paintings contain an immense fund of reality, hampered by much weakness, and yet unmistakable. He seems to have constantly attempted, without cleverness, subjects of the kind traditionally consecrated to cleverness. *À propos* to cleverness, we may say that Mr. Hamerton gives a photograph

from Gérôme, along with some tolerably stinted praise. The photograph is "The Prisoner," — a poor Egyptian captive pinioned in a boat and rowed along the Nile, while a man at the stern twitches a guitar under his nose, or rather just over it, for he is lying on his back, and another at the bow sits grimly smoking the pipe of indifference. This work strikes us as no better than the average of Gérôme's pictures, which is placing a decided restriction upon it, — at the same time that, if we add that it is not a bit worse, we give it strong praise. Mr. Hamerton speaks of Gérôme's *heartlessness* in terms in which most observers will agree with him. His pictures are for art very much what the novels of M. Gustave Flaubert are for literature, only decidedly inferior. The question of heartlessness brings Mr. Hamerton to Meissonier, whom he calls heartless too, but without duly setting forth all that he is besides.

The author closes his essay with a photograph from Frère, and another from Toulmouche, — of whom it may be said, that the former paints charming pictures of young girls in the cabins of peasants, and the latter charming pictures of young girls in Paris drawing-rooms. But Frère imparts to his figures all the pathos of peasant life, and Toulmouche all the want of pathos which belongs to fashionable life.

We have already expressed our opinion that the one really great modern painter of France is conspicuous by his absence from this volume. Other admirable artists are absent, concerning whom, by the way, Mr. Hamerton promises at some future time to write, and others indeed are well represented. But not one of these, as we turn over the volume, seems to us to possess the rare distinction of an exquisite genius. We have no wish, however, to speak of them without respect. Such men fill the intervals between genius and genius, and combine to offer an immense tribute to the immeasurable power of culture.

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8. — *The Roman Catholic Church and Free Thought. A Controversy between* Archbishop Purcell *of Cincinnati and* Thomas Vickers, *Minister of the First Congregational Church of the same City.* Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1868. 8vo. pp. 132.

The world has grown somewhat tired of theological controversy, of which our latter ages have produced so much more than enough. It is a dreary and disheartening thing to see men wrangle over the unessentials of a religion the first great lesson of which teaches them love and peace. Occasionally, however, controversy takes a shape interesting to those outside the narrow limits of sectarian polemics, and of such is

the pamphlet before us. The questions debated in it are rather historical than theological, involving the influence of human institutions over society and man, rather than subtile points of speculation on transubstantiation and original sin. It deals with facts, and not with dogmas; and no one can watch the rapid progress making by the Catholic organization in the United States, without feeling an interest in investigating the policy and tendencies of a Church which must wield a powerful influence in moulding the national character.

The Rev. Mr. Vickers is the pastor of a congregation of Liberal Christians in Cincinnati. We should judge him to be a man who can tolerate anything but intolerance, and this he seems to detest with a holy fervor. Archbishop Purcell is too well known as an earnest and enlightened Catholic prelate to require aught but the mention of his name. The subject of the disputation is, whether the Catholic Church favors and fosters free thought, or whether she persecutes and stifles it. The Archbishop, probably judging of his Church from his own liberal sentiments, and apparently having little accurate knowledge of its history, had the hardihood to affirm that it had always permitted the free exercise of human reason, and that there was nothing in its policy, past or present, that tended to shackle the human understanding. In taking this ground he places himself at the mercy of his antagonist, who remorselessly overthrows his arguments, disproves his assertions, turns his facts back upon him, and, in short, leaves him in as sorry a plight as ever befell a gallant champion of an infallible Church.

Apart, however, from the soundness of their respective views, the two men appear to be unequally matched. Mr. Vickers is a respectable master of logical fence, is sufficiently close in his reasoning, and has evidently made himself thoroughly familiar with his subject, so that he holds his facts with a sure grasp, and is always ready to sustain himself with accurate citations and appropriate proofs. The Archbishop's system of argumentation, on the contrary, is loose-jointed and shambling; he deals largely in generalities, and somewhat more in vituperation than is seemly; and he fails utterly in endeavoring to substantiate his too confident assertions. It is, indeed, refreshing to observe the spirit with which Mr. Vickers pounces down upon every fact adduced by the prelate, gives it a vicious shape, and makes it show that it either means nothing or means something excessively damaging to the cause which it was intended to support. Every witness called for the defence turns state's evidence under the skilful cross-examination of the prosecutor.

Apart, however, from the truth exhibited in these pages, that Catholic sacerdotalism has always been opposed to human progress, there

is a lesson to be learned from the Archbishop's portion of the controversy. From his position in the Church we may safely conclude that he is a man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor, strengthened by careful training. Yet the result of that training, as here exhibited, shows how the reasoning faculties have been stunted, and how the habit of blindly receiving and dogmatically administering faith without examination has led him to consider arrogant assertion to be equivalent to proof. Even his moral sense becomes dulled, when the reputation or interests of the Church are at stake. As she is infallible, the facts which prove her fallibility must be got out of the way; and if garbling and misrepresentation are necessary to accomplish this, the fault lies with the facts, and not with the Archbishop. The same spirit is shown in his pastoral on the Encyclical and Syllabus of December, 1864, a production which he evidently regards with peculiar pride, as he several times refers to it in the course of the controversy, and finally prints it. In this remarkable gloss on those celebrated documents, he sophistically endeavors, sometimes by the *suppressio veri*, and sometimes by the *suggestio falsi*, to render them palatable to an American community. It was doubtless honestly done for his own peace of mind. The Syllabus was the utterance of the representative of Christ, and he had to receive it and to believe in it, but its crude mediævalism was utterly repugnant to his sense of right and liberality of feeling. To reconcile the irreconcilable, therefore, he seems to have sacrificed some of his own convictions, while persuading himself that the words of the Pope meant something very different from their actual and apparent sense. That he intended to deceive his flock we can scarcely believe, and we have no doubt that he succeeded in deceiving himself.

The Archbishop's frame of mind is thus the best evidence of the truth of Mr. Vickers's thesis. In this point of view, perhaps, the rest of the controversy is surplusage; and yet the Congregationalist minister plants his blows with so much vigor, and with such evident relish, that we can safely recommend this racy pamphlet to all who may enjoy an exhibition of intellectual digladiation, as well as to those who may wish to know what are the aims and policy of Latin Christianity. Unfortunately, those who most need the information will probably be the last to seek it.

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9. — *The American Beaver and his Works.* By Lewis H. Morgan, Author of "The League of the Iroquois." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1868. 8vo. pp. 330.

The beaver is of very ancient lineage. Greek and Roman naturalists and geographers, Pliny, Herodotus, Ælian, and Strabo, have left

us descriptions of its characteristics and habitat. Allusion is made to it in the elegies of Ovid, and Juvenal uses some of its supposed idiosyncrasies to give point to his satires. Its ancestry is pre-Adamitic, and can be traced far back into the tertiary period; fossilized specimens of its progenitors have been found side by side with the remains of the mastodon and the megaceros. It is to the American variety of this cunning rodent that Mr. Morgan's interesting monograph is devoted. Cuvier, Brandt, and other zoölogists have maintained that *Castor Europæus* and *Castor Americanus* belong to entirely distinct species; but our author, after a very elaborate investigation of the subject, sees no necessity for assigning a separate origin to these varieties, although they differ considerably from each other in anatomical structure and habits of life. The beaver of the Old World is less sagacious than that of the New; it does not seem to possess the same social instinct and architectural skill, rarely builds dams or lodges, and never on a large scale, but leads a solitary life in burrows.

The paradise of beavers on this continent is a district eight miles in length and six in breadth, extending along the southwest shore of Lake Superior, immediately west of Marquette. It is a region of hills and lowlands, covered with dense forests of evergreen and deciduous trees, and well watered by numerous small rivers and lakes, and is therefore especially adapted to encourage beaver occupation and to promote beaver felicity. Within this area, of which Mr. Morgan has made a thorough exploration and gives an excellent map, there are sixty-three beaver dams, from fifty to five hundred feet in length, and forming ponds which cover from a quarter of an acre to sixty acres of land, besides many others of smaller dimensions. The height of these dams is rarely less than two or more than six feet, although there is one, on a tributary of the Pishikeeme River, which is constructed in a gorge between high hills, and measures twelve feet in vertical height, "with a slope of interlaced poles on its lower face upwards of twenty feet in length." Connected with each of the ponds which have been produced by the dams are usually from two to eight lodges and burrows, situated either upon the edge of the pond or upon islands within it. The beaver is a strict monogamist, and rears his family in the lodge, retiring into the donjon-keep of his burrow only in cases of extreme peril. These very curious works are minutely described by our author, and illustrated by a series of engravings made from photographs. Mr. Morgan also gives the most satisfactory account that we have ever seen of the canals which the beaver excavates for the purpose of transporting to its habitation the winter supplies of "wood-cuttings" on which it sub-

sists. They average about three feet in width and in depth, and are frequently six hundred feet in length. Changes of level are ingeniously remedied by locks. The conception and execution of such enterprises presuppose a very high degree of foresight and intelligence.

The eighth chapter treats of the various modes of trapping the beaver, which are of course based upon an intimate knowledge of the animal's personal habits. In conclusion, we have a chapter on "Animal Psychology," in which many interesting facts and deductions are presented bearing on the metaphysics of the subject. Mr. Morgan advocates the claim of his beavers to "a thinking and reasoning and perhaps an immortal principle," with enthusiasm at least, if not with success. He is not disposed to be jealous of ἄλογα ζῶα, nor to think that it detracts at all from his own intellectual prerogatives as a talking being to concede to these intelligent mutes whatever "fragments of soul and tatters of understanding" they may furnish evidence of possessing. His volume contains some curious scraps of "beaver lore," of which the following may serve as a specimen. When the young beavers attain maturity, they are sent out from the lodge; if they fail to mate, they are allowed to return to the domicile, and remain till the ensuing summer; but, as a mark of parental disapprobation, they are put to hard labor in repairing the dam. They are then sent away again; if they fail a second time to mate, they are not permitted to return, but become thenceforth "outcast beavers." The Indians and trappers firmly believe in the existence of such a class of Pariah beavers; and even Mr. Morgan seems to indorse the legend, when he suggests that they "are probably such beavers as, having lost their mates, refuse afterwards to pair. A similar story is the fiction of the slave beavers, related by Zacharia Ben Mahmoud Kazwyny, an Arabian naturalist of the thirteenth century.

The book is altogether one of the most valuable and interesting recent contributions to Natural History.

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10. — *The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of* Emma Seiler, by a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868. 16mo. pp. 168.

This little book is worthy of the most thorough criticism, which is already saying much for it. It is an attempt "to bring into harmony things which have always been treated separately, — the science and the art of singing": an attempt begun in the right spirit, cautious,

candid, prompted alike by love of beauty and of truth, and carried through in quiet earnest. And here is the simple story of results, in which much that is new is reported without egotism, and more anxiety is shown that the new knowledge may not be misused than to win credit for discovery. It is not a manual of singing, and does not profess to teach the art. It is a memoir embodying results of scientific observation while yet fresh, and pointing out their practical value; abounding, for the rest, in pregnant hints of what has been lost in the once noble art of song, and how it may be won back, and what good singing is. Beyond that, too, it has another charm, in that it is the record of a life's devotion, wherein all is set down so simply and so clearly, with such single wish that all may learn, as to give it unconsciously a beauty and a value as a literary production. The unpretending little book is really in its way a work of art, and, if only in that sense, was worthy to find a translator in the accomplished "Member of the American Philosophical Society" who has done so excellent a service in introducing it to the American reader.

Madame Seiler is a German lady, who to a musical character as such unites rare scientific attainments. After studying with the best masters, German and Italian, and singing with favor in concerts, she thought herself qualified to teach; but, more conscientious than most teachers, she was unwilling to proceed in the special culture of individual voices in the dark. Seeking light in schools, she found contradiction and confusion; doctors disagreed; each had a system of his own, with plentiful lack of reasons; no two used terms alike; in the jargon about registers, &c., all was bewilderingly vague, as every one who goes from method to method, from master to master, seeking to learn to sing, is pretty sure to find. Losing her voice at last (under an eminent teacher), she turned her attention to the piano, but without ceasing to pursue the knowledge of the human voice, as she indeed showed by choosing for her piano-teacher old Wieck, of Dresden, Clara Schumann's father, who is at the same time one of the wisest singing-masters of the day. There, too, she learned what she could by hearing Jenny Lind, in whom almost alone the great tradition lived. In Italy, the land of song, and in the schools of France, she also tarried, only to find "no sure and radical knowledge." Finally, the scientific instinct hinted of a surer way, and she sought the counsel of Professor Helmholtz, at Heidelberg, the great explorer of the natural laws of musical sound, from whom Tyndall draws so much which he has popularized in his delightful "Lectures upon Sound." Under his guidance she devoted herself to a long and patient observation, by means of the laryngoscope, of the physiological processes that go on in the larynx

in the production of musical tones. "My special thanks are due to him," she says, "that now, with a more thorough knowledge of the human voice, I can give instruction in singing, without the fear of doing any injury." In 1861 she published in Germany a part of her investigations, now incorporated with other matter in the work before us. Coming to this country with the fullest indorsement by Helmholtz, who speaks of having been assisted by her in his own "essay upon the formation of the vowel tones, and the registers of the female voice," she has taken up her abode in Philadelphia, where she has won the esteem of the most cultivated persons, and where her labors as a teacher of singing are already said to be bearing fruits worthy of her zeal in seeking a scientific basis on which to restore the natural method.

Opening with the common complaint, too well founded, that fine singers are becoming more and more rare, the book is full of regretful allusions to "that rich summer-time of song, not yet lying very far behind us, in the last half of the last century," when we read of such a multitude of noble voices, so full and sweet in tone, so wonderfully preserved, when measured by the short career of singers now-a-days. Catalani, Malibran, Rubini, Mara, were among the last of them. The first chapter is historical, tracing the rise, development, and decline of vocal music in a concise, clear, interesting manner, and showing how the very study of expression in the dramatic singer, the very æsthetics of his art, gradually tempted him into the neglect of its externals, of the sound culture of the vocal instrument, until it began to be thought only necessary to be *musical*, or at the most a singer, to be qualified for a teacher of singing. And so the tradition of true song was lost. True as the old Italian school was, it was yet *empirical;* it had found Nature's way by instinct, treasuring up lessons of experience; it "builded better than it knew"; its pupils "learned by imitation, as children learn their mother tongue." The tradition once lost cannot by empiricism be restored, nor by intuition, nor by any means short of a scientific verification of principles. Most men have drunk adulterated wines until their taste is no criterion of genuine flavors; so in the vocal art, "our feeling is no longer sufficiently simple and natural to distinguish the true without the help of scientific principles." It will not do to trust to Italian teachers just because they are Italian, and because (as Jenny Lind once said to us) the one only school of song is the Italian; for that, even in Italy, in these Verdi days, exists no longer. Broken-down Italian opera-singers, with pupils thronging to them in all countries, do the fashionable mischief. They have not known enough to save their own voices through a short summer's day, but they do know enough to spoil the voices of our children.

This by way of introduction. In the second chapter we come to the core of the matter, the "physiological view" of the voice, showing how sounds are formed in the larynx. The history of such investigations is first briefly sketched, beginning with the experiments of Müller, who succeeded in producing almost all the tones of the human voice from the exsected larynx, and ending with Manuel Garcia's observations with the laryngoscope, he having been the first to apply this instrument to the larynx in the act of singing. Garcia's results are cited in full in his own words, and a brief anatomical description of the vocal organ, for the aid of the unscientific reader, is found in an Appendix. "The most eminent of singing-masters now living," Jenny Lind's master, did this of course purely in the interest of vocal music, watched the vibration of the vocal chords, and the concurrent play of the other portions of the larynx, with patient scientific accuracy, and his *Mémoire* was favorably reported on in the French Academy of Sciences. He did a great service, if only in establishing a truly scientific method of inquiry. But his results are, after all, incomplete and vague, especially in the cardinal point of determining the transitions of the registers, and though he names the *head tones*, he tells us nothing of them.

Madame Seiler's own use of the laryngoscope has been directed solely to the discovery of the natural limits of the different registers of the voice. Slowly and patiently getting such control of the epiglottis, or lid which covers the glottis, that she could at will lay bare to sight the whole length of the vocal chords, (Garcia tells us that one third of the glottis was always hidden from him by the epiglottis,) and learning to produce tones freely and naturally under such constraint, she is convinced that she has absolutely and precisely fixed the limits, not only of the three registers commonly, though vaguely, recognized, — the *chest*, the *falsetto*, and the *head*, — but also of an upper and a lower series of tones in the chest and in the falsetto register, thus making in reality *five* series of tones or registers, due to five different actions of the vocal organ, which are thus distinguished: —

"1. *The first series of tones of the chest register*, in which the whole glottis is moved by large, loose vibrations, and the arytenoid cartilages with the vocal ligaments are in action.

"2. *The second series of the chest register*, when the vocal ligaments alone act, and are likewise moved by large, loose vibrations.

"3. *The first series of the falsetto register*, where again the whole glottis, consisting of the arytenoid cartilages and vocal ligaments, is in action, — the very fine interior edges of the ligaments, however, being alone in vibrating motion.

"4. *The second series of the falsetto register*, the tones of which are generated by the vibrations of the edges alone of the vocal ligaments.

"5. *The head register*, in the same manner, and by the same vibrations, and with a partial closing of the vocal ligaments." — p. 65.

The falsetto register covers the same tones in the male and in the female voice, that is, the same octave in the general scale of tones. To the popular notion with which most of us grew up, this is at first bewildering. By *falsetto* we were wont to understand that sort of feigned or false voice with which a man would try to sing like a woman. Now all the singing-masters, Madame Seiler with them, being too much engaged with *things* to cavil about names, borrow from the supposed *false* male tones a name for the same range of real tones in the female voice, where they are principal and normal. They are real, likewise, and legitimate in the male voice, only not characteristically masculine like the chest tones; whereas of the average female voice the *falsetto* is the best part, the most womanly, most musical and beautiful. Our author marks the *transition* from the chest voice to the falsetto with a precision to which we have not been accustomed heretofore. It falls alike in *all* voices on the same tone, *fa* ♯, while the other transitions differ by a note or two, because the male larynx is a third larger than the female. This is not important. On the other hand, it is not clear that she recognizes any head tones in the male voice.

Whether these results are final is more than a mere literary review may undertake to say; that question must be left to the more thorough criticism which we began with saying such a book deserves. It is for scientific experts, themselves familiar with the use of the laryngoscope, and with the art of singing, (and we have such among us,) to audit the account. But there is strong presumption in favor of Madame Seiler's statements: first, in the evident conscientiousness and carefulness of her investigations; then, in the fact that they have been repeated by men of science in Germany, and acknowledged as correct, and in the indorsement of men like Helmholtz and Du Bois-Reymond; then, in the practical wisdom which lights up every page, when it comes to the application of these principles to the culture of the voice; above all, in the irresistible persuasiveness of the whole spirit of the book, so sensitive to the demands of art as well as science, so fully alive to the spiritual as well as the physical conditions of good singing, so candid and impartial, and with such a zeal for truth, burning quietly and deeply, shining without rhetoric, blurred by no sentimentality. It is, at all events, a work of the right sort of *character* for such an undertaking.

But whether the soundness of the physiology be absolutely proved or not, there can be no doubt of the value of the application here made to the culture of the singing voice. The rules deduced are excellent. Thus, first of all, the registers may not be forced up beyond their lim-

its without "a straining of the organs which may be both seen and felt, and no organ will bear continual over-straining." This is the chief cause of the decay of voices. Tenors, emulous of some Duprez's *do di petto*, try to force the action of the chest tones up into the rightful domain of the falsetto; the registers become confused by habits wilfully begun, the natural limits are lost sight of, till the voice, continually weakened, is destroyed. Again, it is shown how the falsetto tones, without ceasing to be such, may be educated to a strength and fulness hardly to be distinguished from the chest tones. How much better this than "the forced-up chest tones of our tenorists, sung with swollen-out throats and blood-red faces"! Again, how we are misled by the terms *chest*, *throat*, *head* tones, — a distinction purely imaginary, a matter of the nerves; physical sensations being confounded with the seat of actual processes, which for *all* tones is in the throat, the larynx! And yet how rightly may the singer know which kind of tones he is producing by these same sensations! Passing a multitude of good directions about the training of the soprano and the other voices, (noting by the way that Madame Seiler, contrary to the common notion, finds mezzo-soprano and barytone voices by no means so common as the four chief kinds,) we only mention further the important advice, that *the male voice should be trained by men, and the female voice by women:* for this lady is not the slave of science to believe that singing can be learned by scientific explanations, when it must be done by imitation of examples, as the child learns to talk.

To the physiological succeeds the *physical* view, which tells us how to treat the instrument we have examined. This third portion of the work is full of sound suggestions. The laws and properties of tone are briefly recited, after Helmholtz and Tyndall, and particularly the *timbre* of tones, and its dependence upon what are called the *over-tones* (harmonics) which mingle with the fundamental tone, are dwelt on. Upon these natural laws are founded excellent instructions, chief among which are those relating to the control and the division of the breath; the importance of avoiding a *too great pressure of the breath*, lest "the form of the waves of sound most favorable to a good tone" be disturbed; the danger of the too common exhortation "to bring out the voice" as strongly as possible, in the first exercises, instead of beginning gently, gaining strength by slow and sure degrees; then the right direction of the vibrating columns of air, *bringing the voice forward in the mouth;* then the great matter of the vowels, and the adaptation of certain vowels to certain tones, so much neglected in the setting of words to music, and in which the old Italian vocal music offers the most classical and faultless model. And here the German

author, with all her enthusiastic feeling for the great song-composers of her country, shows her candor in confessing that these have not understood this matter, — nor another equally important: Schubert placing the words so that the favorable vowels seldom come upon the right tones; Schumann using intervals which come upon the boundary tones of the register; and Mendelssohn often laying the stress in his soprano songs upon the *fa* ♯, the transition from the falsetto to the head voice. What an importance this gives to the manner in which the words of a song are translated into another language! But we are anticipating. Flexibility of voice comes in for a good share of attention, and exercises to this end are recommended at an early stage, — florid passages, trills, other ornaments, arias before plain ballads: for the cultivation of flexibility is the "easiest and most grateful part of the education of the voice"; the large, sustained delivery of longer tones in simple melody, with all the light and shade and accent of expression, being indeed the last and crowning beauty of the singer's art. Purity of tone, too, is a theme not lightly nor pedantically treated. But what avails it to skim over so many tempting topics which we can only name?

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the last chapter, in which the æsthetic view of the art of singing is presented very briefly, but with such sound common-sense and fine perception, and so beautifully and simply, that we would fain quote the whole. Of many good sayings take these specimens: —

"An artist must, therefore, be esteemed according as his works excite and ravish the hearers or beholders without their knowing why; and he stands all the higher, the simpler and the more naturally, i. e. the more *unconsciously*, this takes place."

"Empty and dead as all technical knowledge is, unless it is animated with a soul, yet no product of art æsthetically beautiful is possible without a perfect technique."

"Unhappily, our whole music is vitiated by this sickly sentimentalism, the perfect horror of every person of cultivated taste. In these later years the powerful reaction of German æsthetics has had favorable results in regard to instrumental music; but in the execution of vocal music this unhealthy fashion of singing still always commands great applause. This sickly sentimental style has also naturalized in singing a gross trick, unfortunately very prevalent, the *tremolo* of the notes. When, in rare cases, the greatest passion is to be expressed, to endeavor to deepen the expression by a trembling of the notes is all very well, and fully to be justified; but in songs and arias in which quiet and elevated sentiments are to be expressed, to tremble as if the whole

soul were in an uproar, and not at all in a condition for quiet singing, is unnatural and offensive."

Under this head the subjects of rhythm, correct understanding of the tempo, composition, the delivery of the sentiment of a work, and the aids to a fine execution are treated with good taste and judgment. And, finally, the time for beginning instruction is discussed, with strong recommendation of an early age, but with caution against the dangers to the young voice of singing in schools in chorus, where the teacher is satisfied, if the tones are only pure and the time is kept, but pays no regard to the formation of the tones.

The book is admirably translated, and on the whole we must regard it as the best essay upon the voice in singing that has yet appeared.

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11. — *The Musical Scale.* By HORACE P. BIDDLE. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1867. 12mo.

IT is a curious illustration of the intellectual sympathy which turns the thoughts of widely separated men in the same direction, that, while Helmholtz, Tyndall, Lissajous, and other European students, were examining the phenomena of sound, and deducing from them its laws, Mr. Biddle, unaware for the most part of the labors of his fellow-workers, was pursuing similar investigations in Indiana.

A small edition of his book was printed in Cincinnati in 1860, the manuscript of it having been prepared in 1849. Mr. Biddle's researches, which have been carried on for thirty years, have led him to some opinions directly at variance on certain points with those now generally accepted by the more famous investigators of the subject.

Some of the points on which Mr. Biddle differs with Helmholtz and Tyndall may be briefly stated thus.

He considers the opinion that a musical tone is necessarily compounded of several tones to have no foundation. "It is impossible," he says, "for one tone to generate another." He does not believe that an harmonic is ever combined with a tone produced by a metallic tongue. He thinks it impossible that the vibrations of the whole chord and certain combinations of the harmonics should coexist; and explains the cases, if any such there be, where such harmonics are apparently produced, by his theory of resultant tones.

His hypothesis with regard to resultant tones is, that, each time the vibrations of two tones cross, they cause a vacuum; and that the air, rushing in to fill the vacuum, creates a third vibration.

He considers the theory that the musical scale should comply with the natural scale of harmonics fanciful and misleading.

He believes in the necessity of *temperament*, for the reason that the intervals created by it cannot be changed without introducing far more discords than we should gain in concords.

He regards the theory, that, the smaller the numbers which express the ratio of the rates of vibration of two sounds, the more perfect is their harmony, as insufficient, and supplements it by the statement, that, the larger the number which expresses their concurrent vibrations in a given time, the more perfect is their harmony. This, it will be seen, closely connects itself with, though entirely independent of, the theory of Helmholtz, maintained by Tyndall, with regard to beats as the cause of dissonance.

One of the most carefully wrought-out portions of this volume is that in which the author enunciates his hypothesis of the law which governs the arrangement of the musical scale. He regards the major and minor, the diatonic and chromatic scales, as but one scale in different stages of development; and he believes it to have been evolved unconsciously, but according to law, by the following process. Taking the leading harmonies of the key-note, we establish the intervals of the first, third, fourth, and fifth; the same harmonies of the fifth give us, in addition to those already obtained, the intervals of the second and seventh; the same harmonies of the fourth give in addition the interval of the sixth, which completes the major diatonic scale. Next, taking the same harmonies of the minor third, the next most perfect concord, we have the minor diatonic scale. And the same harmonies produced from the fifth of the fifth and the fifth of the fifth of the fifth give the chromatic scale. "In other words, the major diatonic scale is simply the first, fourth, and fifth, with their fifths and major thirds; the minor diatonic scale is simply the first, fourth, and fifth, with their fifths and minor thirds; and the chromatic is but the addition of a major third to the second and sixth of the diatonic scales."

The following extract is from one of the lighter portions of this ingenious volume.

"The analogy between refracted light on the spectrum, while it was thought that it contained seven original colors, and the musical scale, was often observed; but after subsequent investigation had reduced the number of original colors to three, the analogy appeared to be destroyed. A striking analogy, however, still exists. As the seven colors of the spectrum are made up of the three by combining them, so the seven intervals in the musical scale are really formed of but three in a similar manner. . . . . As thus, by combining these concords [the first, third, and fifth], we not only form the diatonic intervals, but also complete the chromatic scale, so, by combining the three original colors, we not only produce the seven colors of the spectrum, but also obtain a perfect chromatic gradation. And as every variety

of tint can be formed out of the three original colors, — red, yellow, and blue, — so all the changes of harmony are produced by the three concords, the first, third, and fifth. . . . . To complete this curious analogy, we find the three colors — red, yellow, and blue — on the spectrum in the same relation that we find the three concords — the first, third, and fifth — in the musical scale.

"Grimaldi's experiment which proved that light added to light will produce darkness may also be mentioned here as a remarkable analogy with the singular fact already noticed, that two tones may produce silence."

Upon the points of difference between Mr. Biddle and other authorities we are unable to determine; but his investigations show patience, thoroughness, and ingenuity, and his opinions deserve the consideration of those who are engaged in the interesting study of the laws of sound.

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12. — *A Journey in Brazil.* By Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1868. 8vo. pp. xix., 540.

This popular narrative of one of the most remarkable scientific expeditions of recent years deserves the high praise of being a worthy record of the journey which it relates. The joint work of its two authors, whose separate contributions are closely interwoven in it, it possesses the double interest of an account of the scientific results of investigations and discoveries in a country never before so thoroughly explored by a competent naturalist, and of a diary of the events and experiences of travel in regions full of variety, novelty, and charm. The style is throughout admirable for its unaffectedness and simplicity, and the qualities which the work displays are not merely those of literary excellence, but win the respect and regard of the reader for the character, no less than for the attainments, of the authors. We have no right, in a general criticism of the volume, to separate the joint contributions of the writers further than as a division is indicated in its own pages, but we may, at least, be allowed to refer to the charming temper and spirit manifest in the portions plainly due to the pen of the diarist. Professor Agassiz, fortunate in many things beyond most naturalists, has been fortunate in nothing more than in such a narrator of his journey.

The origin, character, and general results of this expedition are so well known that we need hardly regret that we are compelled to refrain from giving an account of them. It was not merely a scientific expedition, fitted out by the liberality of an intelligent man of wealth, but, through the character of its members, and the cordial welcome which it received from the authorities of Brazil, from the Emperor to the lowest

official, and through the popular interest it excited, and the furtherance it met with at the hands of every class, it became an embassy of good-will between North and South America; and its chief result is not so much the extending of knowledge as the increase of kind feeling and mutual intelligence between two nations, distant not more in space than in race and institutions, but united in the interests of civilization and in common hopes of progress.

The narrative portions of the work before us give an animated picture, not only of the incidents of travel, and of the scenery of Brazil, but of the habits and character of the various races and classes of its people. It is the best account in English of the aspects of life in this portion of South America. The more purely scientific parts are of unusual interest, as clear records of extraordinary and unexpected discoveries, and of the great results in the extension of a knowledge of the geology and the natural productions of the country, achieved by the thoroughly trained powers of a rare scientific genius.

We commend the book heartily alike to the general and the scientific reader.

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13. — *The Science of Knowledge.* By J. G. Fichte. Translated from the German by A. E. Kroeger. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868. 12mo. pp. 377.

In the curiosity shop of those "vain opinions" upon which, under the name of metaphysics, so much of the thinking power of mankind, previously to the advent of Auguste Comte, continued to be wasted, the particular absurdity generally ticketed with the name of Fichte is the notion, that the Ego, the individual self-consciousness, is the only reality, and creates its own world, as the moth spins its cocoon out of its own bowels. In fact, however, this is much more nearly the contrary of Fichte's opinion, and he is far more open to the opposite reproach of having allowed too much weight to the common prejudice, that reality means something absolutely objective, external to the mind, and known only in the shape of feeling, that is, in the impression it makes upon us. This was Fichte's belief, declared in words impossible to mistake;* indeed, it is this inclination of mind in him, and his consequent slight esteem of metaphysics, except as merely regulative, not constitutive, that seems to have prompted the present translation. "Not to encourage metaphysics," says Mr. Kroeger, in his Preface, "but henceforth and forever to silence them, and to lead mankind back to true life, has this work been written and translated."

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* See, e. g., Sämmtliche Werke, V. 356, 358. Mr. Kroeger's trans., p. 358, *seq.*

So far there is nothing peculiar in Fichte's position. But Fichte saw, what those who so far share his premises do not seem always to see, that, if reality is something essentially objective, outside of the mind and foreign to it, and if at the same time it is true that all we know of objects is the sensations they give us, and the order in which these sensations occur, — in other words, if our knowledge is essentially subjective, — the two can never meet; knowledge will be confined to simple apprehension of our own momentary feelings, and any valid generalization, in other words, thought, will be impossible. Such a position as this, however, confutes itself: whatever else we may doubt, we cannot doubt that we doubt, we cannot state the doubt without assuming the validity of generalization and of thought. The idealism of Kant and of Fichte, accordingly, is only the legitimate consequence of Hume's scepticism. The more we doubt all necessary connection between our ideas and external reality, the more strongly are we thrown back, if we really understand the force of our own words, upon ideas. These, at least, are true *for us;* we cannot open our mouths to speak, without assuming their truth so far; and if this is all, of course they become the only truth. The external realities, things in their ultimate or objective nature, may be what they please, they are nothing *to us* except so far as they are *not* external, and it is to this part of them that human science, whether we like it or not, is confined. If anybody supposes that our ideas are purely subjective, and yet talks about science, it is he, and not Fichte, who ought to be called absolute idealist. Fichte's position, on the contrary, is, that in one instance at any rate, namely, in self-consciousness, or the perception of the Ego by itself, we have the same immediate knowledge of the object that we have of the thought, since our topic is at once subject and object. Whatever legitimately follows, then, from this primary fact is secure and scientific truth; any doubt of it contradicts itself in the same breath. The whole object of the *Wissenschaftslehre* was to point out everywhere this element in our knowledge.

The popular criticism of Fichte's doctrine does not, indeed, deny the absolute certainty of self-consciousness, but denies only the restriction of certainty to *self*-consciousness, and considers that this would deprive our knowledge of all claims to objectivity or validity for other people. Science, in this view, becomes, therefore, a simple interrogation of consciousness. But the difficulty then is to establish any test of truth. If Fichte's rule is too narrow and exclusive, that of his opponents is too wide and general. It will not do to admit that what anybody feels is true, yet short of this it seems impossible to draw any line that will stand a moment's examination. Any criterion

that we can contrive will amount at last to some new combination of the old elements, and no marshalling or aggregation of the units will ever bring out anything qualitatively different from the separate units, but only quantitatively different. We can very easily get a decision that will have the force of numbers, but we cannot in this way get a decision that will have the force of truth. We come back, then, to the point from which we started, namely, the individual consciousness. If this, as self-consciousness, is indefeasibly certain, then just so far and no farther is certainty attainable; if it is only subjective, a point without extension, or a mere abstraction, so much the worse, but at any rate it contains the sum of science.

To the fashionable psychology of the day the Ego is merely a collective name for the various functions of the nervous system, or an abstract expression for the residua of former thoughts, feelings, and volitions in the individual. But this is either attributing great force to abstractions, or else it is difficult to say what to this view individuality or personal identity can mean. The individual, at any rate, is just as real as his perception, neither more nor less, and this is what Fichte pointed out. If his perception is only a psychological phenomenon, and needs to have something of an opposite nature added to it before it can be perceptive of truth, this will hold also of his individuality: that, too, must be abolished, changed into its opposite, before it can be allowed to exist. There is this antagonism between the individual and the universal: if it is fundamental, then they are mutually exclusive.

Our knowledge, we are told, is necessarily limited, conditioned, and must be so in order to be knowledge at all. So as to the individual. Burke tells us that individual rights must be limited in order to be enjoyed. Do these limits in either case curtail the reality? Do we know less, or are we less free, by reason of its conditions? If, as is often hastily assumed, they do curtail it, then absolute truth and absolute right, or, in other words, truth and right, — for these epithets add nothing, — are chimeras. Fichte had grasped somewhat more firmly than Kant the perception that these limitations, instead of diminishing what they affect, enlarge and confirm it, and that truth becomes truth, and right right, by overcoming and taking up into themselves their seeming opposites. This cardinal idea of all speculation Fichte endeavored over and over again to state, at great length and in the abstrusest and most repellent formulas, but never succeeded to his own satisfaction, because he never fully realized the whole range of his own doctrine. The point was to show that the I, in the attainment of truth, speculative or practical, of knowledge or of freedom, is not simply limited, but *self*-limited, — and the negation which it meets and seems to suffer

from, in truth self-inflicted and in furtherance of its own purpose, so that its progress is always through a constant setting aside of its own immediate certainty. The world, to the infant or to the infantile man, is simply an indefinite something *else*, other-than-he: the highest of his ideas — for example, his idea of God — cannot be otherwise defined. But as he comes to himself, he recognizes this Other as ultimately spirit, that is, ultimately his own. As soon as he begins to define and to determine, or, in other words, to separate what is real from what is only apparent, the whole process consists in seizing in the immediate fact the law, that is, the thought, or the relation to spirit. What is left out, or incapable of being assimilated, is not reality, but unreality; and the true reality shows itself at last as other-than-he only so far as he is other-than-spirit, other than his true self. All this Fichte *said*, at least by implication; but he did not realize his own perception, but was continually falling back into the notion, from which this perception is the true escape, that limitation, even as self-limitation, is an outward necessity, an inexplicable fact, of which we can only say that it happens so. Thus reality is to him still a *datum*, given by something else than thought, and definable only as something *else*. Consequently there is always something in the thought, and necessary to it, which yet is of an opposite nature to thought, and as far as possible to be eliminated. So in the moral world, freedom and individuality are conditioned by something which the whole activity of the free individual is directed to suppress and remove. Thought and freedom thus remain abstract, formal, dependent on material supplied from without, and which they are at the same time wholly occupied in endeavoring to get rid of.

Idea and reality are in Fichte's philosophy necessarily *related;* but this necessity is conceived as constraint, as irresistible accident, not as necessity of their own nature. The only consummation, accordingly, either theoretical or practical, in science or in morals, is through *faith;* truth exists only as an ideal, that is, an unrealized (and never to be realized) idea. Life, whether as pursuit of knowledge or of virtue, is a pious aspiration, which, however, it would be cruel to gratify. But this is an impossible position in Philosophy. Faith is admirable, and philosophers are no more debarred from it than other people; but a scientific faith is a contradiction in terms. Faith is anticipation of truth, and is justified precisely so long as it seeks and demands to be set aside by the truth. Stated as if they were truth, these pious aspirations become a pious regard for human weakness and ignorance, and involve a worse self-glorification than that they supplant. The truth is, the solution resolves itself into an attempt to say two things

and contradictory things at once, to unite knowledge and ignorance, reality and unreality, in one conception. But in order to do this successfully it is necessary to carry out the conception still farther, so as to see them no longer as contradictories, but as different factors in the same truth.

Mr. Kroeger's declared purpose in undertaking a task so arduous and so conscientiously performed, namely, to put an end to metaphysics, is one in the very nature of it incapable of accomplishment. The better Fichte's metaphysics, the more impossible to arrest speculation at the point where he left it. We are very far from thinking the translator's labor ill-bestowed, but this is because we think Fichte's principles lead to something better than his (theoretical) conclusions. There is an inner sense that occasionally shines through the somewhat turbid medium of a statement inadequate to the greatness of the thought which it covers: as, for example, where he speaks of a mode of thought wherein freedom and necessity are united, or, in his conception of the moral law as the highest representative of intuition, of the absolute *datum*, — the *datum* on the other hand being the I itself. In these somewhat turbid waters many have fished, among others Schopenhauer, and they are far from being fished out.

As above remarked, Fichte made various attempts at a statement of his principles, none of them finally satisfactory to himself. Seven or eight distinct "foundations," "outlines," "introductions," &c., are printed in his collected works. Mr. Kroeger has not selected the latest, and, as the philosopher's son and editor considers, the most mature of these attempts, perhaps because, although written in 1801, or thirteen years before Fichte's death, he never published it, — or perhaps because it is less systematic in form, and less clearly defined and characteristic in its views. The one selected is that usually known as the *Wissenschaftslehre*, and repeatedly printed during Fichte's life. We notice that Mr. Kroeger has here and there condensed the original, but, as far as we have observed, without injury to the sense. We have not compared his translation throughout, but, so far as we have looked, it seems accurate, and in general as satisfactory as so literal a version can be. A few expressions, such as "deed-act," "the in itself certainty," "to ground each other," "thinkability," &c., would be better paraphrased, — but on the whole there is far less of this sort to find fault with in Mr. Kroeger than in Mr. Stirling's "Secret of Hegel," or even in some of the writings of Mr. Kroeger's fellow-laborers in the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy," published in St. Louis, an undertaking which, like the one before us, does honor to their city. Besides the *Wissenschaftslehre*, the volume contains a speech on the Dignity of Man, delivered

at the close of the philosophical lectures, in which may be found in more attractive form something of Fichte's more advanced doctrine, and a fragment on the religious bearings of his philosophy, published after his death, which seems to us less happily chosen.

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3. Brown University in the Civil War. A Memorial. Providence. 1868. Sm. 4to. pp. xii., 380.

4. Ohio in the War: her Statesmen, her Generals, and Soldiers. By Whitelaw Reid. In Two Volumes. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, and Baldwin. 1868. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 1050. Vol. II. pp. 949.

5. Beyond the Mississippi: from the Great River to the Great Ocean. Life and Adventure on the Prairies, Mountains, and Pacific Coast. With more than Two Hundred Illustrations from Photographs and Original Sketches. 1857–1867. By Albert D. Richardson. Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company. 1867. 8vo. pp. 572.

6. Origin, Rise, and Progress of Mormonism, Biography of its Founders, and History of its Church. Personal Remembrances and Historical Collections hitherto unwritten. By Pomeroy Tucker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. 302.

7. History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By Abel Stevens, LL. D. New York: Carleton and Porter. 1867. 12mo. Vol. III. pp. 510. Vol. IV. pp. 522.

8. Christendom's Divisions. Part II., Greeks and Latins. Being a Full and Connected History of their Dissensions and Overtures for Peace down to the Reformation. By Edward S. Ffoulkes, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1867. Post 8vo. pp. xii., 601.

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